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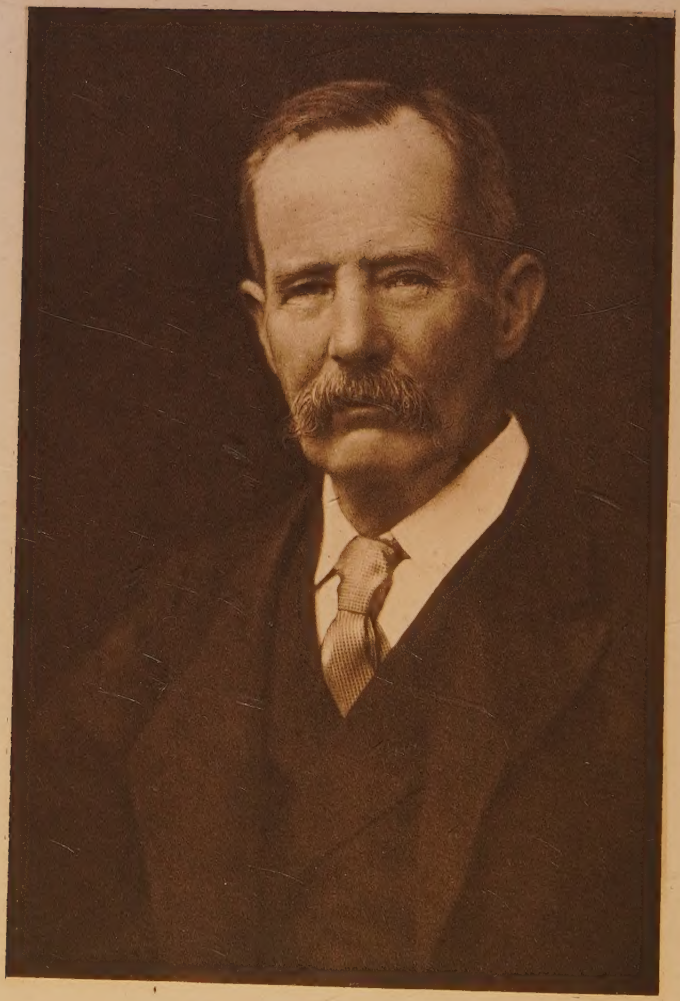
THE LIFE OF SIR COLIN
C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF



C. C. Scott Moncrieff

THE LIFE OF SIR COLIN C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., R.E., LL.D., ETC.

EDITED BY HIS NIECE

MARY ALBRIGHT HOLLINGS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
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PREFACE

This book is an attempt to record for his descendants, kinsfolk, and friends, the long, useful, noble life of Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff. The part contributed by each of the sources of this composite volume is most easily explained in the terms of a metaphor. The work may be described as a mosaic, in which the portrait, drawn from Sir Colin's own reminiscences and letters, is mainly autobiographical. The background has been chiefly supplied by General Sir G. K. Scott-Moncrieff (in Chapters I—IV) and by Mrs. Wilson King (in Chapters VII—VIII), with special features added by Mrs. Ballard, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir James Miller Dodds, Mr. W. B. Gordon, Sir Lionel Jacob, Dr. Hugh Mill, and Sir William Willcocks ; while the Editor is responsible for cementing the whole together. Notwithstanding many shortcomings, the book has had the advantage of constant help and criticism from Sir Colin's niece, Mrs. Beadon ; and of discussion at every stage with her by whose desire it originated.

Mary Albright Hollings.

Chelsea.
February 1917.

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"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God."
—*King David.*

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, . . . rejoiceth in the truth."—
St. Paul.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
Hae tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem.
Virgil.

THE LIFE OF SIR COLIN C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

CHAPTER I

1836–1858

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—
Her long-descended lord [1] is gone,
And left us by the stream alone—
And much I miss those sportive boys,[2]
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth. . . .
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide
You may not linger by the side;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still
Of the lone mountain and the hill.

Marmion, Introduction to Canto II

COLIN CAMPBELL SCOTT-MONCRIEFF derived his descent for many generations from Lowland Scots of one class in life, country gentlemen in Perthshire, Fife, and the Borders, many of whom were also burgesses of old Edinburgh, and some professional men.

[1] Alexander Pringle of Whytbank and Yair, C. C. S.-M.'s grandfather.

[2] John and William Pringle, his sons.

In the days when, as it has been humorously asserted, the chief articles of export from Scotland were " black cattle and younger sons," this was the stratum of society which furnished the latter product, men with natural qualifications to lead others, to administer labour, and to think out practical methods of ruling their fellow-men ; sympathetic withal, and kindly. Such were many Scotsmen who, in the early years of our Indian Empire, brought to bear upon the diversities of rule over subject races the principles of integrity, freedom, and justice, which were part of their national inheritance.

In the seventeenth century many of Sir Colin's forefathers were Covenanters who, in those turbulent days, placed loyalty to conscience before their worldly interests, and accepted loss of worldly goods rather than compromise with what they believed to be wrong. In the succeeding century, when prosperity brought in its train materialism and spiritual torpor, his forbears, men and women alike, were remarkable for deep and earnest piety. Extracts from letters and diaries, compiled by his eldest sister from old records, and privately published, have shown this to a very extraordinary degree. One instance only need here be quoted. Prominent, among the citizens of Edinburgh, and in his country house in Fife, for saintly character and generous charities, was his great-grandfather, Robert Scott-Moncrieff, at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. He was one of the founders of the Orphan Hospital in Edinburgh, with which more than one of his descendants has since been connected. But his sympathies were not confined to his own country. He was the warm friend of Thornton, Macaulay, and other leaders of " the Clapham Sect," who, at the close of the eighteenth century, did so

much to lay the foundations of modern philanthropic and missionary enterprise. This is a somewhat remarkable fact, for there was then not much sympathetic intercourse between Scotsmen and Englishmen of religious views. It was probably owing to this union of hearts that Sir Colin's father, another Robert Scott-Moncrieff, was partly educated in England, and enjoyed, throughout his life, intimate friendship with some Englishmen of the best and noblest natures. Yet he was a Scotsman to the backbone, rejoicing in the romance, the history, the literature, and the beauty of his native land, interested in his own lineage, holding that gentle birth is an incentive to chivalrous action.

His son Colin says of him that he was " a Liberal in everything except politics " ; and a newspaper of diametrically opposite political views to his, wrote after his death that " he loved the gleams of good that broke from either side." In the early years of his life he had reason to expect that, in addition to his father's property of Fossaway, he would inherit large estates from the will of a relative, but these prospects were dissipated by a lawsuit which left him nothing from this inheritance but a burial-ground in the old Greyfriars Churchyard of Edinburgh, where all that is mortal of him now rests. Such a result was often alluded to by him as a parable.

He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1816, and in entering on a legal career it is probable that his intention was rather to gain a knowledge of affairs and of the laws of property than any ambition to attain to forensic distinction. It was a period of great men in Edinburgh at that time. Sir Walter Scott was at the zenith of his fame, while Jeffrey, Cockburn, and many others were distinguished for learning, wit, and eloquence.

Among his companions at the bar was Alexander Pringle, eldest son of Mr. Pringle of Whytbank and Yair, Selkirkshire.

The Pringle family were famous in Scottish story as standard-bearers to the Douglas, by whose side they fought at Otterburn, Flodden, and Solway Moss. According to family traditions, the daughter-in-law of David Pringle, the 5th Laird of Smailholm, watched from that tower, commanding a noble view to the Cheviots, for tidings of the battle of Flodden. On that fatal field fell her husband and their four sons, and the shock of the dreadful news was the occasion of her giving birth to a fifth boy. And her sister-in-law Isabella, wife of Sir David Hume of Wedderburn, learned that her husband with their seven sons, " the seven spears of Wedderburn " as they were called, had fallen likewise in that battle of such grief for Scotland.

Thus there were gathered in one day, among " the Flowers of the Forest wede awa' " on Flodden Field, one son, one son-in-law, and eleven grandsons of David Pringle of Smailholm. The survivors became the founders of two branches of the family, and were known respectively as Pringle of Smailholm and of Whytbank.

Generations later these two lines were reunited in an Alexander Pringle, who was the first of four. It is related how this gentleman, with a family of twelve, " rents being very low in those days," had to sell Yair to the young Duke of Buccleuch and live in Edinburgh.

Even then they could not do more than pay their way, so, in order to have something to leave to his daughters, Whytbank was to be sold! It had been nearly five hundred years in the family, and the old gentleman felt it much ; but he said to

his wife, "Sandy will be home and will care for you all." Well, the sad day came. Mr. Tod arrived, when the old Laird was in bed (his last illness) with the papers to be signed; the same post brought him a letter from Sandy, saying, "Keep the old place; I can pay for it." "Did I not tell you," said the old man, "that Sandy would help us?" and shortly after he died. "Sandy" fulfilled his wishes and paid to the father's estate such a price for Whytbank that there was something for each of his sisters. His brother then died in America, so he had to care for them all. He put his mother and sisters in a nice house (Whitehouse, now a nunnery, I am sorry to say), and helped out the slender portions of his unmarried sisters all their lives, although he had eleven children of his own and needed plenty of self-denial.

He married Mary, daughter of Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield, in 1789, settled at Yair, and built the present house; became the father of five sons and six daughters; was appointed to the office of Ranger of Ettrick Forest at the special request of Sir Walter Scott; and died in 1827, in his eightieth year, and was buried beside his ancestors in Melrose Abbey.

His oldest son, Alexander, was the companion at the Bar, already mentioned, of Robert Scott-Moncrieff, and the friendship between them deepened into more intimate union when the latter became engaged to Alexander's beautiful sister Susan. The occasion of the betrothal is recorded in the following letter:

YAIR.
November 15th, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I with much satisfaction acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th instant, and beg leave to inform you and Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff that it gives Mrs. Pringle and myself the greatest pleasure to be assured of your approbation of your son's choice, in

soliciting the hand of our daughter Susan, which we readily consented to bestow (highly as we prized the gift) from the good opinion we had of his worth arising from our own observation, and as generally reported to us, confirmed by his friend our eldest son; thus, strengthened in our sentiments, and encouraged by the universal high estimation we have been accustomed to hear his family held in, by all who have the distinguished Privilege of knowing them, as well as the world at large, we entertained not a doubt about our beloved child's prospects of happiness from the alliance soon to take place, in consequence of the mutual attachment subsisting betwixt her, and your son, which I trust, under the blessing of the Almighty, will prove a source of gratified joy to both while in this world, and a sure presage, from the unanimity of their religious principles, of their eternal felicity in the next!

Permit me to add how happy it will make Mrs. Pringle and me to see you, and Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, with any others of your family you may do us the favour to bring with you, as soon as you can make it convenient to yourselves to come, only let me entreat you will let us know a day beforehand of your kind intentions, when it will afford us infinite pleasure to introduce to you your future daughter-in-law, and to have all the members of our family become more intimately acquainted, with those we feel an ardent inclination to look upon in time to come, as if all were members of the same house, willing to evince it by every kindly means in their power.

My Wife and all those of our family at home join me in best regards, and good wishes for you, Mrs. S.M., our son to be, and the rest of your family, and I remain with great esteem,

My Dear Sir,

Yours most Sincerely,

ALEX. PRINGLE.

It affords no small addition to Mrs. Pringle's and my gratification, being informed that your son was the favourite of his excellent grandfather, who we have

SIR COLIN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF'S FATHER AND MOTHER

often been told was held in the greatest veneration and esteem by all who knew him.

Two months later took place the wedding, about which the diary of William Scott-Moncrieff contains the following entry :

Lord's Day Evening, January 9th, 1820.—On Thursday last, 6th current, my dear son, Robert, was at length united to dear Susannah Pringle, at Yair, in presence of my dearest wife and all our other children, and by the Rev. Henry Grey.

The ceremony was performed in the evening, the company was numerous, and there being so many young people, dancing took place to the music of a pianoforte ; but I trust there was no sin in this, as it was not carried to too great a length, and the whole company were retired a little after 11 o'clock. . . . O what can I render unto the Lord, Who hath heard the voice of my supplication, and not only restored me to health, but given so dear a wife to my dear son. She is, indeed, one of the sweetest young women I ever met with, and appears to have a mind impressed with the fear and love of God and with the truths of His blessed Word.

The history of the Pringle forefathers has been traced in some detail because they bequeathed to the descendants of Susan Pringle and Robert Scott-Moncrieff, not only deep religious feeling (which they had in common with the Scott-Moncrieffs), but also a heritage of the qualities of an old Scots fighting family, together with a spirit lighter, perhaps, and less serious, than prevailed among the elder generations of the Fossaway kinsfolk. Every Scot is probably a fighter in some degree, yet, with the Pringle record before us, it is not too much to conclude that the later generations of Scott-Moncrieffs claim distinguished names in both services mainly by virtue of their Pringle ancestry. In all essentials of

birth, outlook, aims, and tastes, however, the two families were singularly united, thereby strengthening the home influence that was so remarkable and lasting a bond between their scattered members. As the sons and daughters go out to their appointed places in life, there is always an eager turning towards home, a cherishing of every scrap of family news in the letters of the absent ones, with so strong a sense of a common background that it more than usually distinguishes the correspondence between the kindred itself from that with other beloved friends.

Colin had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was still a little child, too young to remember her. From her he seems to have inherited much of the sweetness of his character, as well as personal good looks (noticed by one of his elder brothers when they met after years of separation in 1865). Though thus deprived in early years of his mother's love, he was surrounded by devoted care in the persons of his elder sisters and many aunts, both on his father's and mother's side, who did much to supply to him the love which he had missed in his early bereavement.

His father had the invaluable gift of being, in no ordinary sense, the friend and guide of his sons. Nothing is more admirable than the strong feeling of comradeship that existed between Robert Scott-Moncrieff and all his family. Scattered as they subsequently were, he kept in constant touch with each one, entered into their lives with the truest sympathy, and made them feel that all their interests were shared by him.

Never was comradeship more complete than that between Colin and his father, never was there between any two men a deeper union on all that matters in life, in spite of the disparity in years and difference on minor points of opinion.

In truth, however great is the influence of heredity on character, it may be that the effect of environment and home influence is much greater. The home life at Dalkeith was in all respects admirable. Dr. Norman Macleod, the famous divine, who was for many years the parish minister of Dalkeith, writing of it afterwards, stated that in all his ministerial experience he had never known a family which more closely fulfilled the ideal of a Christian household. One who knew it has said that " the home at Dalkeith had a great horizon, and the City that is built without hands never seemed to be out of the landscape." It need scarcely be added that there was no austerity or gloom about it. The geniality of the head of the house was perpetual. He was blessed with a rich sense of humour and had the gift of being an excellent raconteur, in which, indeed, he was almost excelled by his brother John, " Uncle Toby," as he was popularly called, one of the kindest and wittiest of men. When the two brothers were together, the fun was sure to be continuous. The hospitality of the house was without stint, and limited only by its capacity, roomy though it was. In after-years, when Sir Colin kept open house for all his numerous relatives at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, this trait of his early home came to the memory of those who had enjoyed his father's hospitality in the distant past.

With all this joy of life, this appreciation of what was good in art, in current literature, in music, and in the advance of science, there was nothing that was sordid or uncharitable. Not a word of gossip or ill-natured scandal could exist. The Puritanic training of the day might possibly exclude some things that were innocent—cards, for instance, were never played—but there were many other forms of amusement which amply occupied the minds of the large

gathering of young people who always formed part of the home circle. And the graver concerns of life seemed to fit in naturally as being the most important.

Externally the house at Dalkeith was very charming. It stands in grounds of great beauty, one side looking towards a flower-garden with lawns and stately trees, another side with sloping banks leading down to the Esk, the view from the terraces looking over the wooded valley of the river for miles, with the range of the Pentland Hills in the background. Outside the garden lay the splendid park of the ducal palace, stretching for miles, with an infinite variety of walks and rides. The other side of the grounds opened on the street of a town, where squalor and poverty were not unknown, and where at least there was ample scope for charity and consideration of the poor.

In this home, lovely both morally and physically, Colin spent his boyhood. There were visits periodically to other beautiful houses also. Yair, his mother's home, is situated on the banks of the Tweed, where that river flows through a deep wooded valley, with hills separating it from the Yarrow on one side, and the Gala on the other. The whole region is full of beauty, and of the romance of the Border Country, over which Scott had so recently cast the glamour of his genius. To that charming spot Colin and his brothers and sisters were always warmly welcomed by their hospitable uncle and aunt. Another similar welcome was given at Durie, the home of his cousins, the Christies, in Fife, also a roomy and hospitable country house. Doubtless the recollections of his early home teaching enabled Colin to encounter the tremendous difficulties which came in later life, not only in his domestic sorrows, but in those which came in his duty, the sickening horror of the Madras

DALKEITH

famine, the tyranny and corruption that oppressed the Egyptians, the many baffling problems of crime and administration which he had to face when he had to do with the rule of his native country.

The tendency of his home life was to be tolerant, and in many matters besides religion and politics he found the value of this teaching. He used to say, with some amusement, that it was wholesome to find that some public men whose very names were anathema in his home circle were, as he afterwards found, in other spheres admired leaders, and he recognised that this was justly so.

His school life was evidently a happy one, albeit without much incident. The Edinburgh Academy, it may here be mentioned, is a day school, founded in 1824, mainly by the influence and exertion of Sir Walter Scott, for the sons of Scottish gentlemen, for which class at that time no such advantages existed. The aim was to provide all the educational advantages of the English public schools, while the boys lived under the parental roof, or privately boarded. The original ideas on which the Academy was organised were not such as commend themselves to modern educational experts, but there was at least a strong feeling of comradeship and friendliness among boys of the same class, who remained in company with each other and with the same classical master throughout their school career. Of those who were with Colin, very few survive. One of them, the Right Hon. Sir John H. A. Macdonald, writes of him recently in the school magazine:

I can recall his face as it then was—just as cheerful and kindly as all found it during his long life. I remember his success in the competition for the recitation prize, and his reciting, from the rostrum on Exhibition day, his class-fellow's translation of an ode.

It may be truly said that Colin Scott-Moncrieff, wherever he went, gathered affectionate friendship from all with whom he came in contact. His great achievements never produced in him any personal exaltation. He was always the same bright, unassuming, kindly man, earning respect and affection whether from those of his own race, or from the more dusky tribes among whom so much of his life was spent.

This indeed is a valuable testimony from one whose experience in life had been extensive, and who had met Colin in official as well as private relations.

Colin himself speaks of the classical learning he gained at school. It is more than probable that this was fostered and encouraged by his father, who was to the end a student of the classics, and delighted in reading them. Of mathematical learning the teaching provided little more than the foundation, but it was well laid by a master, Mr. Gloeg, who, from all accounts, was a unique personage. Colin has related how a chance call on his father of a distant relative finally decided the direction of his future career in India.

Then followed the plunge into the outer and unknown world of school, or rather of what we now call a crammer's, at Wimbledon, in England—very distasteful in many respects. For these cramming establishments were, to the disgrace of our educational system, at that time and for many years after, full of much that was evil, physically and morally.

His stay there, however, did not last long, and he passed into Addiscombe high up on the list, finding himself among a band of capable and clever companions, with many of whom he formed lifelong friendships. The training, with its mixture of military exercises and discipline, and its study of technical

subjects, was very congenial to him, and in after-years he wrote of the love he had for the Surrey hills and green fields, which, next to his native land, he rejoiced in more than in any of the magnificent scenes of later life. This early love for Surrey possibly led him towards the close of his life to purchase and enjoy a peaceful summer home in the little village of Elstead.

Some eighteen years afterwards, when the writer of these lines was himself entering on a similar career at another military school, Colin wrote recalling the pleasure of his old Addiscombe days, and kindly, gravely, and affectionately warned his young kinsman of the temptations that surround such a life, as well as the secret of strength to face these and fight the good fight. He wrote, he said, as one who was still in the thick of the conflict himself, not claiming any position of superiority, but as one brother to another. It was the warmth of words such as these that endeared Colin so much to all those whom he honoured with his sympathy and confidence.

The period of his stay at Addiscombe was one in which the eyes of all England were turned to the Near East. The Crimean War was raging, and naturally the cadets at our military schools were keenly following all that our troops and the allies were doing. Nearly forty years afterwards Colin visited Sebastapol as the guest of the Emperor of Russia, and somewhat surprised his travelling companions with his intimate acquaintance with a locality which he had never before set eyes on, but which was familiar to him from his former study.

He passed out second on the list, obtaining a commission in the Bengal Engineers—a corps in which there seemed to be the widest opportunity, relatively speaking, of a future career. The three regiments of Indian Engineers were very largely corps of

officers only. It is true there were three battalions of native sappers and miners (which still exist), officered for the most part, though not then exclusively, by engineer officers, but they did not represent the principal sphere of usefulness open to engineers of the three Presidencies. The development of India by great public works, the scientific survey of the whole country, the construction of telegraphs, and, in a few cases, the administrative rule of districts, were the tasks principally assigned to engineer officers; and their subordinates, instead of belonging, as in the Royal Engineers, to the same corps as the officers, were either European soldiers specially trained in the country itself, or natives who had been at some of the Government civil engineering schools. It was, however, the proud boast of the Corps of Engineers that both in peace and war they were ever to the front, the wide experience of works and administration which they had in peace fitting them specially for the many and varied problems which confront a military engineer in war. It was finely said of them by a Governor-General, the first Lord Hardinge, that its officers "well maintained the reputation of their corps whenever gallantry or science may be required from its members." After the Government of India passed from the East India Company to the Crown, there were no more appointments to this corps, which thereafter became merged in the Royal Engineers. The actual work of its members may be said to have ended with the nineteenth century, and the last of them to do any public duty was Sir Colin, when in 1901–3 he was President of the Irrigation Commission.

The two years' training at Chatham which the officers of the Indian Engineers went through, together with those of the R.E., was probably much

less strenuous than it is in modern times. One subject was thoroughly taught, namely, the art of the military bridge builders, the river Medway being specially useful for practice in pontooning. Colin was always a splendid swimmer—it was indeed the only physical exercise in which he thoroughly excelled —and probably he, like many other young officers, spent much of his spare time on the river, boating and yachting.

Before following Colin's further experiences, it may be well to introduce some other descriptions, by him and his sister Mrs. Ballard, of what has so far been related.

Writing to Lady Scott-Moncrieff, in August 1916, the latter says :

My dear Sister,

I suppose that when we look back through long years to a happy childhood, we see it touched with the glow of sunset, as we have marked a distant Alpine peak radiant in the light of evening. But, to another age and another generation, the events we try to recall may seem too trivial to be worth recording, and pictured in " the light that never shone on sea or land." However, you have asked me for my memories, and I will try to be faithful, and paint a Scottish home as it was eighty years ago, with some of the people and principles that guided my dear brother's earliest years and influenced his strenuous and noble life.

Perhaps it may seem strange that I should speak of a " happy " childhood when our lives began with sorrow. The loss of a tender and devoted mother left a blank that could not be filled even by the very kind care that was poured on us. The stroke fell suddenly on us all, but, though in the prime of life, she had realised its uncertainty, and she wrote for

each one the advices and directions she hoped to impress upon us, as follows :

EDINBRO'.
December 29th, 1827.

MY BELOVED CHILDREN,

When I consider the uncertainty of human life and how unfit a season a deathbed generally is for any effort that requires reflexion, I am induced now, when in the full enjoyment of my health and faculties, to write these advices to you which, if it pleases God to spare my life, I hope daily and frequently to inculcate.

(Then, after saying that her great desire for all her children is that their souls may be saved, but that this can only be attained by such a vision of the love of Christ that they will always desire His will and glory, not their own, she proceeds :)

With you, my sons, the conflict will probably be by endeavouring to convince you that the faith of the Gospel is all a cunningly devised fable. When this assertion meets you in the way of argument, then it is my most earnest wish that you will study the subject, not with a wish that it should be false, but with a similar feeling to that with which the worldly man examines a deed which gives him a title to some great possession.

You, my daughters, may possibly be exposed to the same shocks at your outset, but as our wily adversary generally suits his weapons to the nature of his opponents, I rather expect he will tempt you to be " lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

But as it is the abuse, not the use, of these things [domestic enjoyments, mental pursuits, and elegant accomplishments] which is pernicious, I trust you will be enabled to get your hearts so filled with the love of Christ that none of these things may withdraw your hearts from Him. Another weapon which Satan often attacks us with is love of admiration. This also is not confined to the Ball-room, but mingles with all we do. The only antidote I know to this is " Acquaint yourself with God."

My sons, with regard to your establishment in life —in every honest calling you may glorify God. The most valuable worldly acquirement you can make is the power of applying your mind vigorously to whatever you have to do, not loitering over it, but doing it with all your might, and finding idleness a burden. A most besetting sin in youth is presuming on their own talents, real or imaginary. Now, even admitting them to be great, (although this is a point people often deceive themselves in, as it is the combination of different gifts, not the flash of one, which constitutes a superior character) yet experience so far outweighs these, that your opinion can never stand in competition with that of your seniors. I hope you will be enabled to distinguish between decision of character and obstinacy. Cultivate the one and earnestly avoid the other.

My daughters, with respect to your settlement in life, I have to intreat you not to go with the vulgar error of wishing to be married. I am sure there are twenty unhappy unions for one happy marriage. Many girls are so foolish as rather to prefer an ill-assorted match, fearing ridicule if they remain single, or wishing to have something to do.

I trust your education will be such that you will not require the cares of life to employ you. I wish you to be equally independent of that gossip which is the bane of a single life.

Colin was too young at the time to realise our great calamity, or to understand his mother's teaching. Hand in hand he and I stood by her coffin, bewildered by the crash that had fallen on us all. But as years advanced, and he developed, our sisters (many years our seniors) most carefully held before us the memory of her faith and example. We three youngest ones had from them three little volumes containing her general letter to the sons and daughters, and the particular message to each one of us; also verses and drawings and memories of our mother's words and ways.

All her seven sons were true to her teaching, and

loyal to her memory, and none more so than the boy who at three years of age stood by his mother's coffin.

To him she wrote " may you, my dearest Colin, serve the Lord with that lively quick temperament of yours, quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

How deeply those words sank into Colin's heart those know who knew him best.

When he left home for the first time as a lad of thirteen, being promoted from the Dalkeith Grammar School to the wider experiences of the Edinburgh Academy, he at first resided with our sister Susan, whose husband, Dr. Halliday Douglas, spoke thus of him to me. I had asked him how Colin was getting on in his new surroundings, and he replied, "Oh, Colin will be all right ; I have never known a boy like him—he sticks so to his work, one can't imagine him being diverted from anything he has got to do, till it is finished,"—so he had then learnt his mother's lesson, " to apply his mind vigorously " to his work. Another testimony to his powers of concentration was some time after, when he was spending summer holidays at Yair, and with his two cousins Alexander Pringle and Robert Dick-Cunyngham shared the tuition of a worthy tutor, Mr. Maclaren. Colin himself described to me how the three boys and tutor were climbing the " Three Brethren Hill," and he was behind with the tutor, to whom he confided that it was " a fine thing to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth," and, pointing to his cousins, A. Pringle, the " Young Laird " of Yair, and Robert D.-C., heir to Prestonfield and a baronetcy, said something to the effect that there did not seem to be much room in the world for a sixth son like him. Maclaren replied by a kindly thump on the back, saying, " Never mind, my boy Colin, ye'll just do as well as the rest, and maybe better, too."

My brother told me afterwards how the cheering words of the worthy tutor helped him to realise that it was no real disadvantage to be obliged to do one's best, and like the President Garfield " make the best of the stuff God had given him." But the ever-

SIR COLIN AS PAGE-BOY AT MRS. ELMSLEY'S WEDDING
From a water-colour drawing by M. A. Scott-Moncrieff

present influence of his life at that stage and long afterwards was the hope of comforting his father through heavy sorrows.

During the years succeeding our mother's death, our father was, as ever, our careful loving parent, and our best friend. He always gave to us his best, his conversation was the most stimulating power in our education, and his sympathy the comfort in every sorrow.

Colin's steady progress was a joy to him. But I must leave Colin's own words to express his father's influence.

As time rolled on, in the awful anxiety of the Indian Mutiny, and in the following years when four of us were in India, we all realised more and more what a blessed bond of union we had in the certainty of our father's daily prayers for us. We knew that, every morning, children, servants, and guests were called together to remember us before God. We knew our father would not forget, we knew what blessings he would implore, no earthly gift, but wisdom and guidance in daily life, that living or dying we might glorify God.

I seem to hear his voice still as he began with solemn monotony to seek "a blessing on the absent members of this family"; and with his daily prayer and the singing of our old Scotch Psalms of Praise, in which all joined, there rose a continuous stream of thanksgiving. How often our father quoted the one hundred and third Psalm, and said to us, "Forget not all His benefits." In all our father's teaching he was ably assisted by our sisters, especially by the eldest. Mary Anne was only nineteen, on whom fell chiefly the details of the household management, servants, and provision with limited means for a large party of hungry boys. It was an anxious charge for a girl, and she said to me afterwards, "I was never young again after the year 1840." Ten years later, when my father re-married, he had succeeded to the estate of Fossaway, my two sisters had married and left us, and most of the boys had scattered, so there was never again the same strain; but his faithful

daughter had helped her father to bring up a large family on scanty resources. How we were all housed in those ten years I cannot now imagine!

When our father re-married, Colin and I talked of the new mother who had entered our home. We were glad that he who had cared so lovingly for us (through many years that must have been lonely) should now himself be cared for. She was ever a kind mother to us, never interfering with our pursuits or tastes, and when we five came from and went with our children to India, her kind heart and hospitable home were open always to each one.

While I recall Dalkeith I must not forget the parish church, for it was unique. This church, "St. Nicholas," was very old, I believe dating from the Middle Ages. But when the Reformation swept over Scotland, the Presbyterian fathers also swept away all ornaments they considered Romish—saints and martyrs were condemned.

At a later period, when the population had increased and the place had become an industrious little town, more room was required, and each trade asked for galleries to be raised. My father told me that, in the old records of the "Kirk Session," there were papers from the weavers, bakers, colliers, etc., asking for leave to put up "one desk" for the labourers of their trade. Those desks or galleries were distinguished from each other by texts of Scripture, which were thought appropriate. Thus it was painted in quaint lettering on the bakers', "He shall satisfy the poor with bread"; on the weavers', "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle"; on the colliers', "Out of the ground did the Lord God bring coals of fire"; on the tanners', "Unto Adam also to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." Thus the Presbyterian fathers sought to link their daily labour with the presence of God which hallows all.

When Colin and I were children, and the sermons were rather long for little people, we kept ourselves awake by trying to read the quaint inscriptions on the galleries; but soon it was no effort to keep up our

attention, for Dr. Norman Macleod was appointed minister to the parish church of Dalkeith, to the great benefit of all, especially of my two youngest brothers and myself. It was a wonderful revelation to us, for his powerful eloquence lighted up familiar truths, and often we felt we were standing on holy ground.

It was as if the figures on a venerable tapestry, dim with age, suddenly stepped down among us and became alive and human. David and Jonathan, Job and Samuel, Abraham and Isaac, Joseph and Daniel, we felt as if we knew them all, and above all when we came to the Apostles and felt the grandeur of the Gospel history, and the " Name that is above every name." This was the greatest boon that could come into our lives. Eagerly Colin, Charlie, and I discussed those sermons week after week, and I have still books of MS. notes that I wrote out with their help. I remember a walk I took by the Esk with those two brothers. Colin was about to leave our home for the first time, Charlie soon to start for " the sweet and blessed country that eager hearts expect." We were sad, " for a threefold cord is not easily broken," but we were cheered and helped by the wide outlook Dr. N. Macleod had held before us of the infinite love and wisdom of God. And this glimpse beyond time helped Colin and me in life, and our brother in death.

Our father's family had been brought up on strictly Calvinistic lines, his grandfather had been much in sympathy with the Evangelical leaders of the Church of England, Whitfield, Venn, etc., many of whom visited him in Edinburgh, but Dr. Macleod was the leader of the Broad Church of Scotland, he introduced to us the writings of Kingsley, Maurice, Bunsen, Carlyle, and Hare, and read aloud to us " In Memoriam " and other writings by Tennyson. So we were helped to look beyond the narrow limits of a small town. We were still also near enough to historic times to listen eagerly for echoes of heroic deeds and great men.

Our uncle Mr. Christie of Durie had fought in the Peninsula in the Guards. He told us with what skill

and courtesy he was nursed by French ladies, when carried a wounded prisoner to France. He thought their care of an enemy philanthropic, but we did not think it so wonderful that the ladies were kind to him, seeing that he was exceptionally handsome!

That uncle was the most picturesque figure I can recollect. His splendid appearance, combined with a sort of dignified politeness, impressed us, and we were told by others much of his exploits with rod and gun, for he was a keen sportsman.

He was a Presbyterian of the old type and deeply religious, but we were rather in awe of his Calvinism. Colin and I were more frequently at Durie than the others of us. Our uncle's twelfth son, Benjamin, was the same age as Colin, and they were dear friends, as his sister and I also were. Benjamin was most popular, for he inherited his father's rare gifts, to which was added a rich and melodious voice, so we called him the "show-piece" of our generation.

Colin and Benjamin were "chums"; together they passed through Addiscombe, Colin into Engineers, Benjamin into Artillery. They often went up to the London house of our kind Uncle and Aunt Elmsley, where they always were welcome. They both went to India, but, alas! the fascination of following "big game" led our cousin too far: a tiger turned on him and he was terribly mauled; he died soon after, to Colin's deep grief. Our glimpse of the Napoleonic Wars was through our Uncle Christie in the Peninsula, and my mother's cousin Colonel John Dirom, when he came to see my father and described to him "the great Waterloo" where he had served. I remember him vividly.

In after-years a connection of my mother's, General Sir Duncan Macgregor, told us much of Napoleon, as he had seen him at Elba, where Sir Duncan was on the British Staff. But the most vivid historical remembrance I had was from an old lady, a relative of my Uncle Elmsley's. She had been in Paris during the Revolution, had seen Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin, with the beautiful Princesse de Lamballe, and had escaped with difficulty from Paris im-

mediately before the " Reign of Terror." I observed that all who remembered that awful time spoke with horror of any kind of " mob government " or of yielding to the people " like the Girondists." This gave an impetus to Tory principles, and perhaps prejudices, especially of old servants, who were generally Conservatives.

At Yair we were all " Tories," and the servants and workmen more red-hot than their masters, and we children gleefully repeated the epigram :

I do rejoice the sun and moon are set so very high
That no presumptuous hand can rise to touch them in the sky,
If 'twere not so, I do not doubt that some reforming ass
Would soon propose to snuff them out, and light the world with gas.

The memories of " The Sheriff," Sir W. Scott, still lingered by Tweed and Yarrow, especially in my mother's early home, where he was well known and loved, and I remember envying my aunt when she told me that Sir Walter had taken her on his knee, saying, " Maggie, shall I tell you a story ? " I felt, " Ah, how I would have remembered a story by Scott for my very self ! "

My grandmother told us of a lion of a yet earlier time, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, with Boswell, had come for a tour in Scotland, and visited her father, Sir Alexander Dick. The " gruff sage " was kind to children, and taking her on his knee, said, " Child, can ye read yet ? "

This grandmother was a great authority among us ; though she was a little woman, she was very dignified and accustomed to be obeyed.

I do not think she ever was in London, and certainly never crossed the Channel, nor in her long life entered a public conveyance. She drove from her house in Edinburgh every summer to Yair, calling en route at Dalkeith, that she might take us with her in her roomy carriage. It was a long thirty miles' drive, and Colin and I rejoiced when " Tweed's silver stream " burst on us, for every imaginable delight seemed to gather there.

Our worthy coachman deserves a chapter to himself, for he was a character. William Roger was all his life in the Pringle family. He was an excellent driver, and knew all about horses. But he looked with contempt on modern and light conveyances. "Just flimsy concerns." He boasted that the big old family coach was "a massy article," and so indeed was the coachman. He was both tall and broad, with a face like a full moon, and a very humorous twinkle in his eye. He drove us (often a large and noisy party of youngsters) to church every Sunday, followed by what they called "the Gospel cart," a sort of omnibus for taking the servants to church at Selkirk, seven miles off. On one occasion Roger was driving our party to church and our cousin Robert, seated by the driver, perceived "the Gospel cart" slowly following. The boy made some jeering remark about our train following us, and the coachman speedily rebuked him, saying, "Mr. Robert, I can tell ye there's mair grace in yon Gospel cairt than in this whole carriage wi' mysel' on the box!"

When my uncle went up to London for Parliament, Roger accompanied his master. His stately appearance excited attention in Hyde Park, where portly coachmen were the fashion, and he had offers of employment at a salary that appeared untold wealth in Scotland. But Roger was too wise a man to take a step of importance without consulting Jenny his wife. When he unfolded the gorgeous prospect to her, she promptly replied to this effect: "Na, na, Wully my man, ye'll just bide wi' oor ain Laird; folks like us needna' fash about siller, an we're far better off by the Tweed than we would be by the Thames." And by the Tweed they abode till their pilgrimage ended.

The old servants in our young days were true friends. Their unselfish devotion was an echo of feudal times, for they sank all personal aims in ambition for the welfare of "the family." They eagerly expected to hear all family news and to have their say in household management. I remember hearing

that my grandmother had remarked to the old butler that the drawing-room carpet was getting worn, and she thought a new one would soon be wanted. He replied, " 'Deed, mem, I dinna think we can afford that ! "

Colin's devoted friend at Yair was Turnbull, the trustworthy butler. Some of us thought he showed his partiality too prominently at table when he whispered to Colin, " Tak' some of this pudden, Mr. Collin—it's real gude, Phemie made it hersel' " (Phemie, the housekeeper, being his wife, he was in the secret). Long years after Colin described to me in India the loving welcome of Turnbull, on his first return on short leave. Our good, kind Aunt Mary Pringle had driven to meet him, and when they reached the door at Yair, Turnbull was waiting with outstretched hands. He seized Colin with both hands and carried him off in a romping gallop all round the hall. Then he came back with a low bow and apologised, " Ye maun excuse me, Miss Pringle ; ye see, he's ane of our ain laddies."

There was a butler, Thomas Mackenzie, who spent all his life with the Yair family, and who took the keenest interest in " our young leddies," especially the youngest, Aunt Margaret. A neighbouring Baronet had given a grand dinner party (on his return to Ashiestiel) to Sir W. Scott and my grandfather, and Thomas was invited over to assist to spread the feast. While clearing away lunch at Yair next day, he found " Miss Margaret " alone, and ventured to remark, " He's an uncommon nice gentleman, the Baronet, Miss Margaret. He comes over here often ; I hope you're kind to him," to which my aunt replied, " Oh, I wonder at you, Thomas ; you told me yourself that you had heard him swear when something put him out, and you know it's very wrong to swear." " True, mem, and the mair's the pety, but he might learn better ; and he *is* a very nice gentleman." Then Thomas added wistfully, " Ony way, I wish you saw his silver plate for yourself "—an argument that greatly appealed to a butler !

I think I tell this just as I heard it from my aunt.

Happily for Colin and me, my aunt gave her heart to our Uncle Elmsley, who was so kind and good to us. We loved him dearly, though "he was after all an Englishman," as the old domestics said. To us he was one of the best and noblest of nature's gentlemen.

Here ends Mrs. Ballard's account of their early days. It is followed by Colin's reminiscences, noted down by himself between 1910 and 1913.

I was born at Dalkeith, the first to be born in a house the Duke of Buccleuch had built for my father, who was his chamberlain or land agent. It was, and is, a very comfortable house, and was a very happy home for us for some thirty-six years.

I was the sixth of seven sons, the tenth of eleven children. We were Mary Anne, born in 1820, Eliza, Susan, William, Alick, Bob, David, John, Joanna, myself, and Charlie. My father married a second time,[1] and had two daughters—one died in infancy, the other is the wife of the Rev. Dr. Robertson, minister of Whittinghame, a very dear sister. I was born on August 3rd, 1836. Joanna was three years older, and Charlie three years younger than me.

My father's father lived on to 1846, so my father did not succeed to the family property of Fossaway till then, and I am sure my parents must often have had anxious thoughts as to how to bring up their large family with restricted means. We were all devoted to our father, and he was a parent to be proud of—absolutely truthful and honest. I know his friends often thought he might have made use of his place alongside of the Duke to make interest for his sons. Nothing would induce him to do so. I don't believe he ever asked a favour. In fact, I think his manly independence stood in the way of his advancement. He was a young Edinburgh advocate with six children when he was offered the post at Dalkeith, and then he gave up the bar. He was such a sound-

[1] Mary Elizabeth Hamilton.

headed man that I fancy he might have risen in his profession. Henceforth his was a narrow field, but he never showed that he would have liked a broader, and he commanded respect on all sides. He delighted in the advance of science, in the steamboat and the locomotive, in gaslight and electric telegraphs. But in politics he was the staunchest Tory. I think, like many of his generation, he was scared by the terrors of the French Revolution, and the evil sovereignty of Napoleon and the long war.

My father was a Protestant to the backbone. He excessively disliked what he thought the Romanising tendency of the Oxford school—Newman, Pusey, etc.—and I fear he was not wise in expressing too strongly his views to the Duke, whose Duchess joined the Church of Rome.

September 24th, 1844, was an important date in my life when my father took me to the Grammar School at Dalkeith, where I was educated for the following five years. I remember my father got me a greatcoat with bone buttons. He must have bought it in Edinburgh, and shown it to my sisters at Dalkeith, and he told them it was wonderfully cheap. It had only cost ten shillings. I was very proud of my new coat, and told my companions how cheap it had been. I got much quizzed and laughed at in consequence!

My companions in the school at Dalkeith were not by any means gentlefolks in general, and they were rough and unmannerly. The master of the school—Mr. Drummond—I looked up to with great veneration, and he was very kind to me. The years passed away monotonously and happily. Our kind Uncle and Aunt Pringle used to ask us every summer to Yair, and this was the greatest joy to us. Everything was on a larger scale there than at Dalkeith. There were ponies to ride—a boat to row in—a river to bathe in—and all the time we lived on the fat of the land.

Three of my brothers were to have been merchants, and went to counting-houses—Robert to London, William to Manchester, John to Liverpool; but

Robert was the only one to stick to it, and his after-career showed that commerce was not his forte. William and John both chose the Church. We had all been brought up as Presbyterians, and naturally they would have become ministers of the Church of Scotland, but they both joined the Church of England. William took his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge—John at the Edinburgh University. John was, I think, the cleverest of us, much given to philosophical study.

Our mother on her deathbed gave the three youngest of her children specially to the three eldest. Mary Anne had Joanna, Eliza had me, and Susan had Charles. Eliza, bright, lovely, and attractive, married our second cousin Robert Christie. He was a subaltern in a Bengal Cavalry Regiment—a fine, big, manly fellow, but, I fancy, greatly Eliza's inferior intellectually. I remember weeping bitterly when our father carried her off from Dalkeith to go out to India to be married. Eliza died in April 1848, after the birth of a child—the first death in our family. In after-years I often visited her grave in the cemetery at Meerut in the N.W. Provinces of India. I don't think any other of our family ever saw it.

In October 1849 Charlie and I went to the Edinburgh Academy, and found a most loving home with our Uncle and Aunt Pringle of Yair. Their son Alick Pringle and our cousin Robert Dick-Cunyngham were about the same age as I, and we all went daily to school from their house, 4, Randolph Crescent.

Every Saturday we went to Dalkeith to spend the Sunday.[1]

In 1848 my brother Alick came home from India on a three-years' sick certificate. In those days the overland route was hardly known. Far the greater number came round the Cape, a four-months' voyage, and this, I suppose, was the reason for the long furloughs.

Alick was really quite well when he got home. He kept a horse, hunted, shot, and amused himself.

[1] Colin used to tell of sometimes walking the six miles home, to save the 6*d*. fare of the carrier's cart.

This seemed far better fun than being an Edinburgh advocate, which was the career suggested to me, and I was keen to go to India. I worked well all the time, however, at school, and my usual place was about third or fourth in a class of forty or fifty. The education was nearly altogether classical, and it may be asked what good it has done me to have worked at Greek till I was sixteen, and never to have looked at it since. In those days I could not have easily got a good scientific education. I learned a little mathematics, and was good at them. But during my life I think it has been a distinct satisfaction and advantage to me to have read two or three books of Homer, and the *Alcestis* of Euripides and the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. Some Latin I learned as a matter of course.

I think it must have been in 1850 that my father's eldest sister Colina died. I had been called after her, and in her will she left me £500 to be used for my education, and this would have helped my father to send me to Oxford or Cambridge, so I suppose I resigned myself to this, as there seemed no chance of my obtaining a "cadetship" in the East India Company's service, and my father could not have afforded to buy a commission in the Home army.

In the spring of 1852 one Saturday the Honourable W. H. Leslie Melville came from Edinburgh to lunch. He was an old Indian Civilian, distantly connected with our family. His father was the Earl of Leven. My father used to tell the story how they looked at the old family pictures (now at Fossaway) and compared notes as to common ancestors, and then Mr. Melville asked my father how many sons he had, and how they were provided for, and then and there offered a cadetship, which was secured for me. I remember my delight, and Joanna crying because another brother was going to India.

I had nearly forgotten a great event of my boyish days. In 1851 was the International Exhibition, which brought people from all ends of the country to London. My father, Uncle John (Uncle Tobe as we called him) and his wife Christian, Aunt Jane S.-M.,

Aunt Erskine (who died on her way back to Scotland), my brother and sister (David and Joanna), and myself, all went to London. All except my father went by sea, which was cheaper than the railway. I enjoyed the excitement of being actually at sea. Of course I saw all the great sights of London in a ten or twelve days' visit. Among other sights, my father was very anxious I should see the great Duke of Wellington. We attended morning service, therefore, one Sunday in St. James's Palace Chapel, and sat right opposite the great man, and heard him clearly replying to the responses. It was a fine summer morning, and we left the chapel and followed him at a little distance across the Green Park to Apsley House—a little spare man with white hair, a blue frock coat, white trousers strapped down, and, I think, a white hat. Everyone knew him, and everyone touched their hats to him. He always returned the salute in short military fashion. He was then eighty-two years old. In November 1852, when a schoolboy at Wimbledon, I got leave to go to London to see the Duke's funeral. Our cousin Willie Christie, then an undergraduate at Oxford, was with me. We two boys could not pay for guinea seats to see the procession, but left our dear Uncle Elmsley's house—46, Harley Street—early on the winter morning, and walked to Trafalgar Square, and there, dodging carriages and passing under horses' noses, we got in to the front row and saw everything as well as anyone.

After Mr. Leslie Melville's visit in 1852, my father looked about for a school where I would drop classics and be coached in mathematics, and he was advised to send me to Messrs. Mayor and Brackenbury, a school at Wimbledon with a high reputation. I went there in August 1852, after a very short holiday. There were about seventy boys there, nearly all preparing for the army. At first I hated the place. After always being at a day school, I detested the restrictions of a boarding-school. I do not suppose there are any such schools in England now. We paid about £140 or £150 school fees, and ought for

that sum to have been well looked after, but we were not. The food was bad; baths there were none. The sanitary arrangements were very bad. The masters took very little trouble with any boys that were not likely to do them credit. The moral tone among the boys was very bad. Often a boy used to be smuggled off to bed drunk.

With all this I am bound to say the teaching of mathematics was very good. I gave up my classics and began near the bottom of the school at mathematics, but in two years I won the highest mathematical prize—a pair of small pocket compasses, which has been with me all over the world, and which I use now.

On August 1st, 1854, I became a cadet in the East India Company's College at Addiscombe, and there I spent very happy years. The friends of my life were made at Wimbledon and Addiscombe. Frank Outram and Percy Powlett were at Wimbledon. John Eckford and Ashton Brandreth (who were both with me at Addiscombe too, and who, like me, got their commissions in the Bengal Engineers) have now been long dead. "Bobby" Festing's friendship I did not make till Chatham days. He has been one of my life's friends.

In August 1856 I reported myself as an engineer cadet at Brompton Barracks, Chatham. There I did subaltern's duty and had a good course of instruction in surveying, field engineering, etc. My commission as a second Lieutenant was antedated to June 13th, 1856. The work was not hard at Chatham, and I had a good deal of boating and other fun.

While at Chatham I fell strongly under the influence of Evangelical religion. Twice a week about a dozen of us used to meet for Bible-reading after mess, encouraged very much by some most excellent senior officers of the Royal Engineers. It was the time of the Crimean War. We were all greatly excited about it, and a book that was much talked of fell into my hands, *The Life of Headley Vicars*, a very earnest and pious man, who was killed in the Crimea. I daresay there was a great deal of unreality about my

religion, but such as it was, I believe it kept me from some mischief and dissipation. Among other things, it kept me from card-playing. There was much of it around me, and with it a good deal of gambling in a small way. To avoid this I refused to learn to play at cards at all, and I think I was quite wrong, for it has deprived me of many an hour of perfectly innocent amusement. I am too old to learn now.

Soon after joining at Chatham, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of two ladies, sisters, who lived in Rochester, Mrs. John Sturge and Mrs. W. Moorson. The former was a widow with two children, Lewis and Lucy, about eighteen and sixteen years old. She was a Nova Scotian, and lived with her mother, who actually could remember the American War of Independence. They had a very handsome silver platter—now in my possession—and old Mrs. Wilkins could remember it and all her father's plate being sunk to the bottom of a well to keep it out of the way of "the Rebels." Lewis Sturge was then a boy at Rugby, Lucy was at home with a governess.

Mrs. Sturge failed to recognise that Lucy was no longer a child, and she allowed us constantly to be together, with the natural result that we fell hotly into love. I cannot write much of what my life was like at that time. I was only twenty-one years old, and I suppose I was much like other boys. We felt our hearts breaking when we parted on May 2nd, 1858.

It seems a ridiculous passion. I had no money, and was starting for a soldier's career in India, which was then in the thickest of the Mutiny. As I belonged to the East India Company I could not exchange for home service; Lucy was very delicate, so was her mother. How could I possibly separate them? We did not consider ourselves engaged, but looked forward to corresponding regularly. But when I got to India, I saw this should not be, so I wrote to Mrs. Sturge, and told her my feelings, and that I would not go on corresponding without her knowing the footing we were on. Back came the reply from Lucy that her heart was mine, and her

Mr. Scott-Moncrieff Mr. J. Eckford

GROUP OF CADETS, CHATHAM, 1857

mother gave her sanction to our engagement. She was just seventeen years old.

Here the first chapter of his life may fittingly end with the following letters, chosen from Colin's early correspondence. The first is a schoolboy epistle. The four next were written on military duty in England; two were despatched to his home folk on the voyage out to India; and the last two recall, from a much later time, memories by himself and his cousin Mr. William Christie of the home from which he set out in May 1858.

To his sister Joanna

DALKEITH.
Monday night. [1851.]

MY DEAREST JOANNA,

As there is a letter going to you I thought I might as well put in a word or two, as I have not cracked with you for a long time, and I suppose I'll be at " school " before you come back. The Davidsons and I returned from Fossaway on Saturday night. We told David Kettle to awake us at 4 o'clock a.m. that we might walk to Dollar by 5.45 with two carpet bags, one game bag (full of clothes, not grouse), three guns, etc., etc., but weren't awoke till 4.30 and didn't get off till 5. We pushed on, but were too late, and so we just walked on to Alloa. We went like the porters of sedan chairs, slinging the bags over two guns which one carried before and another behind, and took it by turns till we had accomplished twelve miles to Alloa by 10 o'clock. And what a breakfast we did eat at the inn, it baffles description! We then went and saw through some glassworks and then hired a boat and rowed four miles up the Forth—jolly fun—the steamer started at 4.15, so we got comfortably on board and sailed home, ate a roast of beef and a loaf of bread at Susan's, and arrived safe at Dalkeith. I hope Willie received the six brace of grouse from Fossaway, for if he did,

I didn't send them. We had great fun there of all sorts.

BROMPTON BARRACKS [CHATHAM].
March 28th, 1857 [?].

MY DEAREST JOANNA,

I sit down with the intention of giving you a very long screed of a letter in answer to a very excellent one which I got from you when in town three days ago.

1st. I am glad you approve of my likeness. I think it is not bad myself.

2nd. I am glad exceedingly to hear that the house is salubrious and that the Ploughman [his brother Charlie] is up to long rides and increases in weight. I wish I could give him a stone weight. I can well spare it.

3rd. If you will write a good and elegant translation of Pascal I will read it, not unless.

4th. Uncle and Aunt E. are in excellent health and spirits. Hannah pretty well, Bill over head and ears in this Popery business, offered a secretaryship in a Protestant "Fight the Beast" Institution. I do hope he *won't* take it, for I have but little faith in the good of religious controversy. Hannah justly says it is of the earth earthy, and I think it is a very inferior profession to that of a minister of the Gospel. What's your think?

5th. By the bye, I won't gratify your "inference." Of course Mrs. Sturge has daughters. Know you not that garrison towns are brimful of beautiful divinities with every recommendation except money? Did not two of my brother-officers take their wives to India a short time ago? Has not one of my juniors been seen to order a side-saddle?

If you had seen the fair eyes that have gazed on me and heard the oft-repeated question, "Well, Mr. Moncrieff, but why don't you get your sisters to teach you to dance?" and my ingenious replies, "Why, you see, Miss X., they have tried it often, but they found me quite incorrigible and pronounced me quite unfit for ladies' society." "Oh! no, Mr. Moncrieff, surely not that," etc., etc.

So you see what is my only defect in the eyes of my friends, but I am a stunner to pull a boat with ladies steering it. I am cunning in many other arts you know not of. So if you want to look after one of the bachelor minority of the brotherhood, come and pay me a visit and I'll introduce you to the lovely daughter of the Commandant, full 6 feet high, and to a score of other young ladies—indeed a lot are coming here to lunch to-day after we have seen a 91-gun ship, the *Renown*, launched, for which purpose I must now go and get into the bravery of a cocked hat and gold lace. I merely write this to show you my circumstances, and that it is not for nothing that Engineer officers are said to be either mad, married, or Methodist. I feel you won't consider me worthy of the last name, and you can yourself determine which of the other two is preferable.

So, Miss Joe, axe no questions and you'll receive no lies.

With regard to the madness of our corps, we rather pride ourselves on not being fine gentlemen like the Cavalry. Well, the other day, a heavy Cavalry swell was riding past one of my brother-officers who was walking out to survey, and the Dragoon eyed him most superciliously through his eyeglass as he rode past, whereupon my friend, as quick as lightning, commenced cutting somersaults along the road, head over heels, to the intense disgust of the horseman. Rather good, wasn't it?

I have indited a considerable amount of nonsense to you, which, however, you have brought very much on yourself. The summary of the whole is this, that if I liked to learn to dance (which I very easily could) I could get into a good lot of gaiety here, but not so liking, I confine myself to one or two very hospitable people, who do pretty well to keep me civilised, instead of the sisterhood.

ALBION HOTEL, PLYMOUTH.
September 28th, 1857 [?].

MY DEAREST JOANNA,

Many thanks for your last letter with the welcome news of Alick's adventures. The very same

day it fell to me to be the first to show a great friend here, Montgomerie, a private letter in the *Times*, telling how his brother-in-law, Major Robertson of the Artillery, had shot his wife, child, and self, sooner than fall into the hands of Nana at Futtehgurh. Poor fellow! I went to his room, making sure that he must have seen the paper before, and found him going out to shoot in high spirits, so I had to tell him the sad news of his sister, and get him leave of absence from the Colonel. We have much reason to be thankful, my dear Joanna, that such were not the circumstances of Alick and his wife.... We came rattling down to Exeter by express. On Sunday morning we went to the cathedral, when I thought we had some very poor music, nothing like even Rochester. In the evening we went to a church and were told that the Indian Mutinies were a judgment on the country for making the Sultan a K.G. last year—verily if we never did a greater sin we are a very decent lot. This morning I trained down here, have been engineering all day in Keyham Yard and bathing and strolling about all evening in Mount Edgecumbe. Oh, it is a right fair country, intensely comfortable! I feel quite familiar with all the names, and I promise you I looked out of the train with no little interest as we passed Exmouth and Dawlish and " Change here for Torquay," and I thought I could descry Beacon Hill over the still calm water, and I wondered if you had ever wandered under the bold red crags looking for seaweed, and I blessed the kindly sunny Devon coast which ten years ago received the sickly delicate girl Joey, and made her into our strong, healthy darling Joanna.

This is our headquarters till Saturday at least, during which time we make excursions up country to see viaducts, copper mines and granite quarries, etc., etc. We work very hard and fill our brains with stern facts, but it is very pleasant work. From there we go across to Ilfracombe by steamer, I believe, to Swansea and work away in South Wales. I see, however, there is a public fast declared for Wednesday week, and I think I shall

leave the party and get back to Chatham by that day.

Love of loves to all, sister mine.

To his sister Joanna

KREMLIN [CHATHAM].
October 21st, 1857.

My friend Mrs. Sturge and her daughter have just gone to pay a visit in Yorkshire for a fortnight or thereabouts, so I suppose will be returning about the same time as you come, and I told them in that case it was just possible you might be coming the same day. Now it would be a pity that you should travel like Aunt Elmsley and Anna Samuells, with Gordon and Brandreth in the same carriage all the way, without knowing each other, therefore, sister mine, do me a favour and write to her and tell her what day and by what train you are coming, and put your head out of the window at Darlington and rub your nose, or wink, or act according to some other preconcerted sign if you see two ladies, one exceedingly sweet looking, about Aunt E.'s standing, black hair, and the other young, as it were, and fair and . . . Her address is care of

C. R. MOORSOM, Esq.,
Coatham, Redcar,
Yorkshire.

As I have told her you are the greatest trump I know, she is naturally desirous to make your acquaintance, and is particularly eager to have some one to keep her company on her journey. So do your loving brother the above-mentioned favour.

To his sister Joanna

Monday, November 9th, 1857.

DEAREST JOANNA,

I rejoiced to see your handwriting yesterday morning, but I confess I was wofully, bitterly disappointed when I read your letter. I had been ass enough to set my heart on having you here, and had looked forward to it with so much pleasure that I

had quite a foreboding that it was too good to be accomplished. It was not so much your being in London, but the having you here, to meet and know my friends and see the place where I have been so happy for fifteen months past. If you had been detained solely by want of escort I should at once have got three days' leave and come down for you (and *hang* the expense), but when I read your letter, so like yourself, and had considered what detained you, I could only agree with you that you were quite right —yes, perfectly right, and I doubt not your own disappointment will be lessened by the fact of its being more blessed to give than to receive—true as well for pleasure as for anything else—for a great deal of pleasure you will give at home.

To his sister Joanna

"THE BAY OF BISCAY O."
May 1st, 1858.

MY OWN DEAREST JOANNA,

Foreign paper, I fear, must form the only home communication for many a long day, so I set to this morning to give my experiences of ship life. In the first place, know that the Bay of Biscay is, I consider, "a regular do and a sell"—never was more respectably behaved water, big rolling white crested waves playing round us and just pitching us enough to make our march along the deck rather tortuous, but quiet enough to allow me to write this in my little cabin with the port wide open. Merrily, merrily goes the bark! and I, after about five minutes' discomfort, yesterday morning, tumbled up and have established a reputation as a capital sailor by eating a large allowance at every opportunity, and there are five meals a day! Know, moreover, that, in spite of being not a little sad at leaving my own beloved home only last week, the sea air and the fine fresh weather have put me in excellent spirits and preservation, and though I did last night look long "at the red planet Mars rising crimson out of the sea" as I never saw it before, and repeated to myself Longfellow's ringing lines to it, yet a remarkably nice

fellow, a Madras Chaplain, with whom I have made friends, told me he had never seen such a merry fellow in his life before as myself. I felt half ashamed of the compliment. . . .

We have just passed Mafra and a few miles south is the mouth of the Tagus, and we are in the waters of the picturesque lateen sails and I believe are to be at Gibraltar to-morrow evening. I looked forward with disgust to this voyage, and really, so far, it is very pleasant. I never tire of the beautiful waves and the sky, already getting southern. I daresay it is hot on shore—we have a pleasant heat of 60°. Last night I paced the silent deck for a long time, and saw the gorgeous myriads of stars, and the phosphorus dancing on the waters, and thought of you all, and thanked God for you all, and thought that not a fortnight ago I was looking out on the same heavens with you at home.

S.S. "PERA," MEDITERRANEAN,
Saturday, May 15th, 1858.

DEAREST JOANNA,

I shall set to and write you an epistle this morning while my two days of Malta are fresh in my memory. We got there last Wednesday evening about six, and I, as my custom is, made my first acquaintance with the island by diving to the bottom of the beautiful clear harbour and buffeting the blue waves with friend John Smalley, and then on shore. The streets are very narrow and many of them all stairs—the population is swarming—dark, picturesque-looking, dirty blackguards and Murillo-like children—all bawling—all begging.

We got there on Ascension Eve and the churches were all open and bells tolling everywhere. Next morning a large party of us all went on shore to lionise. We hired carriages and drove out from Valetta through splendid fortifications to a place, Civita Vecchia, the old capital.

The great sight is St. Paul's Cave, where a monk told us St. Paul did three months' penance after his Damascus conversion, and not when he was shipwrecked in the adjoining bay—which goes by his

name. We also saw some curious catacombs, containing the dust of the glorious old Knights of St. John. On the way home we visited a Capuchin Monastery and saw the most disgusting sight. As the monks die they embalm them, put them in their robes and stick them in niches with their hands crossed. We saw about thirty—some one hundred years old, others two or three years with the ghastly face of death sticking out under the hood and their bony hands clasped over the breast—they were upright, but some had fallen forward with open jaws and sunken hollow eyes, and in this pleasing prospect I believe the live brothers spend their days thinking what they are to come to—for whenever one dies they take out the oldest out of his niche and dismember him and stick his bones in elegant festoons about the vault, and the niche is filled up by the new one. We saw the Governor's Palace and armoury with a portrait and the arms of the noble old hero La Valetta, and a few fine paintings and a number of poor ones.

Yesterday we went to St. Giovanni's, which is truly a magnificent temple. We went in a party, and were bothered by a prating guide, and the place was full of people, so I went back in the afternoon alone, and found only about six people in the cathedral, and then I did enjoy it. I sat for about an hour in the great building, and walked almost startled by hearing my own footsteps in the silence and read one inscription after another, grand old Norman and Italian names. Brothers from Castile and Navarre, France and England, Germany and Italy, Medicis and Bourbons. The inscriptions told how many had been raised to scourge the Moslem, and enrich Malta with the Paynim spoil, and how they had nursed pilgrims in the hospital of Jerusalem, and I felt myself carried back four hundred years to the days of these grand old soldiers when the Red Cross waved over the Levant and Adriatic, and proved a curse to the Arab merchants and traders. The most interesting of them all was the bronze statue of La Valetta lying in the crypt. I thought of that

splendid siege in this very town and how they were driven from Rhodes and stood at bay there, and all went to prove that "the path of glory leads but to the grave," and I piously said—

> Their bones are dust, their good swords rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

And so I left them. They were a proud, imperious set of fanatics, yet they were brave men and good soldiers, and have left a splendid example of what chivalry and discipline and bachelorhood can do.

To his brother Robert

MARIEMONT, EDGBASTON.
December 24th, 1895.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

As the years roll by, and the ranks of the old generation are thinned while the dear vigorous younger generation occupies more and more room, it is good for our hearts to open out towards each other, so take our loving Christmas greeting. . . . The weather is bleak and chill, but fires and hearts are warm. I'm going to leave Dora and the children here next week and spend New Year's Day with Joanna and see the old year out. Do you remember how we used to see it out in the forties—"Three dogs sat by the kitchen fire," etc.[1] "I, friend, drink to thee, friend, as this friend drank to me"; and the sack whey—and last of all, "O God of Bethel," and "A Happy New Year" all round? Ah, how the eye moistens when one thinks of it all, and of all those gone across the flood.

From Mr. William Christie to C. C. S.-M.

ALLENDALE, NORTHUMBERLAND.
January 2nd, 1908.

What forbearance, what gracious kindness, we used to meet with in the days of Auld Lang Syne.

[1] I, friend, drink to thee, friend, as this friend drank to me,
I, friend, charge thee, friend, as this friend charged me,
That thou, friend, drink to that friend, as I, friend, drank to thee,
And the more we drink bumpers, the merrier we shall be.

What bright afternoons were those of Saturdays at Dalkeith and Prestonfield. What a hospitable house and table Aunt Joanna had for all of us in Randolph Crescent. How hearty always was your father's welcome to us. But my pen would run on for long, were I not to leave aside the pictures that come with an unforgotten delight, one after another before me, of those days. The long gallery of joyous memories is now my happy hunting-ground, and the more distant it grows, grows the more bright.

CHAPTER II

1858–1874

Waters which come from the heaven, or those that wander
Dug from the earth, or flowing free by nature
Bright, purifying, speeding to the Ocean,
Here let these waters, goddesses, protect me.

Hindu Prayer from Rig Veda, VII. xlix. (900 B.C.).

WHILE Colin Scott-Moncrieff was still under instruction at Chatham, the storm of the Mutiny broke out; and it may be imagined with what eagerness the young officers of Engineers looked for news of the great deeds of their corps in India, and longed for the day when they would be permitted to go and share in the task of restoring law and order. Colin arrived on the scene of action too late to take part in the splendid deeds of conquest at Delhi and Lucknow, where his brother-officers of the Bengal Engineers gained immortal fame; but he did good work nevertheless in Oudh, and his account of it, modestly written, is probably a surprise to many of his friends who little knew that in his early career he had taken any part in the great campaign.

His only experience of active service shall be given in his own words:

To his sister Joanna

November 1858.

Two hours before sunrise we shall be off to the wars. I should like you to see the long line of 250

camels that the commissariat have sent for our stores, besides heaps of bullock-carts, for we are carrying complete stores to undertake a siege, or any other such piece of work. I have got three camels allotted to me to carry my luggage and that of my eight servants (without which number of caste-bound scoundrels I should find it very inconvenient to take the field). I have been very lucky in getting a horse. I had just fixed to buy an old buggy horse to do me as charger in general (for I am a mounted officer on field service) when a brother-officer in my corps sent an animal up here to our adjutant—a bony little Cabul horse, which was famed in the last campaign as one of the very fastest and hardest-working beasts in the army, and so my chum the adjutant has handed him over to me, and I am to try him for a month or two, and then give what I like for him, according to his merits—rather a fine arrangement.

CAMP, SIX MILES FROM ROORKEE.
Saturday, 9th.

We started this morning, and as I was officer on duty, I had to be up very early, seeing all the tents struck, etc. The Hindoo Sepoys start with the cry, "Long live the Holy Ganges"; the Sikhs with, "Hurrah for the victory of the Faithful." The small European company (my men) would, I have no doubt, take the pipes out of their mouths and sing "The girl I left behind me," if the girls had not been left on the other side of many a broad league of water. We have great difficulty in getting the men to leave their wives and families behind them. The Hindu is very uxorious, and both he and the Mussulman think it very hard that each should not take at least one wife to the wars, and so the servants grumbled very much, and they have been trying to smuggle them in all sorts of ways, but we are inflexible. We are encamped under a mango tope after a very short march, and as to-morrow is Sunday, and there is no great hurry, we shall halt till Monday. It is better to be able to send back to Roorkee easily at first for things we may have left. I am living in

the best tent in camp, which I share with the aforesaid Adjutant. What does our father say of the Atlantic telegraph? If I were at home I should crow over him, for I don't think he believed it would ever come to pass, as he didn't believe Sebastopol would fall. I think it is the grandest scientific triumph of the age, and these gallant vessels did their duty right worthily of their countries. Next to that, I think Hindes' calculations about the comet the finest thing of its kind that has been for long. We have the comet in great brilliance here, with a tail whisking half across the sky. The Hindoos look on it suspiciously, and are not sure what it predicts. I should not think the most sanguine Pandy would dare to hope that it was a good omen to him.

And now, darling, good-bye. I may know more of war than I do now ere this reaches you, and my *only* regret is when I think of the anxious ones at home.

To his brother Charlie

CAMP OF BRIGADIER TROUP'S COLUMN,
SENDIVA, OUDH.
November 21st, 1858.

As for self I have been doing regular campaigning, and my name may peradventure be in despatches, although I am neither killed, nor wounded, run away, nor missing. I am here with as fine a force of 6,000 men as any fellow could wish to command, but alas! we have no head worthy of it. Our Brigadier is a good enough, hearty, swearing, hot-tempered old soldier—afraid of his responsibility, taking counsel from everyone, and constantly vacillating.

On the 8th we first met the enemy, driving his vedettes for several miles, and taking from sunrise till 2 p.m. or later to get over twelve miles of jungly ground. At last we got before Fort Mitouli, which we came to attack, and I got under fire for the first time—not positively engaged, for it was an artillery fight entirely, but lying near enough under a tree to have to bob pretty often and hear shot whizzing over—the feeling is a curious one—for death appears

not far off, and it did look still closer to me when I was knocked up cold, fagged, and wet with dew from my bivouac, and told I had to blow in the gate, and lead a storming party of Highlanders in (commanded by Major McDonald, 93rd. It is always an Engineer's duty to lead any such party, as he is supposed to know the best points of the interior to go to). I got up at once, saw the powder-bags all right, had to give directions in case I fell—lighted my slow match, and waited our orders to advance. The long line of litters which had been prepared to take the wounded to the rear rather startled one, and the feeling that all eyes were looking at me (and my brother-officer) to do far the most dangerous work, and to show them the way. Home and all I loved in the dear West, I did not like to think of—but those, Charlie, who had gone before, appeared to be watching me, and I thought I might soon be with them; and then came the feeling, Now for it—do your *duty* as a soldier—and vanity said, " Now's your chance for the Victoria Cross ! " so, when all my pluck was up, to be told to go back to bed, was simply disgusting ; and I was horribly vexed till I could look at it quietly next morning. . . . Well, the Fort was evacuated, and an exceedingly strong fort it was, etc.

We found a little loot inside . . . and about 5,000 lb. of gunpowder, which was handed over to my charge to blow and destroy as much as I could. We remained eight days . . . my miners and I blowing great breaches here and there. I managed to use the whole without a single accident and with great effect, and got considerable credit.

I forgot to say that in Fort Mitouli we found a quantity of English ladies' dresses, books, toys, old letters, etc. The chief of the Fort, Loni Singh, had invited English folks from outlying stations to come in to Mitouli, and [promised] he would protect them. Instead of doing so, he had sent them off as prisoners, walking the whole way to the mutineers' camp before Lucknow. The gentlemen were then shot. The ladies were shut up in a native house belonging to Moun Singh, a very powerful Oudh Talúkdar, and

there they remained throughout the whole siege. When the relief came, they got back into the English camp. They had gone through a terrible time. The sight of these ladies' things did not incline us to be forgiving to the mutineers.

The morning after leaving Mitouli, while we were sitting at breakfast under a tree, a battery of Horse Artillery, with riflemen mounted on the guns, rattled past, and I found they were starting in pursuit of the enemy with some Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Brind, a very dashing officer. I asked him if he would take me with him. He at once agreed, and my own Commanding Officer, Major Maunsell, having no objections, I was off in a few minutes. We followed the enemy for about fifteen miles, and then came up with them amidst long jungle grass. We opened fire at once, and soon there emerged from the smoke two riders, *ghazis* or Muhammadan devotees, wildly waving their swords, and shouting, Din, Din, the faith. I had been acting as orderly officer all day to Colonel Brind, and was sitting on my horse close to him in the battery, where the gunners, all dismounted, were loading and firing, and in no condition to defend themselves. Had these ghazis got into the battery, they would have cut up many of our men. I was doing nothing in particular, and, had I possessed more ready pluck, I ought to have ridden out and engaged these two men in protection to our gunners, but I was not ready or plucky enough to do so. No harm ensued, for both the men were cut down before they ever reached the battery.

We saw no more of the enemy, and bivouacked for the night among some straw, going supperless to bed. In the morning I went to Colonel Brind, and offered to ride back to the main body of the Brigade, and report to the Brigadier about our fight. Brind highly approved ; and I galloped off with an escort of four troopers, and soon got into camp. Colonel Brind mentioned both me and my horse in his despatch !

It may be of interest at this point to insert an extract from the despatch, affording means of a com-

parison between Colonel Brind's estimate of Colin's services and the latter's own opinion of them.

BAROULA.
November 20th, 1858.

The admirable practice and its effects, throughout the engagement, was perceived by all, owing to our open order, and freedom from smoke, but to none more perfectly than myself and two incomparable orderly officers, Captain Bishop and Lieutenant Moncrieff, R.E., who offered his services. To this most promising young officer I am especially indebted for the great intelligence and pluck he evinced in carrying my orders in an unmistakable manner to the various branches of my command. Lieutenant Moncrieff's correctness of eye and judgment for field movements enabled him, on his untiring horse, to carry out my orders with marvellous rapidity, and I can only hope that Brigadier Troup will appreciate Lieutenant Moncrieff's voluntary aid as I do.

To return to the Reminiscences :

We only once saw the enemy again, when a strong body of their Cavalry attacked our line of march. But they were completely routed, and as I had nothing particular to do with it, I need say no more.

For about a month we sappers were busy in one way or another—our chief work being the forming of a bridge of canoes over a big river, which I believe was the Sardah, though we did not then know its name. I distinguished myself by diving into water 16 feet deep, taking a knife with me to cut away the sand from about an anchor, of which the rope had broken. I passed a fresh rope through the ring of the anchor, and it was hauled up.

The campaign was then over. The sappers were ordered back to Roorkee; and I was told to find my way as fast as possible to Sitapur, an Oudh station which had been destroyed in the Mutiny. I was to help Lieutenant Pemberton to build barracks for an English garrison. I remember feeling lonely and desolate as I rode off by myself to Sitapur, and bade

good-bye to the sappers, not only because I enjoyed the mess, and my brother-officers, but the native Sepoys too. I had found them such willing, hard-working, good fellows, and yet the most of them were Oudh Rajputs, the comrades of whom had been fighting against us. The story of the mutiny of the sappers has never been written, so far as I know, but it was very typical of the mutineers in general. They were at their headquarters at Roorkee (some six hundred natives and fifty English sappers, I think) in May 1857. Roorkee is sixty-seven miles north of Meerut, and about one hundred and ten miles north of Delhi. The Mutiny broke out on May 11th at Meerut, a very large military station, containing nearly two thousand English, and more native troops. This large garrison was shamefully mismanaged by the General in command. Many English lives were lost, and the native troops all escaped to Delhi unpursued. The sappers were then marched to Meerut, as a precautionary measure, there being no question of their loyalty.

A few days after their arrival, half of the companies were on some fatigue duty away from their camp, while the other half were in their tents. They were commanded by a Captain Edward Fraser. A telegram came in that morning to the effect that, as the Mutiny was spreading throughout India, all native troops were to be disarmed. Captain Fraser thereupon had a parade of the companies who were off duty. He read the order to them, and told them quietly to lay down their arms, and they had nothing to fear. A Sepoy stepped out of the ranks, and shot him dead, another shot the European sergeant-major, and then all dispersed and ran off on the Delhi road. In the evening the other companies returned to camp, not knowing what had taken place.

The second in command, Lieutenant Maunsell, who is still alive (General Sir F. Maunsell, G.C.B.), marched the companies on to the parade, and they found themselves confronted by a battery of European artillery—six loaded guns. Maunsell told his men that their comrades had that morning disgraced

themselves and murdered their commanding officer. If they would lay down their arms, they would have nothing to fear. If they refused, there were the guns. They all laid down their arms, and from that moment there was never a sign of mutiny or insubordination among them. Soon after, the troops moved down from Meerut to besiege Delhi. The sappers went with the others, and in a few weeks after they had behaved so well that their muskets were given back to them, and so, throughout the siege, No. 1 Company was fighting outside, and No. 2 Company inside the city. I don't believe No. 1 Company was at all more loyal than No. 2. I imagine Captain Fraser must have talked harshly to them, and that it was simply panic that sent the mutineers flying down the Delhi road. Having thrown in their lot with the mutineers, they were afraid to surrender.

References to the closing scenes of the war are to be found in the following letters :

To his sister Joanna

CAMP RAMNUGGAR,
January 23rd, 1859.

I am sorry to see such a clever man as Dr. Guthrie has been talking what is simply humbug at some meeting in Edinburgh, saying that he sympathised with the Sepoys for their patriotism—he ought to make himself a little aware of Indian matters before he talks that way. Does he think British soldiers prefer fighting with patriots to fighting with men whom they look on as worthy of death ? Would they go and perform executioner in the way they have been doing, if they didn't feel well satisfied on that point ? Mussulmans hate Hindoos as much as they do Christians, only they despise them more ; and a low-caste Hindoo knows he will be far better treated by a Christian than by a Brahman. I don't think they the least understand love of country ; they love themselves, and their relations, perhaps, and they respect their own religion to a certain extent, and so they covet English wealth and think it all fair to kill

unbelievers, but they don't care a button for a free country ; and a Bengal man looks on a North-West Province man as quite a foreigner, as indeed he is. In the fight of the other day, one of their ablest, and withal best, men was killed, an Oudh chief who had only fought against us as fair enemies, and had fought to drive us out, and keep his feudal chiefdom ; and did it well too, for he licked Walpole's Brigade last April ; but the mutinous Sepoys have shown no such man. It has been an awful war, and, I fear, has left a bluntness of feeling on many of our soldiers, which nothing will take out. Fighting without giving quarter, and incited by revenge : I much fear, if any other war were to break out, they would act too much in the same way, forgetting that they have not the same reason. War of this kind makes many men almost bloodthirsty. Thank God it is over.

Before being transferred from Sitapur to irrigation work, he was temporarily engaged at Lucknow in demolishing those parts of the old city which closely surrounded and, in places, had dominated the Residency and the other buildings, both British and native, in the area defended by the besieged.

To the same

LUCKNOW.
June 11th, 1859

You see where fortune has carried me, to a place well worthy of being visited by every true Briton. What one feels when one stands in the ruined battered town where the good Sir Henry fell, and sees where the different shot and shell crashed through, is not to be described. I was glad to see all remains of the Cawnpore siege wiped away—it is too sad a memory to keep up ; but here I should like to keep the Residency, as it is, for ever, and inscribe on it what its last owner would have said, " Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name, be the glory." Yes, it is a grand town, and is very interesting to a newcomer, though

it is curious to see things going on as though the war was all a dream. Gaily dressed ladies, and uniformed brother-officers, chatting away easily over a band playing in the Secundrabagh—walking over the graves of two thousand rebels shot in its enclosure [1]; the schoolboys back at their work in the Martinière College, just as before, only that this park is the burying-ground of many a brave spirit. I have been looking out for W. Moorsom's grave; his mother asked me to go and plant some jessamine over it, but I have not found it yet, though I hope to do so in a few days. Do you recollect how Henry V told his army at Agincourt that their fellow-countrymen would blush on future St. Crispin's days, because they had no hand in the battle? I have rather that feeling now, when people say, "What, your first visit to Lucknow? were you not here at the siege?" However, between you and me and nobody else, by not being at Lucknow, I got something at Chatham a deal better worth than a score of medals; and did I not get her blessed little picture from Brandreth two days ago? and is it not in my pocket now?: it was sent to Brandreth to avoid the mischances of inland postage, and old Brandreth came and trysted me here on his way up to Roorkee: he looks as jolly as ever, only he has got whiskers and wiry red moustache. Oh, my dear Joanna, we are getting horribly old! You are wasting your time dreadfully, for when this reaches you, it will be near July 27th, on which occasion you will be 2xxxxxx years of age; and you will be making up to Mary soon, I feel convinced; therefore, I say it is time you were settling down for life; however, old as you are, I won't forget you, but will drink your health, and give your picture a kiss, when the day comes round. I am writing shockingly, I am aware, but really it is awfully hot, and "I was not born a little slave to labour in the sun." I won't tell you in what state of deshabille I am in.

[1] When staying at Lucknow in 1903, he never seemed able to pass through this old walled garden without a sense of acute pain at the memories it recalled.

To the same

LUCKNOW,
August 1st, 1859.

An abominable general order has come out to-day, at which I could grumble exceedingly, did I not think it unsoldierlike. A year ago the Governor-General gave us all great promotion in rank, in order to equalise us more nearly with the Royal Artillery Engineers (who had come for the first time to India), whereby I got my lieutenant's commission from June 1856, when I left Addiscombe. Well, this was all right, but now the wise Indian Council think it was a mistake, and cut me down, along with every subaltern in our corps and the Artillery. I can't explain it all to you, but it makes me only a lieutenant from August 27th, 1858, and puts above [me] an enormous lot of fellows. Excuse says it is for the sake of the Infantry and Cavalry. I don't believe they were snobs enough to complain, and if they were, it doesn't do them any real good. I fancy it all comes from that rotten nest, the Horse Guards, which it is all fair to abuse, since it is not Government ; and to tell the truth I would sooner have the blowing up of the whole building than almost any work I know, and if some of the heroes of the Crimean mismanagement were in at the time, no great harm either. The real harm is not very great in peace time, but it would be in war, so it is a horrid sell to give us rank and then take it away. Poor old John Company is dead, and it is the fashion to abuse his servants—now that the native army is not, and the Europeans are getting their discharge, I verily believe the Horse Guards would be very much relieved if we could send in our resignations in a body. I heartily wish I had changed into the Royal Engineers, as I might have at Chatham, if I had liked ; but I'll talk no more, or you'll think I am getting a radical like Bob, and thank heaven I am not. . . .

Then, after the war was over, came a brief spell of work, building a new military cantonment at Sitapur

in Oudh, but this only lasted long enough to give the young engineer some knowledge of practical construction and of his own limitations. He was soon afterwards called to another part of the country to a work with which his name is permanently associated—irrigation.

The construction of large canals for watering the earth is, of course, no new thing in the East; but at the time of which we write, they were comparatively new works for English engineers to undertake. Nothing like them exists in our own moist climate, and, in the early years of British rule in India, nothing new of the sort was attempted. It was not until the reign of Queen Victoria that the first large canals were begun in Northern India, though a good deal had been done in the South. An old canal constructed by the Moghul Emperor Shah Jehan, on the west side of the Jumna, and leading to Delhi, was reconstructed, another on the east of the Jumna was made; and, above all, the Great Ganges Canal, in its day one of the finest works of engineering in the world, was devised and carried out by a handful of military engineers, who were mighty builders and great benefactors to the people. Another similar canal had been built under the superintendence of Robert Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala) from the Beas, one of the five rivers of the Punjab. These were all the pre-Mutiny canals, and it was on one of these that Colin Moncrieff first learned the fascinating art of guiding and directing water to be the life of a country.

He was not one of those whose scientific research unlocks some of Nature's secrets. Others were engaged in this task, in connection with hydraulics at that epoch. All of the Indian canals constructed in the pre-Mutiny days had been based on principles

which were accepted as correct in the scientific world of the day, but those principles were even then being superseded by the patient investigation of new scientists, notably a great Frenchman named D'Arcy, whose labours revolutionised the whole subject. Some of Sir Colin's colleagues at Roorkee in later days added further to the world's knowledge ; but he was not one of them. Nor was he a great constructional engineer. He could not point to any special aqueduct, bridge, or regulating weir, as one that he had individually toiled over, some embodiment of his mental industry, a triumph of mind over matter. That class of work did not come in his way during the early days of his career, and when in later years he did stamp his individuality on a great work, he was in too high a position to have the execution in his own hands.

What he did learn in those days, and what he ever after carried on with conspicuous success, was the actual working of the great machine, the utilising, for the benefit of the cultivator, of the great volume of water placed at his disposal. To see that this was applied wisely and impartially, to regulate the whole so that every portion of it was laid out to the best advantage, to ensure that the poor man got his legitimate share as well as the more wealthy, this was his task, and it appealed to his generous instincts, in such a way as to make his work an absorbing pleasure, worthy of his best endeavours. In this work the science of the engineer necessarily had its due place ; but it was science brought into daily touch with humanity, a distribution of a divine gift to the needs of a mass of people whose whole well-being depended on receiving their proper share. The life to an active man was varied and pleasant. Continually moving from place to place in the district which

he administered, and living in the comfortable little inspection-bungalows dotted all over it, he would probably spend several hours daily, at all times of the year, on horseback in the morning, and work at office papers during the heat of the day until the evening. Some men find this toilsome and monotonous; but Colin never did. He was fond of riding, and generally well mounted, though he never cared for mounted sports as such. He had also the faculty of sleeping well, and at almost any time during long hard days of office work, he could refresh himself by ten minutes' sound sleep. He enjoyed rather exceptional health too, and escaped, probably by care, but also by good fortune, some of the worst ills of the climate, sunstroke, cholera, and frequent fevers.

The following letters give some idea of his enjoyment of this active life, and his desire to keep pace with current literature, in his solitary reading, after the day's work was done:

To his brother Alick

CAMP, WEST JUMNA CANAL.
March 25th, 1859.

MY DEAR ALICK,

I am heretic enough to think there is no great harm done in writing to a brother on Sunday night, so I must answer a jolly letter I got from you three weeks ago, written under the influence of a cold and a pot of jam. I hope you have got rid of the former long ago—and I only wish I had been present to help at the despatch of the latter. Did you see the sad, sad news in the papers that poor Ben Christie had died of wounds received from a tiger, while shooting? there were just two lines about it in "the Delhi," and I have written over to a friend on the Bombay side, to make inquiries, but I fear it must be true. He was just as fine a fellow as ever stepped. I fancy you can hardly have known him; during our two years

together at Addiscombe, we were, of course, very intimate, and everybody liked Ben. First at every game, leader in every bit of fun, getting into rows occasionally for the mere love of adventure, he was certainly a glorious fellow, and had the making of a splendid soldier; a true sportsman, of course, like all his race, but without one bit of the pride which ill-natured folks say belongs to them too. He was very badly wounded in Central India just before I came out, and now, poor fellow, it is sad such a brute as a tiger should end his days, but he was just one of those rash adventurous spirits that we could never expect would die a natural death. . . .

I suppose you received Norman McLeod's January number of *Good Words* with dear sister Mary's contributions; they are very characteristic, I think, of her own calm thoughtful mind, and the verses at the end remind me of many a Sunday lesson in her room. I don't think chaps ever had sisters like ours. I should like to hear anybody say a bad word of them, just that I might have the pleasure of pitching into him.

Many thanks for your offer of sending me any old home letters; there are some that are so private I think as would hardly interest any but him they are meant for, but others of general home news I should always be glad to get. The dear daddy's are always A1. Did he talk at all of the portrait his family have teased him about for so long when you were at home? I wish he could get his dear face perpetuated by Watson Gordon or some of these men. Why shouldn't he come out bodily and see his sons in the East, some cold-weather day? The Duke and Mrs. S.-M. might give him six months' furlough, I think, and I believe the climate of these parts during the cold weather is every bit as good as that of winter at home. It would be great fun to have a Christmas tryst at Bob's and get the parson up from Batavia. The Governor is so thoroughly fond of sight-seeing that I really think it would do him good, and as to expense, I would board with my bearer to get up the funds, if necessary.

To his aunt, Mrs. Elmsley

. . . My life on the canal has been solitary and wild enough, but very engrossing, and it is satisfactory to feel that I am really engaged in a beneficial work, for this irrigation is the life of thousands, without it all the country near here would be a desert. As long as I fight with Nature, there is no objection to the work, but, in my dealings with the natives, seeing that the Government subordinates don't practise bribery and oppression, etc., and that all get fair justice in the water-supply, it is often depressing enough to see how a native revels in bribery and forgery, lying and double lying, as if his creed was, "Thou *shalt* bring false witness against thy neighbour." All sorts of crooked ways seem so perfectly natural to those who have any education—the others, the poor ryots, and land-holders, are not much wiser than their cattle, yet they are far the more honest set; and if our missionaries would only go and live among them, and take a good medicine-chest, and a little knowledge of physic, I feel certain they would do far more good than they do now among the wily scamps in the big towns. . . . I have been galloping about surveying and working away and *thoroughly* enjoying my work; the life that there is in it is worth anything to me. This is Easter-time again, and always reminds me of this time six years ago, when I spent my Easter holidays at Clyffe with you and uncle. I was so happy there, and it opened such a new scene to me, that it will ever be a memorable time to me. I fancy now I can see the breezy downs, and smell the myrtles along the terrace behind the house, and the "lakhs" of primroses in the wood. But no, the dust of Kurnal, and the whiffs of the hot wind, are not one bit like Dorsetshire, and I am glad Dorset is not a bit like it. You and uncle have been just like parents to all of us Dalkeith chickens, dear Auntie, and I ought to write to you a deal oftener. I would write to uncle too—volumes, if he liked, but I always think that he would just as soon hear how I am getting on from you. I fear, if I were

to write to him, he would think I expected an answer, and I think I have heard him express his dislike to long letters; so I leave Joanna to *hoax* him about her brothers, and give you all my clavers. I should like, though, to have a quiet chat with him over the chestnuts and fire in the dining-room, for I have thought of many a thing I would like to ask him about, many a thing that never entered my head two years ago. I have seen some more of the world since then, and I hope he would find me less *bumptious* than I was—that goes out as one grows older; but when I think of the old Harley Street evenings, my thoughts run back to our dear Ben. Oh for him again! . . .

To his sister Joanna

CAMP DEHRA DHOON,
November 24th, 1859.

" . . . I should like to have had you with our camp for the last fortnight, and would gladly have given you my tent. We have been in such glorious scenery —one day, for miles, through the great still forest along a rough winding road, with the chequered sun and shade before us—the great tall trees hanging over us, as fine, or finer (don't tell Uncle Elmsley so) as in any English park, and all between them tall ferns, and thick giant creepers, knotting them together, and beautiful convolvuluses and wild-flowers, —all lovely as Nature can be, and all miasmatic and deadly as untrained Nature will be. However, not so, think the strings of monkeys and flocks of parrots, nor the wild elephants and tigers whose footprints we watched. We were far too busy for shooting, but were devising, in true engineer fashion, how to straighten the road, and fill the hollows, drain the marshes—and then for Anglo-Saxon energy! ring go the axes, and down with the trees, then we push in our canals from the hills, and up gets the tea and all kinds of crops. Another day we pushed above such a bonny glen, with a clear strong stream like the Devon, and hills on each side as high as the Alps. We wandered on for miles, looking at a water-course,

which had been tickled out of its parent stream and set to water miles of thirsty ground, and I thought, dearie, of him who so often "paddled in the burn" with me far away, and who shall never return.[1]

For three days we were encamped at the town of Dehra, where the headquarters of the Great Survey are.... When I was there, a party came in from the Cashmir survey, with a captain of my corps. They had been living 18,000 feet above the sea, eating frozen eggs, and sketching ground up to 23,000 feet. They had found out the second highest hill in the world, and had hopes of a still higher. They had pushed on to within 30 marches of a Russian cantonment in latitude 37°, and from their descriptions, and some beautiful drawings, I should think it must be a lovely country, and just the place for a European colony, when the next annexing fever comes on; in the meantime, the people are tyrannised over [by their Hindu rulers], and vicious, to the utmost. It is a splendid line, the Great Survey, to be in, and one to be enthusiastic about. I might have got on it if I had liked, but a man ought to book himself to be a Cœlebs for life to do it justice, and I don't think our father would like me to be that! We tiffined two days ago with Dr. Jameson—son of the Edinburgh professor—he has charge of all the Government Tea Gardens, and lives in a jolly little bungalow with a huge garden, and such a view, with a nice musical wife and healthy children—from his work he must always live in healthy places, tea won't grow elsewhere. We came here yesterday to camp, just where the Jumna comes clear and merry out of the hills, a river like the Tweed at Yair, and very different from what it is after Delhi, where it has become acquainted with humanity. I swam across it and found it very icy indeed, with quite a glacier feel about it. A civilian came and knocked us up, and carried us over to his camp a few miles up in the hills, where he and his wife and two little girls were living—such a quiet, solitary, little place, and so pretty. We went "camp fashion," sent up a leg

[1] His brother Charlie, who had died in June 1859.

of mutton, took our own plates, and knives, and beds, and he gave us a spare tent for three of us to sleep in, and we were off on our elephant this morning, before the ladies had issued from their canvas bedrooms. . . .

CAMP, EAST JUMNA CANAL.
November 28th.

We marched through a beautiful pass of the Sewaliks on the 26th, and stayed over yesterday (Sunday) with our camp in the ruins of an old palace of the Moguls, built by the great Shah Jehan, I don't know when exactly, and now a picturesque ruin, not unlike our old castles. Certainly these fellows had an eye for a fine view : the palace overhangs the Jumna, a splendid clear rushing river, all round is the waving jungle, the Sewaliks along one side, and far over them the Himalayas in the distance. With the exception of the latter feature, the view from just over the palace is not unlike that from the Wyncliffe at Chepstow, only the Jumna is a deal finer than the Wye. We always have morning service on Sundays in Captain Turnbull's tent, with the various clerks of the establishment; and after that I took *your* Leighton's *St. Peter,* and read it in an old window-seat of the palace, where the fresh west breeze blew in, with the sweet running water below. I'll be bound the quaint old archbishop was never read there before. I don't know if I ever told you how I like that book. I read ten pages of it almost every morning, before the earliest march, at good Bob's earnest advice to begin the day with our Maker, but even then, dearest, it is hard to carry the day on so. . . .

To the same

CAMP ON THE GANGES CANAL,
TWENTY MILES BELOW ROORKEE.
October 14th, 1859.

" . . . I have been reading Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* a fine, manly, spirited romance, which does proper credit to Raleigh and Drake, and all those true knight adventurers. I don't care one straw about Kings-

ley's doctrines, which some folks look glum at; but if they would only study his books more, there would be more manly, God-fearing folks with a truer charity to their brethren. . . . I have just got hold of Aytoun's new edition of *Scottish Ballads*; they are charming, and contain some real deep poetry, such as "Helen of Kirkconnell," and much fire and humour. I should like to keep a white-bearded harper to sing them to me, but he would take to drinking, I fear. . . .

To the same

KURNAL, PUNJAB.
January 12th, 1860.

. . . Your accounts of "The Idylls" make my lips water with poetic fervour. Lucy has got a copy of the book for me, which Alick was to have brought out, but it missed somehow. However, I have written for it. I have also written home to Smith, Elder & Co., 65, Cornhill, for a Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Robertson's Lectures, and another volume of his sermons, and "In Memoriam." I thought long whether or not to order Thackeray's new book, *The Virginians*, but thought I would wait till it became cheaper. You must know I am going to take to solitary magnificence in the jungles. I have got to survey for thirty new miles of canal between this and Delhi, and then help in executing it. I shall have a small Government bungalow to live in, and don't expect to see a white face all next hot weather; so you see I have written for books, and if you know any other good ones, please write to Smith, Elder & Co. and tell them to send me them.

January 13th.

Within a couple of hours after writing yesterday, in came from Calcutta "The Idylls" and "In Memoriam." I sat up—or rather lay in bed, reading "Elaine and Vivien," all hours of the night, and as Willie Christie says, they are "screaming." However, they want several readings fully to know them. Nothing in them struck me as equal to the "Mort d'Arthur." They will give me subject of meditation for some time to come. . . .

To the same

DELHI.
February 27th, 1860.

. . . What is the literature of the drawing-room table now ? I think, in proportion as I am out of the reach of books, I crave the more for them. I am a lazy, desultory beggar, too, in my readings, and I think I would make a very good old drone to keep a library, and moon over books, and do no more good. Just now when the day's work is done, and there are no letters to write after dinner, I get a volume of Tennyson, or occasionally one or two of Scott's novels which I have (*The Antiquary* and *Old Mortality*, which I bought at Southampton and have carried about ever since), or I take to one of Thackeray's living, speaking books of truth-telling photographs, and read them till about nine, when I read something better and get to bed. I have had my friend Charlie Luard lately with me. He is a rare clever fellow, and a very pleasant one, but I left him yesterday morning, and am in sweet solitude again. . . .

On this irrigation work he spent nearly twenty years, broken by a short period of duty as an instructor at the Thomason Civil Engineering College at Roorkee, and by two periods of furlough in 1867–68 and in 1874. He rose rapidly to be, while still a very junior captain, Superintending Engineer of the Ganges Canal (a post held usually by a lieutenant-colonel), in charge of all the irrigation of the then largest canal in India, from Hurdwar where it leaves the parent stream at the foot of the Himalayas, to Cawnpore three hundred miles farther down. It was to Delhi, while doing duty on the Western Jumna Canal, that he brought his bride in 1862 (and forty years later, when at the great Coronation Durbar he received the honour of K.C.S.I. at the same place, he related how the happy memories of the past came vividly to his mind). They moved to Roorkee in

1865, and she spent the hot weather then, and in succeeding years, at Mussoorie, a charming Himalayan station some forty-five miles off. There their little son is buried in a lovely spot, looking out over deep valleys to the far-distant eternal snows.

Mussoorie had been already a meeting-place of some members of his family. An elder brother and sister had spent a hot weather there in 1864, and a cousin, Robert Pringle, a doctor in the Indian Medical Service, had his home there for many years, and warmly welcomed any of the kindred who happened to be in that part of the world. Then it was the summer headquarters of the Indian Survey Department, and there were many of Colin's brother-officers engaged on scientific work there, so he was surrounded by congenial companions. Comparatively little of his time, however, could be spent there, for his duty lay usually in the plains. The hot-weather months are a busy time for irrigation engineers, and when the monsoon bursts and rain renders irrigation unnecessary, the canals are closed, and much-needed repairs have to be specially carried out. So it was only on the few occasions when he could snatch a little leave from his duties, that he was able to visit this charming place, and be with his wife, whose very delicate health was always a source of anxiety to him. He took furlough in 1867–68. Her health was then fairly good, and together they spent the summer of the first year, and part of the following year, in Scotland, where they took a little house at Yetts of Muckart, close to Fossaway. During the winter months he was deputed to visit the irrigation systems of Spain and Northern Italy.

In the summer of 1859 [writes Colin in the Reminiscences] I was transferred from barrack building

at Sitapur to the Irrigation Department of the N.W.P., and went straight to the headquarters at Roorkee. The chief of the department was then Colonel A. Turnbull, who became my best friend. To him I owed a great deal. We used to think him a sort of Colonel Newcome, and so he was, in the possession of a most loving heart and childlike simplicity. I was in his house at Roorkee one day in July 1860, preparing to pass an examination in Hindustani, when I got a letter from my father suggesting that I might as well come home on short leave and be married. Mrs. J. Sturge and her sister Mrs. Moorsom had both died in March 1859, and Lucy Sturge was thus left without any satisfactory home, and the constant attention she had paid to her mother for months before her death of consumption, had left its seed in her own constitution, so she would have had to winter abroad at any rate. So it seemed best that we should be married at once.

[In reply to his father's proposal, Colin wrote as follows :

MEERUT.
Monday, July 9th, 1860.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

I have seldom felt in greater doubt as to what to do than I did last Friday when I received your glorious letter of June 2nd. I got the letter at 9 a.m., went straight and told the whole affair to Maclagan and Turnbull, determining to abide by their advice. Both said *Go*—and by 12 o'clock the latter had telegraphed up to the Punjab for leave for me for six months, and I had done the same to Calcutta to secure a berth. My distinguished namesake, our late C.-in-C., came out to lick Pandy at twenty-four hours notice, and shame on me if I am not game to go home as sharp. Myself was at Roorkee—my traps all at Kurnal—sixty-seven miles off, and no road. The Secretary to Government is in the hills, one hundred and twenty miles from telegraph—the mail goes on July 18th or 19th—and I have to go before a Board

of Examiners in Hindustani to-morrow, the 12th; one thousand miles to Calcutta, and the floods out in Bengal such as you don't see them at home. What are the odds that (1st) I'll get my leave, (2nd) that I'll get to Calcutta in time, (3rd) that there will be a place in the ship for me, (4th) that Bob will be able to get money and pay for it. . . . Well, where's the will there's a way, and never had I a greater will than to be with you before September 1st. So if I don't go down country night and day as if I were running for Gretna Green with my prize, instead of running for her, across the world, I'll know the reason why.]

My father made money matters easy, and so, with a light heart, I started for Calcutta, and was back in Dalkeith before the end of August. We were married on November 3rd, 1860, in Captain Moorsom's house at Rochester. Festing was my best man, and in about a fortnight we were on our way back to India, spent a few days in Robert's house in Calcutta, and then straight to Delhi, to take charge of the Delhi Division of the Western Jumna Canal.

When I went to India I fancied that my occupation would have been military engineering, but I soon found out that, during peace time, I should be practically a civil engineer, and I liked it. I began canal work on a running canal, that is, there were no big or difficult works to design or execute, but I had to attend to the fair distribution of water, and carry out necessary minor works. This quite suited me, and I think I did it pretty well. But it entailed on me a great deal of marching about on my canal, and as the heat came on, my dear Lucy could not come with me, but had to stay in a little house we had taken at Kurnal, a small civil station in the Punjab. Just about then (*i.e.* in May or June 1861) Brandreth, who was Assistant Principal in the Civil Engineering College at Roorkee, was anxious to get into a more active sort of life, and so he and I changed posts, and I went to Roorkee. This was a peaceful, quiet life. Roorkee is one of the nicest stations in the North-West Provinces of India, about forty

miles from the foot of the Himalayas, with the splendid long line of snowy peaks right in front of us and visible any clear day.

I went to the College at 10 a.m. and returned about 5 p.m. Lucy and I had ponies on which we took exercise every morning. We had a vacation every September and October, and spent very happy days in tents in the mountains, though Lucy was always delicate. On December 2nd, 1863, our first boy was born. From the first he was very sickly, and when we lost him in September 1865, for some reasons, we could not grieve.

The following letters give some account of their occupations and interests on the West Jumna Canal :

Lucy S. Scott-Moncrieff to Mrs. Hollings

FROM CAMP ON WEST JUMNA CANAL.
January 1861.

We are now living about sixteen miles from there [Delhi]. Colin's canal extends from Delhi nearly to Kurnal, and all along its banks are placed little houses called " chokies," at about twelve miles apart, for the use of the canal officers—one of which we are living at now. We have not got our camels, etc., yet, so our camp is small ; but you would have been amused if you could have seen the camp a few days ago when we were with another officer and his wife. There was an elephant, about a dozen camels, and one or two bullock-carts to carry our luggage (you have to take your furniture about with you), a flock of sheep, and a flock of goats for milk, and horses and dogs innumerable. We have several tents pitched, which the gentlemen use as offices, and sleep in, when there is not room in the choki. It is a pleasant life now, for the weather is so lovely, quite cold enough to be out any part of the day and to enjoy a fire and a blanket at night. The canal banks are very shady and pretty, and perfectly covered with monkeys, peacocks, and parrots.

C. C. S.-M. to his sister Joanna

BEWAH DAK BUNGALOW, GRAND TRUNK ROAD.
January 11th, 1861.

. . . And now I have been rambling away and forgetting to allude to a very kind and friendly little lecture you sent me from Brighton, but I am not going to shirk it. I must plead guilty to the greater part of what you say ; but I feel myself such a lump of *inconsistent humbug*, that I hardly know myself. I know well enough how often I find good reason to class myself with those whom you say I treat with "impatience and contempt." Especially the latter. I have a very high standard before me of what a man ought to be, and a great yearning for the *living truth*, but when it comes to self-living and self-denial, to cutting off the right hand of my bad habits, I seem only to look for temptation that I may yield. I am certainly very impatient, especially towards natives, and I do talk a lot of silly abuse about folks in general, and the French in particular, yet don't think I really feel very bitterly towards them. Many an argument have I had with brother-officers in favour of private soldiers, and many a time in society, when the rich or the poor, or even the natives, were abused, have I stood up warmly for the maligned parties, and sententiously quoted verses I am particularly fond of :

> He liveth well who loveth well,
> Both man and bird and beast.
> He liveth best who loveth best, etc., etc.

and yet when I get among loving people who carry out this love, away I run into the other extreme, and say a deal I don't mean. I am a great believer in Thackeray, for I think he has a sincere reverence for the mighty laws of Faith, Truth and Love ; but I freely admit that whereas he represents a lot of very unloving characters, I have rarely met with anything but wonderful kindness in this world. But when I went through France, I can assure you I was very civil to the natives, and even fraternised with one of their little soldiers ; and out here I think I am very

kind to my servants. So here stands the case. I say much more bitterness than I feel; and I feel much, much less than I ought, the duty of loving my neighbour as myself, for my love rarely goes further than mere sentimental talk, and the root of all is just *selfishness*, and in the words of the "heretic, prelatic" Prayer Book, I have daily need to say, "From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver me."

See what an egotistical yarn I have penned, perhaps without much purport either! And now I'll change the subject. Behold me scribbling away, and Lucy lying in the magenta dressing-gown, having a good sleep after sixteen and a half hours of a dâk ghari....

To his sister Joanna

CAMP, DELHI CANAL.
May 8th, 1861.

MY OWN DEAREST SISTER,

I wish I could get you round the neck and kiss you, and tell you how I rejoice in your joy, and how earnestly I pray and trust that you and Ballard may have every blessing you can desire. With the experience of an old married man, I would like that you may be as happy as we have been!! It is a sudden bit of news, and takes time to consider about, and I have been thinking a deal about it in many a long ride lately, that is, for the last three days, since I got your letter and his. Doubtless I would sooner that he was a swell at home, not so much for your sake, as for that of the old folks at home, for I think you have enough of the "bum-bee" to enjoy going out here, and seeing new lands, and if you like the country half as well as I do, you will get on. It was, moreover, an excellent idea of yours to marry an Engineer, still better to marry a tried soldier, but I would give my ears to have him in this Presidency. It would be so jolly at Roorkee, or one of our stations. I only hope he may think of going to the Punjab. There are lots of "Bombay ducks" there, and I fancy all Presidencies look on that as the "go-ahead" place in India. What he intends to turn his hand

to in peace time, you must let me know, and when next he goes fighting, " sure I'm the boy that would like to go with him." So, my dearie, I heartily rejoice with you and won't make any disagreeable hints, like Aunt Mercer, about people that have been in Turkey and the domestic principles in vogue there. And I am glad you are married too, for to tell the truth, I began to fear you would take to being a temperance lecturer, or some such strong-minded thing, and I was not ambitious of that notoriety for you. . . . Ballard loses a deal by not having my advice on many matters now, for though he is ever so much a Lieutenant-Colonel, and I only a Lieutenant, I have cut him out by six months in the matrimonial regiment, and am ever so much wiser than he is there. If you are very good, Lucy and I will perhaps treat you to a few dodges for the voyage out. Whatever you do, *don't* go by Southampton. It is as bad as going third class London to Edinburgh, and the man who would like his sister to do that! Wah! Wah!! . . . By the way, when you announce your marriage, you ought to begin by telling a fellow who it is. You kept raving to me on the fact that you had been and gone and done it, but it wasn't till the fourth page that you let me know who you had done it to, and my suspense all that time was *awful*. I thought it might be that sniggering chap—R. E. perhaps, or one of Uncle Mercer's guttlesome artist friends. You should begin like the majestic Macalpine, " There is a purpose o' marrij between Joanna Scote-Moncrieff o' this pairish, etc., etc., for the furst time." Do that next time. I must send this to Mary, as I don't know whether J. S.-M. exists in the flesh, or not, or where she may be. I would fain get drunk at your wedding, but it is no go. Good-bye, dear one.

Your own fond brother,

C. C. S.-M.

To the same

KURNAL.
July 2nd, 1861.

" . . I keep wondering when you are to be out, and what is the kind of work Ballard is likely to be postde

to, and I dream of mounting a mail-cart some day and flying across country to you on leave, for if horses and mail-carts can take me, who need talk of distance? Lucy says I am a bum-bee,[1] and would go to see you a thousand miles off, if it were only for the sake of the journey. But then she is spiteful, and doesn't fully sympathise with our family love of locomotion. . . .

To his little sister Bessie

May 25th, 1860.

MY DEAR LITTLE BESS,

Thank you for your letter and for the snowdrop you put inside. The poor little flower looked so unhappy when I opened it, it would have liked to be back at Dalkeith again, and so would I. I send you a picture of my bedroom. Isn't it a funny one? My bearer (that's my black servant) puts my bed out in the open air every night, and I sleep looking up at the stars, with a big umbrella stuck over my head. Would you like to go and sleep out by the bees some night? . . .

The Hindoos call the elephants "hatties," and to be sure Hatty is a wonderful fellow, so sensible and so good-natured. What is that big fellow with the long tusks doing there with a branch of a tree in his trunk, wagging it about backwards and forwards? Come and look. There is a little black boy lying asleep on the ground before him, and his master has told Hatty to take care of his little boy, so he is fanning him and keeping the flies off, and I advise nobody to run away with the little blackie, for it doesn't do to put Hatty in a rage at you. . . .

Lucy and I are quite well, and although there are black people all round us, neither of us have got a bit black yet, but there is no saying what we may become. . . .

Just fancy what a snake did the other day. He walked quietly into the house, and walked quietly away again, only he left his skin behind him, just the way gentlemen sometimes leave their umbrellas

[1] Mrs. Ballard quotes in this connection, "Blessed is he who tethereth a bum-bee to a stone."

when they go to make a call. But he never came back to ask for it, which I think was very careless of him. A man came here the other day with two birds—one like a linnet, called a "byah," and the other was a little green parrot. The parrot was the funniest fellow. The man had about ten cards and written on one, "Mr. Brown, No. 6," and on another, "Mr. Smith, No. 4," and another, "Mrs. Scott, No. 9," and so on, and these were all thrown on the ground, and the man asked us to choose any card, and we said, "Bring us Mr. Smith, No. 4," and the man told the parrot in Hindustani, and off went Poll, and sat down among the cards, and cocked his old head to one side, and looked so wise—as wise as Aunt Jane—and picked up one card and then another in his hooky beak, and threw them down till he came to the right one, and then he read it very carefully and carried it off to his master. He never made a mistake. And then the man took a little cannon, and put it before Polly, and gave him some gunpowder, and a bullet and a match, and Poll took the ram-rod and loaded the gun, and then jumped on a perch, and fired it, and was not a bit afraid of the noise. You see what a country this is for soldiers, when even the parrots learn to fire off cannons. . . .

To his father

May 1st, 1862.

We expect a visit in a day or two from Captain Crofton of my corps, who is busy making an immense new canal from the left bank of the Sutlej through a country which wants it much.

A new company has just started to run steamers from Kurachee up the Sutlej to Ferozepore. If they succeed and get boats built on the Yankee principles to draw about three feet of water, it will be a splendid opening up for the Punjab. Ferozepore is not more than three days from here, and I suppose about a week down to Kurachee. Then, if the P. & O. will make that a station for their vessels, it ought to be easy three weeks home. I wish we had a deal more of private Anglo-Saxon energy in the country.

SKETCH MADE BY SIR COLIN IN INDIA, 1860

Somehow the independent men who do come up country are generally penniless adventurers who prefer rapid profits to sure gains, and so they go smash and too often turn blackguards. I see no end to the resources of the country if they were worked with the quiet, prudent perseverance that carries men through at home. As for the natives, did one not know that God reigned and must work all things well and in His good time, their future looks discouraging and black enough. They are the most childish lot ever were in their credulity. A report is in the bazaar just now, we hear, that to prevent the recurrence of the cholera this year Government is going to sacrifice a number of their children, to use their blood as medicine—and this gammon is seriously believed by one's servants.

To his father

January 20th, 1864.

John Lawrence—King John, as he used to be called in the Punjab—has begun his new career as Viceroy, and I think almost every sensible person rejoices in the appointment. There are old civilians about his standing still in India, who, I suppose, find it harder to bow to their old compeer than it would be to an English lord whom they knew nothing of, and who rather disparage him as a *lucky* man only. And there are some others who rather doubt whether he possesses the dignity (which Lord Canning and Lord Dalhousie so eminently possessed) required to *look* the thing as Governor-General, and whether he may not be found too hard a master to do the amenities of official life well. But these are minor failings. There is no doubt about his being a very long-headed man—such a stern, iron-built man with a will of his own. He is neither so gifted nor so noble-hearted as his brother Henry was, but he is a good, God-fearing man too, I believe, and at least is dead against the wretched old policy of hiding our faith out of the way and disowning it for fear of native prejudice.

The natives in the back parts have a most wholesome dread and respect for the name of "Jan Larren," as they call him. The other day I heard of

one who said it only wanted his stick to be stuck up in the middle of the bazaar to keep the country quiet. There has been no G.-G. since Warren Hastings's time who has had such a previous knowledge of India or reputation among Hindustanis to begin with.

To his father

CAMP, EAST JUMNA CANAL.
April 19th, 1864.

The day they went to Mussoorie I turned off my canal for three weeks to repair works on it, etc., and since then have been constantly knocking about—tiring out my three horses so that I am looking out for a fourth—an aqueduct to build at one place, a bridge to finish twelve miles off, and two bridges to build seventy miles down, besides all manner of repairs intermediate, pretty well employs me when everything has to be done against time. Luckily I have two capital assistants, young fellows in my own regiment, and a good trustworthy serjeant overseer.

It is one point which I enjoy in my work that it throws me so in sympathy with the people of the country that I can quite rejoice in the heat as being the right seasonable weather. I like to feel that this hot wind is as good for the sugar-cane as our summer breezes for our oats.

Isn't it curious that never by any chance is there any mention of Indian canals in any English book of civil engineering? They talk of all the little ones at home, in America, etc., but no one seems to have heard of this, so far the greatest in the world. The Madras ones, too, are just as great and important in every way as ours, and seem equally unknown.

Colin now continues in the Reminiscences:

Early in 1864 my old chief, Colonel Turnbull, appeared before breakfast at our house at Roorkee, and asked me if I would take the post of Executive Engineer of the East Jumna Canal, rendered vacant by Major Brownlow (afterwards one of my dearest friends), who had just been terribly mauled by a tiger, and was obliged to go home at once.

So far as salary was concerned, this was no promotion, but it was a post of great distinction and importance for an officer so junior as I. In fact, I was too young for it, and if I could have served an apprenticeship for two or three years, it would have been a great advantage to me. I had left the West Jumna Canal because it involved so much separation from my wife. Here I was just taking up similar work, but I think all my friends would have said I must take it, and my wife first of all. When I look back to these days, I can see the many mistakes I made, but my superiors were satisfied with my administration, and I think I was fairly popular with the natives whom I supplied with irrigation.

Towards the close of 1866, my dear Lucy and I resolved to go home the next hot weather. We had been out for more than five years, and looked forward with the greatest delight to seeing the dear ones at home. In March 1867, therefore, I took furlough. We stayed nearly a month in Bombay [on the top of Malabar Hill, with a fine view over Back Bay], visiting my sister Joanna and her husband, General Ballard, then Master of the Bombay Mint. The Suez Canal was not yet opened, so we had to cross Egypt by rail and took a French steamer to Messina. These were indeed golden days! We left our steamer at Messina, and were fascinated with the beauty of the scenery—all so different from India. We stayed two or three days at Messina, took a coasting steamer up the beautiful coast of Italy to Naples, stayed about a week there, went on to Rome, stopping a night at San Germano, then on to Florence, stopping a night at Perugia. Here I had a fright: Lucy had a feverish attack, which kept her for a day or two in bed, but it was nothing serious, and we soon pushed on, drinking in delights with all our senses. We stopped at Milan, Stresa, crossed the S. Gothard, part of the way on a sleigh (for it was early in the year), and on to Paris. Here we had the great pleasure of meeting Lucy's beloved brother, Lewis Sturge.

We got home about May 24th, and started off as soon as we could to Dalkeith, to see my dearest father.

The following letter, written by Colin immediately after his arrival, to his brother Robert in India, is full of his impressions of home, after nearly seven years' absence :

DALKEITH.
May 30th, 1867.

MY DEAR BOB,

" Home is home, be it never so homely," said the Duke of Marlborough when he got back to Blenheim Park, and I think he wasn't far wrong. The climate is not much to boast of. There is a want of chuprassies to take letters to the dâk, and such like, and a want of " ghuzal khanas " to the bedrooms. There is too much jungle about the doors, and the bawarchi can't make curry, while the khidmatgar hands round the chutni you sent home, impartially to beef, mutton, or pork. Nevertheless, Home it is, and at this particular time it is 7.30 a.m. in the Governor's business room, with the old books, and the old engravings all round, (don't you remember them —Duke Henry and Sir W. Scott, and the two shipwrecks, etc. ?) and there is a good coal fire, for it is cloudy and drizzly (memo.: the rainy season is believed to last here from January 1st to December 31st), and the Militia recruits are being drilled outside between this and the wood-yard. I believe the rest of the household were not out for a ride, or a walk, this morning, though the sun has been up for a ridiculous number of hours. Indeed, it rarely goes down here, but smiles on in a vapid way, very different from what it looked a year ago in the N.W.P. I've not had " chota haziri " yet either, so my feelings may be easier imagined than described.

I duly got your letter, and might say, like Cæsar, " Et tu, Brute." You alone of my brothers had put no obstacle in the shape of male progeny between me and the succession to Fossaway, but now you have joined the others, and I may as well give it up at once, and in generous forgiveness congratulate you on your son, and wish all good to him, and the mother and yourself. It is tremendous, the number of nieces and nephews. I was introduced to twelve

MRS. BALLARD

MRS. COLIN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
(*née* Lucy Sturge)

in the first two days here—Joanna's three little stunners ; poor John's three, all living here. Davie's three rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed copies of their parents, with the most Scotch of tongues ; Alick's Geordie ; and lastly your Susie, and Charlotte. Your Maggie was ailing, and Miss Polly at her tea, so I didn't see them, but hope to do so to-day, as well as poor Elizabeth's others. I hardly know one from the other yet, but they all seem to know me and my coat-tails by the way they pull them, dear bairns they are.

Our father is wonderfully little changed—a little greyer on the top, but as firm as ever, still wondering at the marvels of steam communication and telegraphy, and at the depravity of John Bright, and the Radicals. Dear Mary not so much changed as I expected, as good as gold and far dearer. Joanna is Mrs. J. A. B., and no longer Miss J. S.-M., and that's all the difference, I think. (It is some, you know.) As clever and attractive, as energetic for all good, and warm-hearted, as ever. She sings in great style. . . .

Sir Colin continues in the Reminiscences :

Before leaving India in 1867, I had told my chief—Colonel Dyas—that I was going to try to see some of the irrigation works of Italy, and he said that I had better go properly accredited by our Government. This was approved of, and the India Office procured for me letters of introduction to H.M. Ministers at Paris, Madrid, and Rome. It was arranged that I should leave England at the beginning of December, and get back in February.

I need not say much about my tour. I was told to submit a report to the Government, and my *Irrigation in Southern Europe* was published the next year. The Government received it very favourably, and paid me my full Indian pay for all the time I was engaged on it. This put some £500 into my pocket, which was very acceptable to a young subaltern. I should notice that when we married,

Lucy had about £400 a year, so never in my life have I been very hard up.

[This allusion to his book seems hardly sufficient for a work as important as it has been considered, and one still asked for even as far afield as Western America. It may not be out of place to give one or two paragraphs from the writer's preface :

Two lessons I think I have learned—good lessons for the engineer :

(1) Seeing in Europe the thought and attention bestowed on canals of very small discharge compared with our great Indian works, in fact, not larger than our rajbuhas, one cannot but be impressed with the value of every drop of water. And I would say to my brother-engineers, let us not grudge many long hot days of levelling in order to perfect the design of every single watercourse we have to make ; let us make sure that our work shall be absolutely the best that can be made, considering the time allowed and the object sought ; so that there shall be no need of some sweeping remodelling after we are gone. So shall we confer on our irrigation the character of permanency which it has not yet attained. . . .

(2) The other point that has struck me forcibly is that much can be done in irrigation without the help of any very scientific engineering. This is humbling, perhaps, to the mere engineer, but surely gratifying to one who knows how often in India sound sense and energy are to be met with in the absence of any great professional knowledge. Let the zealous magistrate or deputy-commissioner, who thinks making little canals quite beyond him, look at the beautifully irrigated province of Valencia. The old Moors who made these works six hundred years ago could hardly have possessed much scientific knowledge, and their successors have but little improved ; but there they remain in their rude simplicity, the source of vast wealth to the inhabitants.]

My tour began in South France. Then I went to

Madrid, saw a new work—the Henares Canal—and some very interesting works, evidently of Moorish origin.

During this tour in Spain, Sir Colin was attracted to the country, not only by its interest for the expert in irrigation, but also by its architectural and artistic wealth. Continental travel was for him almost a novelty; and his love of pictures (which was to increase with years) found full satisfaction in the great Madrid galleries. He kept a detailed diary of his journey, from which the following extracts are taken :

December 26th, 1867.—I have just returned from the Plaza de Toros—the bull-ring. Disgusted and sickened I expected to be, but oh, never like this ! Imagine a vast round circus, open above, and surrounded by banks of stone or wooden seats—tier above tier, high and low, young and old, children aye babes. All talking, laughing, smoking, drinking water and sucking oranges. In the ring, all loitering about, gaily dressed men, with fantastic cloaks, most on foot, a few on horseback, armed with lances. They have come in, in a sort of procession, and are now waiting for the bull, while the band is playing. The door is opened, and in rushes the bull, a powerful red beast, who pursues first one *torero*, then another, then makes a bound at a barrier, and nearly clears it, but falls back. Loud cheers on all sides, as a *torero* stands and plays in front of him, coolly and dexterously, with his long cloak. Now he rushes at a horse, which rolls over, and evidently hurts his rider, who is lifted up painfully. He is a brave fellow though, and gets on again, but his horse has had enough of it. Away goes the bull at the other rider and rips his horse's side up, and the poor beast runs round the ring, with his entrails all hanging out, though the rider does not think of getting off. Enough, enough of this butchery ! I can stand it no longer, and run out on to the crowded Prado hard by. It has only taken half an hour, I find, but it seemed much longer.

December 28th.—Without doubt, the glory of Madrid is its picture-gallery. Here, indeed, is wealth of art—treasures fit to supply fifty collections. . . . I have spent four hours here, and have been bewildered and delighted, and yet feel tired after it, as though my brains had been employed over a stiff book. . . . If even one, uninstructed in art, can get such joy from this gallery as I have had, what must be the delight of the real artist, whose insight can read all the wonders of these pictures, so marvellous even on the surface ? . . .

In Seville Murillo was born and lived, and the museum and churches here contain some of his noblest pictures. They would have contained more, had not Soult carried off as many as he could to Paris. But the sight of all others here to visit, and revisit, is the glorious cathedral. I remembered being struck long ago by a picture of it, by Roberts, and wondering at the time whether he had exaggerated its size, and so I ran straight to see it whenever I got to Seville. It was too late to get in, and the outside, displaying an incongruous patchwork of Gothic, Renaissance, and classical styles, disappointed me. Certainly the Giralda tower at the corner is very fine. Built by the Moors, 250 feet high, and with 100 feet more added by the Christians, with the appropriate motto round the top, " The Name of the Lord is a strong tower," it stands nobly over the old town. But even it is inferior to several of the Italian campaniles ; so it was not till the next morning when I got into the cathedral that I felt what a grand building it was, and that Roberts had not a bit exaggerated its vast proportions. It appeared quite dark as I entered from the sunshine outside. The great organ was rolling out rich notes, and the choristers singing, and I could at first only see a forest of tall columns rising into a solemn gloom far overhead, and dimly lighted up through windows of rich stained glass. Then by degrees I made out the long aisles, and the beautiful marble floor, and the rich tracery of the windows, and the fretted vaults above. The fine pictures are almost lost by the gloom, and the coloured rays of

the stained glass. But this "dim religious light" seems precisely what is required best to enhance the solemnising influence of the building. The name of the architect is lost, but what a mind he must have had, combining the poet's devout imaginative soul with the exact intellect that knew how to build that complicated roof. I have seen many cathedrals—St Peter's at Rome, and the great *Duomo* of Milan, and others—but none, I think, equal in imposing, solemnising effect to this one. . . .

[Granada.] And now let us turn to the right, up the steep hill, under the elm trees to the lofty red walls, which enclose in their rude, grand exterior this delicate, exquisite gem [Alhambra], this wonder of the world, which looks as though it were only fit to be placed under a glass case, and carefully guarded, instead of which it has been pulled about and altered and demolished by one generation after another of Vandals, till the wonder is that anything is left at all. We go through the noble, lofty horse-shoe arch, the "gate of judgment," where the Mussulman held his court in old days, up past the graceful arch of the *Torre del Vino*, to the open square above. To our left rises the *Torre de la Vela*, or the Watch Tower, so called from the bell hung over it, which is struck every five minutes all through the night, to let the peasants, watering their fields from the little canals far below, know how passes the time, and when their turn has come to get their share of water. This bell is heard over all the plain of Granada, and one cannot but look with interest on the simple arrangement, handed down, unchanged like the canals themselves, from the wise old Moors. The view from that tower is magnificent. I sat there yesterday evening, just before sunset, and watched its mellow rays lighting up the green carpet, studded with white cottages before me, and throwing into strong relief the red-tiled houses of the city, clustering round the hills at my feet. How rich was the colouring on the mountains round, the grey rocks, and the green slopes, and the deep blues and purples of the distance, while behind me, the clouds all golden and crimson, rolled round the pink,

snowy crests of the Sierra Nevada, just disclosing them for a moment, and burying them again.

On one side of the square, opposite the Torre de la Veda, stands a huge, massive building, without a roof. This was a folly of the great Charles V, who even pulled down part of the Alhambra to make way for this clumsy pile of masonry, which was unfinished at his death, and stands unfinished to this day, like other *cosas en España*. We need not stop long to look at it, but will enter the low door beyond, opening to the very kernel of the shell. . . . It is a little low building. There is nothing grand about it, any more than about the Venus de Medici. But I defy you to find a fault in it. The proportions of the courts, the exquisite lightness of the columns, and the perforated spandrels above the labyrinthine passages, carrying the eye into the deep shade from the bright sunlight, the coolness, the utter solitude and silence of the whole place—silence all the deeper from the distinctness with which you hear the water bubbling in the fountains—combine with the memories, which cling round these old courts to produce a deep impression, which I think the most matter-of-fact could not resist. There is nothing here very elevating, nothing ennobling. It is true the walls are covered with inscriptions from the Koran, often containing moral, pious sentiments, but the building itself is of the earth, earthy. Like the faith of its builders, it seems the expression of their idea of Paradise, a place of cool shade, and indolent repose, where the eye could leisurely feast on beautiful architecture, or look out of its windows on beautiful Nature. Nothing here points to self-improvement, or self-sacrifice, or to that rest which consists only of a new form of exertion. And so, coming straight as I have from Seville, I seem to feel why the Mussulmans *must* perforce have been expelled by the Christians—these Christians who, narrow and cruel and bigoted, with their *autos-da-fé*, and their accursed Inquisition, still had hold of some portion of divine truth.

Valencia, January 20th.—From Granada I came on here, to this tolerably busy, bustling city. It lies

in an irrigated plain of marvellous fertility. Oranges and olives and almonds and dates and vines seem to grow with equal luxuriance, while every inch of ground is ploughed, and produces large crops of corn and rice.

Nearly all Spain has struck me as looking more Asiatic than European, and this place most of all. The climate, even at this season, is so balmy and warm, that I sat by an open window last night till I went to bed. The palm trees in the fields, and the rude Persian wheels for raising water, the carts on the roads—even, to some extent, the look of the people—was Eastern. The names, too, of the villages round Valencia, all tell of their Arabic origin—Benimuslim, Benifayoo, Benicalaf, Algemesi, Alcudia, Alfafar, and so on. It is certainly a wonderfully rich view one obtains from the top of the lofty cathedral tower over this plain, with fine outlines of mountains, all to the west and to the east, the blue sea about three miles off. To the north lies Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, so renowned in the Punic Wars. . . .

To return to the Reminiscences :

From Spain I crossed the Alps into North Italy (about the end of January), and found the whole country under snow. It was no use visiting canal works then, and I went straight home, and a few days after our beloved daughter was born, on March 1st, at Woodbridge. We named her Violet Lucy.

My dear wife Lucy had always been delicate. She caught a bad cold a few weeks after Violet was born, and I left her in the house of a dear old friend, Dr. Helsham Jones, who practised his profession at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, while I went to Italy to finish my irrigation tour. We had proposed to stop in England over the winter of 1868–69, but the doctors said she must not winter in England, so I went home to Dalkeith, and spent a month there, while Lucy stayed with the Jones. I think it was on August 20th, 1868, that I parted with my dearest father at the little Dalkeith railway-station, never to meet again. . . .

Nearly a year later he writes of his father's death as follows :

To his stepmother

INDIA.
July 20th, 1869.

DEAREST MOTHER,

I have to-day received Mary's letter with the sad, sad news. I don't know that I quite realise it all yet : quite alone here (excepting native servants), it takes some time really to feel the great change that has passed over us—that he whom most on earth I loved and honoured has gone on to his fitting rest : he, whose good opinion, of all men, I coveted, whom I thought of daily, and for whom I was ambitious of distinction most of all. And the grand old verses come naturally to my heart, " The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord : and He delighteth in his ways. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

And God be praised, his end was like his life, the natural slipping off of the body to be clothed with the house which is from heaven. His whole life, as I have thought over for years, seems to me so noble and true, chequered with many griefs, but no shame. Ever trustful and happy in his faith, and teaching us sons by his calm consistent life, almost more than by his daily conversation and precept. And now he has gone to rest, and I cannot mourn, it seems so right and fitting. But for you, dearest mother—his constant companion for nineteen years—it must be very different, and I feel, indeed, deeply for you and Mary and Bessie. The years have rolled past so quickly I can hardly believe it is nearly twenty since he told dear Charlie and me of his proposed marriage. And now he is gone ! I thank God most heartily that He brought such a marriage about to be such a blessing to our father, and that He spared him long enough for Bessie to have grown up and to have known and appreciated his noble character. And for you, dearest mother, what can we feel but warmest

sympathy, and very deep love and gratitude for all that you have been to him, and to us?

I know your own quiet nature will not wish many words to express all I feel.

Your loving son always,
C. C. S.-M.

To his sister Bessie

July 28th, 1869.

. . . How gentle he was, dear Bessie, how playful and tender with us all as children, you well know. You cannot know what he was to us sons out in life, who always felt that we had him to go to, to advise or to help us through troubles, for most fathers are so removed by years and habits from their sons, that there is little confidence between them, however much of respect . . . but our father was never one of these; by his wholesome, active life, and his simple faith in God, he had preserved marvellously his youth, so that we could not hesitate to tell him anything we had much in our thoughts, and we were sure of sympathy.

The following letter, placed a little out of its proper order, was among the last he wrote to his father.

Roorkee.
Monday, April 12th, 1869.

Roorkee is thrown out of its proprieties this morning by the expected arrival of Lord Mayo, with whom I hope to breakfast in about a couple of hours. He has been holding a great durbar at Umballa, where he has been entertaining Shere Ali, the Ameer of Cabul—a meeting of very great political importance, for, for the first time for twelve years, our Government has broken through the strict neutrality and indifference which it has kept up toward the distracted civil wars and anarchy of Afghanistan, and now that Shere Ali has got the throne and seems likely to have some chance of keeping it, it is thought best to prop him up and try to make him a firm friend and good *buffer* between us and the Russians beyond

Having got through this business, his lordship marched through the Dehra Doon shooting and got to Hurdwar on Saturday evening, . . . and yesterday morning we escorted him on elephants to see the great bathing at the holy ghaut. . . . It was the great day of the annual fair, and although a small one there must have been some four hundred thousand souls congregated in a square mile or so. To me a great crowd like that is the most interesting and profoundly touching of sights, that brings the tears to my eyes.

His lordship has made a very favourable impression so far. He is a pleasant gentleman and an active man physically. Whether he will prove as valuable in the council-chamber as his predecessor remains to be seen. He is a tremendous big fellow with a great look of Prince Napoleon in his heavy, massive face.

Sir Colin continues in the Reminiscences :

We were back in the N.W. Provinces in November (the Suez Canal was not opened till 1869, and we went across Egypt by railway, via Zagazig), and soon after a great and unexpected piece of promotion fell to my lot.

As I have related, early in 1864 I had succeeded my friend General Brownlow, who went home on sick-leave. He had returned and was Superintending Engineer of the Ganges Canal, the largest of the sort in India, but he broke down again, and had to go home in November 1869, and I was appointed his successor —over the heads of a number of men my seniors. . . .

The opinion of his superior officers as to his fitness for promotion is expressed in the following letter from General Brownlow :

November 27th, 1872.

I am very grateful to H. H. for his kindness in offering to write personally about Captain Moncrieff

to Colonel Dickens, and gladly avail myself of the offer, as of course such a procedure lends tenfold weight to the recommendation. I would suggest that Captain M.'s d.o. be forwarded to Colonel D., and it might be pointed out that Captain M. was selected to succeed me when I went home in 1869, as the fittest man that could be found for carrying out the delicate and difficult task of executing the alterations required to adapt the Upper Ganges Canal to the new conditions imposed upon us by the decision of G. of I. to construct the Lower G.C.; that, although he has not yet had an opportunity of doing much in that particular matter, he has on all occasions shown himself in vigour, decision, and sound judgment, superior to any other S.E. in the Irrigation Department of these Provinces. He is untiring and quite regardless of self in his exertions ; has in a very eminent degree the talent of governing subordinates and of getting them to work ; and is blessed with good health, talent, and energy, ballasted by sound sense. The only objection to giving him the grade permanently is, as far as I can see, his youth—a fault that he will gradually grow out of. Of course, where men are equal in other respects, seniority should be allowed full weight, but G. of I. having approved of Captain M.'s selection as S.E., have practically set it aside in his case, and I cannot see why his being a junior man should now be allowed to tell against him, any more than any other personal advantage that he may enjoy. I should have thought that the report on the Sangor Barracks would have given the death-blow to appointments to superintending engineerships by seniority.

To return to the Reminiscences :

We removed our headquarters to Meerut, and during the whole cold season we used to be marching on the Ganges Canal. We had a wagonette and horses to take us on our marches in the morning, our dear little baby-daughter, Violet, travelling in a bullock-cart with her English nurse.

Of Violet her mother writes at this time to her cousin, Mrs. Hollings :

November 1869.

The enclosed little photo, to my eyes at least, gives no idea of the dear little face. She is not a beauty (I say this most sincerely), but I am sure her face will always be a pleasing one from the very thing that a photo can't show, a very intelligent and changing expression, and her fair complexion and blue eyes do not of course come out well. . . . She is full of fun and pranks, and of course devoted to her father, over whom she tyrannises unmercifully, but he does not spoil her, but makes her obey him—not always an easy matter, for the strength of her will, and the struggle it costs her to give it up, are curious to watch ; and as Mrs. Ballard says, " My nursery gives me no reason to doubt the doctrine of original sin ! "

Colin continues his account of their days :

In the hot weather we had to be very much separated, but I could get up to the hills more frequently than before. So we passed through the years 1869–1873, Lucy always more or less of an invalid, but always cheerful, and brave, and patient.

To his sister Bessie

MEERUT.
April 4th, 1872.

. . . Would that you were here, Bessie dear, to get up with me at 5.30 to-morrow morning (I know you like early rising !), and on to my little grey Arab, and we should have a great gallop, under the fresh young leaves, and the brilliant coral blossom, and delicate flowers of the geranium tree, along the roads heavy with the smell of the mango blossom, and past mulberries, covered with ripe fruit, and jingling bullock-carts, and lines of camels, and brightly dressed women, and children with very little dress at all, and past the parade where honest, stupid-eyed English ploughboys laboriously go through their drill, just as if they were at home. . . .

To the same

HURDWAR, NEAR ROORKEE.
May 23rd, 1869.

. . . A week ago I was at Mussooree. Poor Lucy, I am sorry to say, had a sharp attack of illness, and I had to hurry up. It arose curiously. Our cook, who had been some six years with us, and who was one of our most trusted men, suddenly went mad in the house with Lucy. I believe it merely arose from a long bout of opium and tobacco smoking, which in these queer Orientals produce occasionally a sort of frenzy, not like intoxication, but regular madness. The other servants said he had seen a ghost. Anyhow, it gave poor Lucy a great fright. Of course I discharged him. It so shook her that she was very unwell for a week. If good Mrs. Fraser had not been with her, I don't know what she would have done. She was much better when I left her on Monday, sitting in her north verandah, gazing at the sunny peaks, stretching nearly as long as Scotland, in front of her; the west end pouring their waters into the Indus, the east into the Ganges and Brahmapootra Rivers, enclosing a great continent. I left her with the thermometer at 70°, and got in twelve hours down to Roorkee, where, in the shade, it stood at 118°, and the day after, at 124°. I'm in famous condition and ride from twelve to twenty miles every morning, so that my horses are as glad of Sunday as I am, I daresay. I was much interested in what you said of your lessons, your reading, your German, etc. I sympathise with you so far that I neither care for the French, nor their language. *But remember it is simply the most useful language in Europe to know.* I should have been able to do my work *far* better last year, had I been able thoroughly to talk and to understand French. It is, besides, the language of a marvellously gifted and clever people. . . . They are akin in some ways to the Italians and Spaniards, but they have far outshot both, and if they could only arrive at some stability, *fermeté* as they call it, and learn to fear God, and do the right without perpetually wishing to cut a dash,

what a people they would be! Do you ever condescend to work at such a low thing as arithmetic? I don't recollect just now a lady of my acquaintance who really knows arithmetic in the way half the men one meets do. They learn it apparently in a sort of superficial way, and so, as in life they have lots of accounts to do, household affairs, and often charitable funds, etc., they puzzle their heads about calculations which are simply nothing to one who understands the subject. But yet it is voted a low, mercenary kind of study, as though studying numbers, whose principles are as eternal as the Universe, could ever be low! The world may smash to bits, but two and two will make four all the same; and, some folks will tell you, ladies are not intended for these kinds of subjects; they ought rather to cultivate the imagination and affections, etc., wherein they are more gifted by nature,—which fact, to my mind, argues that they ought to strengthen the mind by those very exact, severe studies, just because their gifts lie in another direction. . . .

Sir Colin now resumes the Reminiscences:

One memorable night—February 1st, 1874—my friend Helsham Jones suddenly came to us with sad tidings. He was stationed some eighty miles off, and had that day got a letter from his sister, asking him to break it to Lucy, that her brother Lewis Sturge had suddenly died. He had married his dear cousin Margaret—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Sturge, of Charlbury. Lewis was a prosperous young barrister: all seemed going well with them, till he was suddenly cut off. It fell to me to tell Lucy of this terrible news. I have gone through much sorrow, but looking back over a long life, I do not think that even the death of wife or children cost me such agony as I went through that night, witnessing the distress of my beloved wife, and unable to comfort her. She used to say afterwards that she lost all power of bearing up. Everything seemed gone. We resolved that we must go home as quickly as possible, and see what we could do for

Lewis's widow. We were told that Lucy must leave India not later than April, and must not get to England before May or June. The intermediate time we must spend in Italy. I asked my two dear sisters Mary Anne and Bessie to meet us at Venice, and we travelled leisurely, visiting Venice, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, and reaching home about the end of May. [When we were] passing through France by a night train, a guard suddenly opened the door, and a rush of cold air filled the carriage. Next day Lucy was feverish and colded. She never got rid of that cold.

Lewis Sturge, junior, was born on May 19th, 1874, in his mother's house, 24, The Grove, The Boltons. We stayed for some little time with Meggy and her infant, and about July 27th went down to Scotland, and visited our most kind stepmother and my sister Bessie, in Murchiston Crescent, Edinburgh. After a long absence I was delighted to see Dalkeith again; and one summer evening, Lucy, my stepmother, and Bessie drove out, David and I riding. It was a balmy summer evening, but before getting home, the wind changed to the east, and Lucy began to cough. After that evening she never left the house. On August 25th she passed away. . . .

Margaret Sturge, who had travelled north to bid farewell to her husband's beloved sister, writes:

When I got there, early on Sunday morning (August 23rd), she was quite clear when thoroughly awake, and they met me at the station with the news "she is much the same, and longing to see you," which was such a relief, as I had thought very likely all might be over. When I got in, Violet and Colin were with her. She put her arms round me, saying, "My own Meggy, Lewie's Meggy. So good of you to come." . . . She was very drowsy and peaceful all that Sunday. Once when Colin asked her if she would like anything, she said, "No, if you and Meggy are with me, that is all I want. I am quite comfortable." . . . [On Monday] she sent for me, and thinking they might have misunderstood her,

and that she meant David's wife Maggie, she said, "I mean my own Meggy, my own Meggy." When I got in, she kissed me very earnestly, and taking my hand said, "Stay with me—it won't be long," and she went off into a sleep with Colin on one side and me on the other. One might call it the end of her consciousness, and to her it felt like the real end.

Colin's friends tried in vain to persuade him to spend the winter in England, for he felt a craving to return at once to active employment.

The following letter gives some account of the plans he made for his little daughter before sailing for India in November 1874:

To Mrs. Hollings

CHARLBURY, OXFORD (FINISHED AT EDINBURGH).
September 12th, 1874.

. . . What Meggy has been to me throughout these sad days, I cannot tell you. With all the tender love and sympathy of a sister, she has got besides the experience derived from the depths of her own great sorrow, and her presence and society have soothed me more than that of any other person. She came down here [Edinburgh], leaving her boy, in time to be with Lucy the two last days, and I am sure she is glad she came, and she tells me that what she then witnessed has enabled her all the better to believe many things which we can never prove. I was so glad to have that little time with her at Charlbury, since she is to bring up my precious little Violet. I am entirely satisfied with this arrangement. For myself, the best thing is work. . . . It is pretty to see Meggy with that fine little fat baby, and so unutterably touching to see her own round, soft, young face under its widow's cap, and to think of all she has gone through in the last three years. On the last day of her life, my Lucy said to her that she hoped she would have flowers at her house in London, and added, "My Violet will be a spring-flower to

you after your long winter." And so I trust it will be, and that the occupation the child will give her, may be another interest. Your good, gentle, sister Eleanor, too, whom I have got to know this last time, will be a great deal with her, I trust. . . .

While in Edinburgh in the early autumn of 1874, Colin several times attended the Tolbooth Church with his stepmother and his sister. On the question of Church membership he writes to his sister-in-law as follows :

To Mrs. Robert Scott-Moncrieff

EDINBURGH.
Sunday night, October 18th, 1874.

MY DEAR KATE,

I thank you sincerely for your honest, sisterly letter, and though I haven't got Bob's ready pen, I think I'll answer it in writing, as I can say more deliberately what I mean. J. S. Mill has said somewhere that truth is a figure of so many sides, all that anyone can do is to see a few of the sides next themselves, and so seeing, we ought not to wonder if others don't see quite the same aspect. You raise the question why should a person unite himself to one Church rather than to another ? I use the word *church* as a convenient short one, meaning Christian community. To answer this I think we must proceed negatively—why should one not unite oneself to any particular Church ?—and first, I suppose, we would not do it if we disagreed with any of the leading principles held by that Church. You say for this reason you couldn't join the Free Church—you don't agree with them about Baptism. I think, probably, applying this system, we should find not more than one or two religious bodies with whose principles we did quite agree, and among these we would, I suppose, unite with that body where we feel we should get most benefit. Now I tell you frankly I disagree with your Church strongly on this matter of Baptism—for reasons I need not give here. I look on the Free

Church as holding politically an untenable position, that is, I don't think they had sufficient cause for leaving the Established Church and thereby causing dissension, unless they embraced the entire voluntary system and joined the U.P.s. The position of these U.P.s seems to me perfectly sound and consistent—only it is my own opinion that, as things are at present in England and Scotland, it is desirable to have a State Church. I don't say it will be so always, or that I may not be all wrong: but anyhow, such is my opinion. Finding, then, a Church in whose general principles I agree, I naturally belong to it. Of the two Churches of England and Scotland, these general principles are much the same; but to me individually there is more comfort and help in the liturgy than in the Presbyterian service, and so I prefer it of the two—although I could not sign the Thirty-nine Articles, nor do I believe in the Athanasian Creed. Here in Scotland, I feel a Scotchman's sympathy for the Church of the nation, and as some of the Presbyterian services are now conducted, I can heartily join in them, and would rather do so than in the Ritualistic and Aristocratic side of the Episcopalian, though I am quite in accord with my brother William. You say this Scotch Church is "deadening," that a person joining it hardly seems to be expected to be a Christian. But surely its creed is not deadening, for except this one point of Baptism, I presume it is the same as yours, and in every religious point it is the same as that of the Free Church. As to whether joining it "means to be a Christian," who is to judge as to who is, and who is not, a Christian? This is one of the very points that draws me to the Church of Scotland and still more to that of England. What I think I said yesterday—between man and man, we can, although only darkly and imperfectly, judge our neighbour's character, whether he is pure and sober and loving and unselfish and true or the reverse. But between a man and his God, I say we are no judges. And I would much rather belong to a community which proceeded on the charitable supposition that all its members, whose dealings with

their fellow-men were honest and kindly, were trying to do God's will, than a community which required further evidence, and held itself aloof from any who did not conform to a standard imposed by itself. I mean this : if I know a man to be leading, as far as I'm aware, a moral life, and he likes to come to God's house with me and join in the services, I refuse to ask for any further evidence that he is a Christian ; that is for him and his God, not for me. And I therefore exceedingly like the way the Lord's Supper is practically open to all in the Church of England.

In your letter you allude to the preaching of some in the Scotch Church who gave an uncertain sound as to whether the Gospel was a bit better than science. I suppose no community can keep out all unworthy members. I confess that I don't see my way as to Church standards, and I think it is very unfortunate that, at an age when most thinking men are in a state of *yeast*, one should be required to subscribe to a certain fixed dogma for the rest of his days. On the other hand, I think the evil of having no clergy far greater than of having them. I would like to see standards reduced to the smallest limit—perhaps the Apostles' Creed—and then allow the freest scope for difference of opinion within these limits. But I am puzzled at what this deadening influence is that you allude to ; for I am perfectly unconscious of it. And in two churches I've been at to-day (Tolbooth and St. Cuthbert's) I can't fancy that you would be conscious of it either, so I must ask you to explain this more fully when we meet.

I suppose my turn of mind is essentially *Broad Church*. I hope I'll always deeply reverence the pious, holy men and women of both the Evangelical and the High Church parties (the Free Church is the High Church in Scotland, I think). But I have not found in these parties the large sympathy with doubt and doubters which I have in the Broad Church, and this Broad Church party I have only found in the ranks of the Established Churches. Perhaps it is this very point that you object to. But to me, and to a good number like me, I suspect it is only the existence of

men like Arnold and F. W. Robertson and Stanley and Kingsley and Maurice and Temple, and here, in Scotland, N. McLeod, that have made it possible to belong to a Church at all. For I cannot bow the exercise of the judgment God has given me to accept any authority blindly, whether that of the Church, which the Romanist arrogantly presses on me, or of the Bible, as interpreted by himself, which the Evangelical presses with not much less arrogance. My judgment may be all wrong, my light all obscured (and that through my own grovelling life, as I well know), but such as it is, I must follow it, humbly praying God for more light, and holding on to His promise that those who try to do His will shall some day know His truth, though it may never be in this life.

I have written a long, long letter and when I read it over I feel what a rambling performance it is. I'll talk more of it when we meet. And now good-night. Again I thank you for yours. However we think, let us think humbly.

Your ever affectionate brother,
C. C. S.-M.

To Mrs. Hollings

STEAMSHIP "TANJORE," RED SEA.
Sunday, November 29th, 1874.

I shall gladly, dear Edith, become sponsor for your boy, should you have him christened. I myself prefer our Scotch form of Baptism, such as you remind me we saw at Luss, where no Godparents are required. And I would like to see them dispensed with, or the service changed, in the Church of England. As to the rite itself, I think you "Friends" are all wrong. I confess I find it difficult to state what I think Baptism exactly means; but I like F. W. Robertson's view that, as when a king is crowned, it is not that the coronation makes him king, but that it publicly asserts that he is such, so, by the symbol of Baptism, we cannot make a child God's child, but we openly assert and acknowledge that it is so, and that by

His help we shall bring the child up to recognise that he has a Father in heaven. Whether this is what the founders of the Church of England thought, is another thing. Anyhow, it seems to me a rite for which we have our Lord's simple order, and which (with, I suppose, only the exception of the Friends) has been universally accepted in the Christian Church from that time to now.

CHAPTER III

1874–1878

> And there was no bread in all the land; for the famine was very sore, so that the land . . . fainted by reason of the famine.
>
> *Genesis* xlvii. 13.

On Colin Scott-Moncrieff's return to India in 1874, he took with him a niece—his brother John's daughter—Susie, who not long afterwards married his Personal Assistant, William Willcocks.

Probably, unknown to himself, his capacity and tact were well noted by his superiors, and it was to him, though not to others, a very unexpected summons that he received in the summer of 1877, when he was meditating a trip to Kashmir, to go to Simla, and there receive instructions to proceed to Mysore and take charge of the famine relief operations. It was a position demanding rare qualities of tact and patience, for he had to supersede a man who was much his senior, and there was doubtless, in addition, some rivalry between the Engineers of the Madras Presidency and those of Northern India. Moreover, if the work turned out to be a failure in his hands, there would be the natural tendency of his rivals to attribute to his want of local experience, "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread," and so forth. But Sir Colin was never lacking in courage and acceptance of responsibility. He took on the famine

works, not indeed with a light heart, but with strong self-reliance and faith in God, and he undoubtedly was the means of saving many lives, in work which appealed to him as nothing had ever previously done. He was made a Companion of the Star of India in 1878, the first of his many honours.

From the Reminiscences, and from Colin's own letters, follows some further account of his life during the three years before the famine of 1877, and of that memorable and searching experience itself.

The years 1870–77, during which I was Superintending Engineer of the Ganges Canal, were pretty strenuous years. I see it noted in my diary that, in 1876, I spent 213 days actually marching. Usually superintending engineers were allowed to take their work up to the hills in the hot weather. I never spent a season in the hills all these years. It was hot weather, but I was always in good health. I see it noted one day during which I was travelling on the railway, "thermometer at 102°, but not distressingly hot." There was a great deal of broken night railway journeys—getting into or getting out of a train at 2 or 3 a.m. . . .

To his sister Bessie

NARORA, ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.
August 29th, 1875.

. . . I have been marching hard all this month. We had very heavy rain at the end of July, and I was able to close my canal—an unusual event—and an opportunity for carrying out all sorts of important works that can only be done when the water is away. I suppose we'll spend £10,000 this month, and as I am responsible, and the work is all along the line for one hundred and eighty miles, it means a great deal of running about. But the rain has stopped now for a fortnight, and I fear I'll have to turn on the tap again, a serious affair, over the new work. The

water must be given when it is wanted. No want of fresh water with you, I trow, though you don't get such spates as we do. It rained seventeen inches on July 29th at Allahabad, and the two following days it rained twenty-seven inches at a place, Kirwi, not far off, and that means very much like life in a shower bath. . . . This morning I came across a curious thing. We are digging a great drainage line, as big as a good-sized river, and in it they came across an old well, built in and covered over, and filled up with earth. And, in the well, seven skeletons, all standing, and with an earthen vessel over each skull. Close at hand was an old little ugly idol-temple, and the belief is that these seven were live human sacrifices, put there, who knows how many hundred years ago? It's a weird idea, isn't it? What a tragedy must have been enacted where they were buried! . . .

To the same

MEERUT.
June 4th, 1876.

. . . I hope you made out Durham Cathedral well. What a grand old pile it is! Smollett last century wrote that "the external appearance of an old cathedral cannot but be displeasing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety and proportion." He was writing of York Minster, and said Durham was "a huge gloomy pile." The wonder of the thing is so great. How did they ever build it? These rough, hard fighting Normans. Where did they ever learn it? In their rovings from the Norse seas? Our best architects are proud if they can make a fine church now of the Gothic style. These old barbarians invented the style. It is an endless wonder to me, and how the style developed into this glorious pointed architecture of the century following. And how the reaction came in along with printing and the Reformation, and other excellent things, till I hope we reach the bathos in our own worthy countryman, Tobias Smollett's sage remarks. . . .

To the same

NAINI TAL.
October 10th, 1876.

. . . What you tell me of my Violet, and her own childish words, bring a mist before my eyes, and a yearning in my heart, and a deep sense of thankfulness to the Eternal Father for His rich gift of love. Surely the best of all His many splendid gifts to man. And, next to love and trust in Him, what is there given to make us happy like love of each other? When I think of it, the absence of love, which really is the excess of selfishness, seems the greatest of all sins, almost greater than falsehood—greater by far than some of these deplorable vices which ruin men, and yet leave them the objects of our pity and sympathy, far more than the smug, well-to-do, selfish man.

The wild mountain air has made me so sleepy, I must turn in, I think, and yet I would like to tell you how my friend Justin Ross and I climbed a peak this evening, riding astride of a long ridge of rock, down either side of which one might throw a stone a vast depth, up through the wild, blinding, wet mist, and how it blew as we got to the top, and the eagle soared round us, and the plains six thousand feet below looked so near, we could have jumped into them, and the colours beneath the clouds were almost indigo, and away on the horizon to the east stood the serrated line of snowy heights—deadly cold after the sunset—weird and unearthly with a deep blue setting behind. . . .

Sir Colin continues in the Reminiscences:

It was in 1876, or 1877, when I was feeling the loneliness and the drudgery of my work, that I wrote to Charles Gordon—then Governor-General of the Sudan—asking if he would allow me to join him, and work there. He replied very kindly, but declined my offer, saying that he was just about to leave the Sudan himself, and would probably never return. If he had kept to that intention, how differently would

Sudan history be written! Had I been accepted, I should probably have died there, or been killed by the Mahdi. It was for my poor boy—not for me—to die for the Sudan.

The letters follow:

MEERUT, N.W. PROVINCE, INDIA.
January 20th, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR,

I trust you won't think I am abusing the privilege of a brother officer in writing to you. I have seen in our R. E. journal that the two subalterns who were with you have both gone home sick, and I write to volunteer my services to you, should Government give me leave. I have nearly twenty years' service, and have been for the last six years Superintending Engineer of the Ganges Canal. Except a few months' campaigning in the Indian Mutiny, I have been exclusively employed in a civil capacity, like most of us Indian Engineers. I cannot pretend to any constructive talent, or scientific knowledge, and I am most ignorant of mechanical engineering, but I have been lucky beyond all my contemporaries in the Public Works Department.

In 1868 I was sent by the India Office to inspect and report on irrigation works in Italy and Spain, and they published my report. I have not had an hour's illness for about nine years, although I have had a good deal of exposure, and I stand heat well. I am no sportsman, and know nothing of horses, but don't mind a ride of one hundred miles. I have always been used to hard work. It is no wish to better myself in a money point of view that prompts my writing to you. Here I get rupees 1,530 per mensem, and of course I should be a heavy loser in that way in Egypt. But I am tired of routine life for many years in one province. Eighteen months ago I had the great misfortune to become a widower, and I should like a change. I feel great interest in all I read of your work, and of the Upper Nile, and recent events seem to point to Egypt as a country where an English officer might find work of interest. Of course

I know Hindustani pretty well, and think I might probably learn Arabic without much trouble. I think our new Public Works Minister—Sir A. Clarke—would give me a pretty good character, if asked, and that perhaps he might manage to procure me leave to serve under the Khedive's Government, if application were made to that effect.

I don't think you would find me above any work you thought fit to put me to.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

C. C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
Major R.E. (*Bengal list*).

COLONEL GORDON, C.B., R.E., etc., etc.

KERRI (DONGOLA),
April 20th, 1876.

MY DEAR MONCRIEFF,

I received your letter, January 20th, to-day, and hasten to answer it. I could offer no appointment to you up here, for my own stay is most precarious, and I do not know whether it may last a month, or a year; therefore, even if I could offer you a berth, you see what a responsibility I should incur in so doing, for when you arrived at Cairo, you might find me there. I, also to comfort you, tell you, that you could do no good here; it is hopeless work, and I long to be out of it, not for the sake of avoiding trouble, but simply because no good can be done; unfortunately for me, I am so involved in some affairs, that I do not see my way clear to get free, at the moment. You can imagine what it is to serve under a master, who, you do not know, does or does not want to be rid of you. I am so situated with the Khedive; he never writes to me, and though I could force an answer, I have engagements with workmen here, which prevent me throwing up in a huff. Perhaps I may be wrong, and that the Khedive is desirous of my completing my work, but he has a queer way of showing it. At any rate, you will see that, under these circumstances, I dare not think of incurring responsibility like that of asking

you to come. I have even refused to let Chippendall return, in consequence of the present state of affairs.

Believe me, with thanks sincere for your offer,

Yours sincerely,

C. G. GORDON.

Sir Colin continues the Reminiscences :

On January 1st, 1877, Lord Lytton being Viceroy, when the Queen was declared Empress of India with much pageantry and state, a great Durbar was held at Delhi, and the governors, lieutenant-governors, and all sorts of native chiefs came to pay obeisance to the Viceroy. I was Brownlow's guest, with his tents in the camp of the Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W.P. Brownlow was then Chief Engineer of Irrigation in the N.W.P., and was in camp with his dear, gentle wife, then, as always, my close friends. At Delhi all was splendour and display, while all the time there was terrible famine throughout Madras and Bombay. . . .

Some further account of the Durbar appears in the following letter :

To his sister

CAMP, DELHI.
Christmas Day, 1876.

DEAREST BESSIE,

I have been writing my bairnie a Christmas letter, and now must begin to you, to wish you, my dear, and dear mother, many a very happy Christmas. What a sweet old anniversary it is of Peace and Goodwill towards men ! Though I am in the midst of troops, and bands playing, and guns firing from morning till night, still it is a peaceful time, and peace in my heart. My first awakening, long before daylight, was to read a budget of dear home letters—my Violet's and her aunt's,—Robert's, and a long one from dear Mrs. Dennistoun. And V. sent me a handkerchief she had hemmed, so I had much to make me thankful and happy. And then Brownlow and I went to early Sacrament in a tent in the Viceroy's camp, and after breakfast to service in another

tent, good honest Scotch kirk service, with an excellent discourse from worthy Mr. Fordyce that seemed to take me back away north of the Tweed. Since then I have been driving about making calls, for the place *swarms* with friends and old acquaintances. I have seen a good deal of tent life in my time, but such a gorgeous Field of the Cloth of Gold as this, I never witnessed. It is really most imposing. There is a great stateliness about the broad, straight avenues of double-poled tents, as erect and precise as soldiers on parade, or a man-of-war, with every rope tight. There are great tubs of flowers, myrtles and plantains and oranges, etc., down the front of the tents, lamp-posts with coloured glass lamps, tall masts bearing our Union Jack, Venetian masts with gay flags, and the great armorial shields of England in front of the Viceroy's tents, which alone are of immense extent. We are all in different camps, arranged symmetrically—the Viceroy's with Bombay and Madras, one on each side, then the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the N.W.P., the Punjab, Burmah, and so on. Beyond, the mass of troops—some twelve thousand or fifteen thousand—and studded about in different groups, the camps of the native princes and nobles, summoned, in all their barbaric pearl and gold, from the furthest confines of our territory, from the snows of Kashmir to the jungles of Siam.

On Saturday, 23rd, Lord Lytton made his state entry, coming up by train from Bombay. I think it the most imposing and suggestive pageant I ever saw. There must have been near one thousand elephants out, native chiefs each having a particular place assigned to them on the roadsides, by which he was to pass. There they were with their trains of quaint, queerly-armed followers, their elephants gorgeously caparisoned in cloths perfectly covered with gold embroidery, the chiefs in howdahs, sometimes of solid silver, sometimes gilt, with silver shields on the elephants' foreheads, themselves covered with jewelry,—old Benares, with a turban literally made of strings of emeralds,—and yet it was all so grotesque, their followers sometimes dressed

in the uniform of our Sepoys fifty years ago, with old-fashioned muskets and pieces of artillery: the celebrated Baroda Prince in a silver chariot drawn by four splendid bullocks, another in a carriage drawn by two small elephants. The Nagpur Rajah on an elephant painted from head to toe bright blue. Their wild swirling music was all in keeping too, and in the midst of all, the quiet, determined look and steady tramp of our small British army, and our little Viceroy, with his handsome wife and two little girls on elephants also, going in state through the old Moghul capital, which they had tried so hard to wrench from us nineteen years ago, and to which he had called such a gathering as even the great old Moghuls never realised. As I write, I hear the 92nd pipes blown down the west wind, and I wonder what we are all doing here. The great Delhi mosque, the Jama Musjid, a most noble building in the middle of the city, was crowded with natives, its high, broad steps and galleries giving excellent places to see from. I stood on the steps, and as the procession swept up and the band played "God Save the Queen," the cheers of the few English folks were drowned in the Mussulman cries, "Mubarik! mubarik!" ("Bless you! bless you!"). How our dearest father would have wondered over the thought of that great nation with their most intolerant of creeds, showering blessings from their holy mosque on the head of their foreign infidel ruler. History tells strange marvels. Surely this is one. There must be near a million of people round us here in the city and camps. Our British troops, all told, are not six thousand, and there are near twice as many highly trained native soldiers in our pay. It cannot be that many of these chiefs would not gladly turn us out, and yet we feel, even here in Delhi, as secure as you do. . . .

To the same

CAMP, GANGES CANAL.
April 18th, 1877.

. . . You'll be glad to hear I have a most faithful dog, a most sweet-tempered and engaging brindled

and white bull-terrier, with a tail that will curl in the most plebeian way, so as to distress his friends. He was called "Corbett," after one of the canal officers. He runs the marches, after the horses, in the most astonishing way, hunting everything with a hairy skin, from a buffalo to a squirrel, on the road. He has not an ounce of fat on him. He is dearly fond of swimming in the canal. Though young, handsome, and sentimental, Corbett is not haughty or conceited. He used to sleep on my bed during the cold nights, but it is too hot for that now, so he condescends to a shake-down on the bedding bag. He was originally Susie's, I should tell you, but I told her she had got a puppy of her own—W. W.—and stole Corbett from her. . . .

To the same

MEERUT.
June 5th, 1877.

. . . The war news is very interesting. I sincerely hope we shall keep out of it, and I find myself generally in a minority of one in this great military society in believing that Mr. Gladstone is not altogether a traitor, or Disraeli altogether an angel. If war should come, I don't fancy Ballard can well get a military command, having the misfortune to be a Major-General, but he might be sent as a commissioner, I suppose, on diplomatic work with the army. It will considerably interfere with my plans, for if I'm not ordered, I'll go on my own account to the seat of war, whenever my leave is due, at the end of the year. But, indeed, I hope peace will be maintained.

I have been interrupted since beginning to write this, by a long visit from a Mussulman friend, among other things, asking to be allowed to subscribe to a memorial window some of us are erecting in the Roorkee Church to a brother officer, who had been kind to him. They are not at all bad fellows, the Mussulmans, but they deserve chastisement in Turkey. . . .

To the same

MEERUT.
August 5th, 1877.

. . . I can't say we are very lively here, for we are facing the probability of the terrible Indian scourge of drought. I told you I hoped to go to Kashmir. My hill tents and kit were all got ready, and a fortnight ago Mrs. Ross came to stay with Susie and me to make their arrangements, and we hoped to get off on the 8th, but, alas! the rain will not come down, and until it does, no canal officer can leave his post, so Mrs. Ross goes back to her husband in two days, and I turn out again to march among my canals, and see that, as far as in us lies, the thirsty land gets water. It is not a hopeless case yet, although much harm has already been done. But those among us who ever give a thought to the country, and the poor inhabitants thereof, are very anxious. . . . I am reading with great interest, Carlyle's *Past and Present*, a book I've long wished to have. I suspect when the history of English thought in this century comes to be written, old Carlyle's influence will stand quite first of all writers and thinkers. And it is good that he should always have preached what was good, and noble, and true. If he has too great a tenderness for strength and despotism rightly administered, still it is all on the side of good. . . .

August 7th.—This must go to-day, and I have little more to add. The weather looks more set fair than ever. Bombay, I trust, is going to have a better time of it—not so poor Madras! . . .

Sir Colin continues his Reminiscences :

Prominent in my life in 1877–78 was Charles Alfred Elliott, son of my father's old friend, the Rev. Henry V. Elliott, and a man of very exceptional ability, who had passed into the C.S., and risen very rapidly over the heads of many seniors. (He was afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. He was returning from furlough with his wife and child, when she died off Gibraltar, and he came to India broken-

hearted.) He was appointed Commissioner of Meerut, and so I had often business relations with him, and he was particularly friendly with me. In August he was in his house at Mussoorie, and I was in Meerut, when on the 9th we both got telegrams, ordering us to go at once to Simla, and there report ourselves to Sir John Strachey. We had no idea with what object. . . . Sir John Strachey was a little delicate man with black hair and an Italian look. He had been suffering from pain in his eyes, and received us in an almost dark room. He told us things were going on badly in Mysore, in the far south, [explaining] to us the state of the case. The Viceroy had determined to visit the south, and he wished Elliott and me to go ahead—to spend a few days in Bombay, learning the principles guiding them there in famine relief, and then to go to Mysore, and pick up all the information we could, and lay it before the Viceroy, who would follow us a few days after. All this was great distinction for me, taking me clean out of the routine.

On August 14th we dined with the Viceroy and Lady Lytton—the only other guests being the Stracheys. Lady L. was always charming. He was a curious little man. His manners were very French. Lady S. was a comfortable, fat English lady. When she got up to say good-night, Lord L. took her hands in his, and kissed them affectionately, and then patted her bare arms, from the shoulder downwards. She smiled good-naturedly, and we parted. Next morning we said good-bye to our Simla friends. The day after I was back again at Meerut. The next few days were very busy ones, making over charge of my cash and settling what to do with my furnished house, and horses, etc. Nephew G. K. S.-M. came in from Roorkee to help, and Susie and Will Willcocks too.

On Sunday night, August 19th, 1877, Elliott and I started for Poona, and the south. This was a memorable date in my life. I was treated with a consideration that I might have been proud of ten years later. I was entering on most important work, the lives of thousands depending on the success of my measures.

I had no experience in this particular work, and indeed no one had, for previous famines had been managed without any fixed principles.

Mysore, a southern province, about as large as Ireland, and with a normal population of about six millions, is now a feudatory state, but was then under British rule, the Maharajah being a child. A more prosperous, well-to-do province did not exist in India before 1876. The land is fertile. The system of tank irrigation had been carried to great perfection. The people were industrious and contented. The capital, Bangalore, is one of the most delightful stations in India. Standing three thousand feet above the sea, it is never very hot, and its pleasant climate and its beautiful trees and gardens are quite celebrated. But for two seasons the rains had failed, and the most acute famine had set in. With the best intentions possible, and for reasons I need not now go into, things had been woefully mismanaged, and when my friend and I arrived there as Famine Commissioners, it was a scene of lamentation and mourning and woe. Sunday, the day after our arrival, we visited the relief camps and kitchens—terribly depressing work. Then we went to church, and I remember when the familiar "Be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands," was chanted, I felt, What nonsense this is! How could we be joyful?

At that time forty thousand people were supposed to be daily fed in four great camps at Bangalore. They were chiefly wanderers from the country, weak and emaciated, covered with itch and vermin, their clothes the merest rags, with their bones standing out, their arms and legs like sticks with no muscle and flesh left, with large knees, and hollow eyes—children with the wrinkles of old age, too sick and weary even to cry. They wandered aimlessly along the roads, begged from shops and houses, hung about the railway-station to pick up the grain that leaked out of the sacks, lay down to sleep or die. Daily the police brought us a report of the number of dead bodies found about the place that morning. It used to be from thirty to forty daily.

To bring all this into anything like order was a difficult task. But, by opening public works for all who could work at all, and by making poor-houses and hospitals, where those who could not work were confined and fed, by little and little things got better. We had to struggle against a terrible apathy. When a woman had lost her husband and children, when a once prosperous peasant proprietor found himself alone, wife and children dead or dying, his plough-bullocks dead, his plough broken up, his cart sold, was it to be wondered at that the poor creatures did not care much to live? We used to pick them up lying on the roadsides, as we drove along, and carry them to the nearest poor-house. It was not difficult, full-grown young men and women weighing at times not more than three and a half stone.

Elliott and I were joint Famine Commissioners. He looked after revenue questions, the great *kitchens*, or camps, where as many as seven thousand people had occasionally to be fed; also the hospitals. There were many of these kitchens throughout the province, but they would have been of little use had they not been under careful, honest supervision. We appealed therefore to the army authorities to lend us officers. The officers of the Madras army were near at hand, and we hoped to obtain help from there, but the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Neville Chamberlain) refused to spare them, and so we were obliged to indent on the Bombay and Punjab army. Altogether, I think we had about thirty Famine Relief officers. The work was new to them. It could not be expected that all would take equal interest in it. It was not always pleasant. My colleague wrote of them:

They had often an immense tract of country to supervise, which taxed their physical powers to the utmost. They were entirely alone, and often, for weeks together, the tension of duty was not relieved by conversation with a friend, and all this time they were busy among scenes of cholera, smallpox, and starvation, such as might have tried the strongest nerves.

I agree with every word of this. Elliott does not mention himself. With his great administrative ability and his wonderfully rapid grasp of a question, he was the mainspring of all our works, and the relief officers became devoted to him. No one had a better opportunity than I had of appreciating his ability.

I have said that all the relief officers were not of equal merit, but their standard was a high one, and I don't think it ever occurred to them that they were doing splendid work. Looking back over the long lapse of years, the name of Captain MacIntire comes back to me as that of a typical relief officer—now long gone to his rest. He was a young captain of artillery, with a wife and baby. Some months before Elliott and I arrived in Mysore, he had volunteered for relief work, and had been sent to Heriyur—about the blackest district of the famine map. He obtained leave to come in to Bangalore to spend Christmas with his wife. We saw him that day, and next morning he started on his journey of about one hundred miles in a bullock-cart. Week after week his reports came in. The rain had come at last, prices were lower, and the distress was less acute. At Easter, MacIntire again asked for leave, and then, and only then, he showed us a letter he had received from the doctor whom he had consulted the previous Christmas. It was to this effect: "My dear MacIntire,—If you go back to Heriyur, you will probably have an abscess on your liver, and I won't answer for your life." The plucky fellow had kept this letter in his pocket, showing it to no one, until the famine pressure was over. He had an abscess on his liver, as the doctor had warned him, but lived through it. I am sure it never occurred to MacIntire that he was doing anything out of the way, and if you had asked him what he thought of the natives, he would have told you that they were a set of stupid, dirty brutes, and that he could not bear them.

I remember a quaint old Cavalry colonel saying to me, "Do you remember the story in the Bible about the two fellows who were ordered to work in the vineyard? One promised to go, and did not go.

The other refused to go, and went. I wager that fellow was an Englishman."

Our relief officers used to send us weekly diaries of their proceedings. Major Maynard writes:

To-day in one village there were only two people who had anything at all growing in their fields; formerly there were thirty families, now seventeen houses are empty in the parent village. In the hamlet there are weeds and lizards, but no human beings. One woman had lost one hundred sheep—all stolen—six cattle gone, part sold by herself: her mother-in-law and two children to keep, not a blade of grass on her land, and everything but some earthen pots sold. I gave her 10 rupees for seed, and food grain. There were three little, tiny children in one house under charge of an intelligent child of eight years. The mother had left them: they hoped she would return. I wanted at once to feed the infants, but there was no food in the whole village. Bullocks and grain are what they want. But, poor things! they are thankful for anything. It is only those who have the issuing of the relief who can appreciate what a blessing it is.

Here is another extract:

Thursday, November 29th.—I find it difficult to describe the state in which I found these villages—such misery, such utter ruin and desolation. The English money has not come too soon. I only wish those who sent it could see for themselves how much it was required, and what a blessing it is. In the first-mentioned village there were but ten families, or rather remnants of families, out of twenty-seven formerly. I will describe one case, which impressed me much, and it is really only one of many. There had been seven brothers with their wives and families, numbering in all twenty-seven, all living in one large enclosure: of these, seventeen had died, the rest dispersed, and only one man with his daughter and a brother left. This man had formerly possessed Rs. 12 of land,[1] four bullocks, seventy sheep, and

[1] *I.e.* land paying 12 rupees Land Revenue per annum—possibly 30 acres.

had been very well off. He now possessed nothing but a rag round his loins. He had lost everything. His sheep had all been stolen in one night. I gave this poor wretch 20 rupees for a pair of bullocks, 5 rupees for seed, and 5 rupees to live on for the present.

Here is another extract from the diary of a relief officer, Captain Ludlow, describing a house-to-house visitation :

No. 5 dead, wife alive, from home, being at work. Went carefully through the house, and at first could only find one pretty little girl, who was, of course, terrified to a degree, but the promise of rupees, if she would accompany me to my camp, elicited from her the fact of there being another child in the house. The child was then discovered, stowed away in a dark corner, and a more frightful object it would be difficult to conceive. The child was evidently being starved to death.

At one time we had two thousand five hundred orphan children on our hands. We used to make them over to missionaries and other charitable people. Poor little things, their faces used to get rounder, their bones less prominent, and laughs and shouts used to come from our great nurseries. But we were often disappointed in them. All would seem to go well for two or three months. Then one morning we would see their hands and feet looking puffy, and their lips and gums swollen. This meant scurvy setting in, and in two or three days they would die.

The general principle which guided us was to save life, but with the funds at our command not to attempt more from the revenue of the country. We had to consider what return we could get from the outlay necessary for this saving of life. If we had had unlimited funds at our disposal, we might have fed every man, woman, and child in the province, for all would have flocked to our works, but we had to find means of feeding only the starving, and rejecting all others, who could make a livelihood elsewhere.

Although the numerous reservoirs of Mysore had

all failed us in the hour of need, still they were invaluable in ordinary years, and the rice crops which they produced added enormously to the wealth of the country. The repairing of the embankment of these reservoirs, and the construction of new reservoirs, formed the best kind of relief work. It kept the labourers working in large gangs, where they could be easily supervised. It required no skilled labour.

Further, we had to differentiate between the able-bodied, of whom there were but few, and the many more or less famine-stricken. From the able-bodied we exacted a full measure of work, and so long as the wage was enough to support life, we raised or lowered it, according to the market rate of grain, rice, millet, or whatever was the staple food. If the labourers complained, we told them we did not want them to come to the works, if they could get work elsewhere. Of those we did take on, we took everyone above seven years of age. The little ones did little but play with the baskets of soil, but it was always something. Every work had what we called a special gang, men or women so exhausted that they could do nothing. Their work was valueless, but we found it was better for them to be employed in the open, and to be paid a daily wage, than to be lying in a hospital camp, doing nothing, and surrounded by the dead and dying.

Yet a further restriction was made. We insisted on the labourers coming away from their own houses and living in camps. We thought that those who would not come six or seven miles from their homes could not be starving. I am not sure that we were right about this.

I have said that in the outlay of public money, we confined ourselves to the saving of life. Our funds did not permit of our doing more. But to a man who has lost wife, or children, bullocks to plough with, who has sold his house, or his loom, life is not a great gift, and here we had the enormous benefit of a fund of £250,000 sent from the Mansion House. Never was a gift better bestowed. With this fund we

put many a poor *ryot* on his legs again. We found him cattle and plough, loom and tools.

We had to deal with classes who would die of want sooner than beg, or consent to go and mix with the common herd on the relief works. This feeling is intensified by the long-inherited prejudices of caste, and by the secluded life, which is rigorously demanded from every respectable woman above the peasant class.

Further personal impressions of the famine may be gathered from letters :

To his sister Bessie

FROM A NAMELESS TRAVELLER'S BUNGALOW IN MYSORE.
October 3rd, 1877.

. . . I've had my dinner, and the sun has gone down in a glorious bed of brilliant clouds over the hills. It is a jungly kind of place, bamboo brakes, and a grove of peculiarly delicate palm, bright green grass, not a white man near. I have been jogging along all day in my bullock-coach, and had really a beautiful ride this morning from Mercara—the wee capital of Coorg—a regular hill country, not on the grand Himalayan or Alpine scale, but as hilly as most places in our Highlands. And the hills generally covered with such noble forest. It has been cleared at places, and elsewhere the grassy slopes burst out of it, giving it all such a fine park-like appearance. It is too high up for the palm, but the trees are very lofty, tied together by cable-like creepers, wild jasmine and honeysuckle and roses, and many more flowers quite unknown to me, carpeting it below. How I have longed to be a naturalist ! And yet Tyndall is not fair, I think, when he says that the pleasure of one who knows nothing scientifically of Nature is just like the pleasure of a child in the smart outside of a watch, knowing nothing of its mechanism. Anyhow, it is a great pleasure to me that comes through my eyes in these tropical forests. It is saddened, too, Bessie dear. I passed a figure this

morning lying still on the roadside, sleeping very soundly, surely, in his blanket, and in rather a strange position for a sleeper—a dead coolie, that was all! Poor young fellow, he had crawled from Mysore, I suppose, to get work on the coffee plantations, and lived on berries and on roots—and he had died on them. Kindly death has stopped his sufferings. They tell me this is common enough, but I have only been a month yet in Mysore, and I have not got used to it, and please God, I won't get used to it.

Lord Lytton sent me up to see what was wrong in Coorg. There has been plenty of rain there. There was quite a large community of English coffee-planters employing labour, yet there were sad accounts of distress. I have had carte blanche to do what I thought right—a great help that, in doing business. I found a wretched muddle. The government officer in charge of the Province—a clever, active fellow, but peppery and quarrelsome—the planters desperate radicals, not very scrupulous, or always truthful, I fear, at constant loggerheads. No strong executive power at Bangalore to knock their stupid heads together, and tell them not to be idiots.

I had only four days at Coorg—one of them Sunday—so I was very busy, but I do trust I have got things a little right. I had a great conference with some forty planters, whom I found reasonable, good sort of fellows. . . . And I started seven relief hospitals for the sick and starving coolies in different places. They'll hold about one hundred each. The planters are to help to look after them, and I have telegraphed to Bangalore to send up sharp three hospital sub-ordinates. Having so done, I have had to run away, leaving regulations to be followed, but I hope and pray good may come of it, and that the poor wanderers on the roads may be picked up and taken to asylums before they die like the poor fellow I saw to-day.

In reading over this sheet, it seems very egotistical, too much of I, and I don't wish it to be so. The work is so big, that he would be a mean soul who had time to think much of himself in it, or of anything but how it could best be done. It is my good luck to have

trust reposed in me, and to be left unfettered for action. The responsibility is all the greater. . . .

To the same

CAMP, MYSORE.
February 17th, 1878.

. . . One acquires a sad experience in judging of a starved native, as to whether a girl's shoulder blades are sharper and harder than they ought to be for a growing girl, as to whether a child's little, round stomach means nourishment or spleen disease, as to whether a coolie's lean, battered legs look too lean. They don't wear many clothes, you know, and one's eye looks naturally at these points. There is no mistake about some pinched features, dull eyes, fleshless ribs. When it comes to swollen feet, then dropsy has set in, and little hope remains. I saw a good many poor this morning, but none emaciated, and though they were living most precariously, not one would go to really a beautifully managed relief work I was at yesterday. One child, covered with small-pox, was sitting contentedly by another, I fear imparting infection, but little do they care!

I visited an eerie house the other day, at Seringapatam. It is on a pretty island in the Cauvery, and for some years after the great siege (1799), British troops were stationed there, but it was so unhealthy, it was abandoned for Bangalore. There is a large house, very prettily situated by the river-side, and said to have been the residence of a certain Dr. Scott. He must have been well off, and was, I believe, a friend of the old Mysore Rajah. They say his wife and family, one by one, died of fever, and when they were all gone, the poor man disappeared, threw himself into the Cauvery, some say. The house is as he left it. The Rajah bought it, and it is kept from falling into ruin. The old-fashioned tables and chairs in the rooms, the worn carpets, a large bed with tattered mosquito curtains, two old pianos. It has a ghostly air, and the plantains and palms are burying it up with tropical zeal. . . .

In the spring of 1878 [he continues in the Reminiscences], things looked brighter. My colleague was relieved of his duty, and I was left alone in charge of famine operations. There had been a little winter rain, which had helped us, but we looked forward anxiously for the regular monsoon, or rainy season, due early in June. If it came abundantly, the price of provisions was sure to fall too, and the unemployed would find work.

While thus feeling hopeful of speedy improvement, he writes :

To his sister Bessie

MYSORE (CITY).
Sunday forenoon, June 2nd, 1878.

. . . You see they have made me a C.S.I., which I think was very civil of Her Majesty, and it is the more complimentary since they are keeping the order select, and have invented a new and cheaper one (so to speak), the C.I.E., Companion of the Indian Empire. I am very glad they didn't give me it. My plans are quite uncertain yet, but I may get my orders any day. Until the monsoon is fairly set in, I stop here, and it should begin within ten days. I leave here on Wednesday for what I hope is a final trip, to see some of my relief officers, and learn exactly the state of the worst places, and then I hope, if all goes well, to be able to report the Mysore famine as ended by the beginning of July. . . . Then I expect to leave the province and to travel all over S. India, and up through Orissa to Calcutta, reporting fully on the state of irrigation. That, I think, will take me three months. . . . I am here a guest of our Chief Commissioner—Mr. Gordon—such a very nice fellow. This is the native capital, and the Maharajah —a handsome boy of sixteen—is going through the ceremony of marriage, which lasts over pretty near a fortnight. We were all summoned the other day to see the principal part of it, the tying of a silk cord between him and his bride—a girl of fourteen—who was, from the top of her head to the ground, completely enveloped in a sheet of sort of gold and crimson

silk, face and all covered. How the poor child breathed, I can't say, for it was very hot. The ceremonies were curious enough, and the surroundings all in keeping, the " barbaric pearl and gold " of the gorgeous East, gay spangles, bright flags, brilliantly painted arches and pillars, costly awnings and curtains ; wild noisy music, salutes of guns, *skirling* of dancing girls ; groups of natives in their holiday garb, forming effective patches of colour ; half naked, fat Brahman priests in the pride of simplicity, and the sense of their semi-divinity ; " God save the Queen," played loud on our entrance ; trays of presents to be laid at the feet of the Chief Commissioner (a mere form—they are all returned) ; close lattices through which we could see the dark eyes of the palace ladies ; elephants paraded outside ; multitudes being fed by their Maharajah. There's a jumble for you, in this town of Mysore, in the midst of which you may fancy your dear brother, amused and interested, and yet thanking God for the rain creating such havoc among the tinsel, and his thoughts very much among his famine poor, the boy's subjects, still just struggling to live in his sore-stricken province. . . .

From the Reminiscences

June had come, and with it a few pleasant cooling showers, but nothing like the heavy rain needed to soak the hardened soil or fill the empty reservoirs. As day after day passed we got more uneasy, till the evening of Sunday, June 30th, a date I will always remember. It was during the evening service in church. I fear my thoughts wandered far from the service, thinking over what we were to do in a province now reduced to the extremest poverty. I was startled by something striking the pane of glass close to my head. I looked up—another tap on the glass, and actually water running down. The sky was black with great ragged clouds—rain, furious, lashing rain. I left the church for the pleasure of getting drenched. The Famine Campaign was ended.

" When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."

It was thirty years ago ; but I can hardly think of it now without the mist coming over my eyes.

In writing of this tragic time, Sir Colin gives but a slight impression of the very deep experience which the famine relief work was for him. Referring to it many years after, he says :

My first acquaintance with our fellow-subjects in India was not of a kind to call forth affection or sympathy. I began my Indian career as a soldier in a campaign, not against an honourable enemy, but against mutinous soldiers of our own native army, not only mutineers, but the murderers of English women and children. It was in May 1858, and like most of our fellow-countrymen in India at that time, I was full of hatred and revenge. I passed through English stations burnt to the ground. I stood by the well of Cawnpore soon after it had been sealed up as the tomb of so many massacred English women. Can you wonder that I was so full of rage and anger ? Well, within two and a half years, almost within sight of the shattered walls of Delhi, I was employed on famine relief works. That was the first time I saw famine, and revenge and hatred could not but be melted down into deep pity. From that time onwards, till 1877, I was entirely employed in carrying out and supervising works of irrigation to save the country from famine. Then I was suddenly ordered off to be a Famine Commissioner in Mysore, and for a year in a beautiful province utterly wrecked by famine, amidst a people dying all round me. I can never forget that time.

Many years after he was asked to speak in support of an appeal from the Mansion House for a Relief Fund during another great famine. He closed his appeal by asking sympathy for the workers in the famine district, as well as for the sufferers, and one cannot but realise that his description of what they

have to face was drawn from his own experience in such work. He says :

I have yet another appeal to make to your sympathy with the gallant-hearted army of men and women of white skin and brown skin, who are now fighting with their might to rescue the poor from death. I assure you it is not always pleasant work. The famine reliever has to see many ghastly sights, and to smell many repulsive odours, to handle, it may be, many foul objects. There are no holidays for him. He must be ready to work through the long days, even to travel night after night over jolting, dusty roads. If the hospital dresser fails him, he must himself dress loathsome ulcers, and see that itch ointment is properly applied. He will learn curious little facts as to feeding sick babies and exhausted mothers. And who is he to do all this ? Probably a bright subaltern of a marching regiment.

Mrs. Ballard comments :

I am struck by the characteristic fact that he says much of the noble exertions of his junior officers, and he speaks with much sympathy of the strain thrown on them. But he says nothing of his own heavy burden in the afflicted district. He never pitied himself. But he came straight from Mysore to our home in Bombay, and we saw at once what a terrible experience he had passed through. He was haggard and worn, and unlike his bright self. Next day sharp fever developed, and for some days he was *very ill*. The doctor said he was worn out ; he lay generally half asleep, and taking no interest in anything. He was not delirious, but told me he was *haunted* by awful sights—little children like skeletons gazing at him with wistful, pleading eyes as if he should help them. " And I can do nothing," he exclaimed. Then he turned to me, saying, " Oh, my dear, I trust you will never have to pass through a famine district." He spoke to me with gratitude of the help and comfort he had always had in the

companionship of Sir Charles Elliott, and how in the dreariest times in Mysore they had so often gone together to the Holy Communion. After some days of weakness in Bombay, his good constitution rallied, and my brother recovered, but it was an experience he never forgot.

Our cousin Dr. R. Pringle was one of those sent to distribute seed corn after the famine. He was beloved by the natives, to whom he was very kind. He told us that it was pathetic to see the emaciated creatures wandering round their fields, trusting to save the children by sowing for a crop they could not hope to reap. One man held up before him a shrivelled hand with some grains of rice in it, saying, " Doctor Sahib, it's a dying hand, but *it's a living seed* "— which we thought an allegory.

At the end of August, 1878 [continues Sir Colin], I left Mysore to serve on a Committee to report on the Irrigation Works of the Madras Presidency, Orissa and Behar. Then we broke up, and I took furlough to Europe.

[A message sent through Sir C. Bernard from Sir J. Strachey to Sir Colin and Sir C. Elliott gives evidence of Sir J. Strachey's satisfaction with their mission :

To Sir C. Bernard

December 24th, 1877.

. . . Tell Moncrieff and Elliott that although I have not written, I have been following their proceedings with great interest. They have added something to my own self-conceit, for I think I was very wise in picking out two such capital men for this work.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN STRACHEY.]

CHAPTER IV

1879—1883

All the great things have been done by the little nations. It is the Jordan and the Illyssus that have civilised the modern races. . . .

The view of Jerusalem is the history of the world : it is more—it is the history of earth and of heaven.—*Lord Beaconsfield, "Tancred."*

In 1879 Colin Scott-Moncrieff's work in Madras was over, and he returned to the Ganges Canal for a short time. Then he took a long furlough for about two years, during which—as he relates in his own words —he married Mrs. Lewis Sturge, with whom his little girl Violet had been living during the five years of his absence from home.

He returned to India alone in 1881. At the close of that year, when he was in Burmah, another sorrow fell on him. His daughter Violet, after a brief illness, passed away at Wimbledon. His recent sojourn at home had endeared her to him very specially, and her affection had added a new happiness to his life. But it was not ordained that she should grow up to be the companion that he had hoped. A sorrow of this sort comes to one exiled in a distant land with peculiar force. It was on a Sunday morning that the news reached him, and like the Psalmist of old, who could not understand the reason of life's mysteries, he went into the sanctuary of God and sought consolation in Holy Communion. Now father and daughter rest in God's acre side by side.

Not long after this he seems to have contemplated

retirement. The Government were offering good retiring allowances to the officers of the old East India Company's service; and although in his case there was every reason to suppose he would have risen to high position in India, he was not ambitious to do so. In the cold weather of 1882–83 his wife joined him, and after some little time in Burmah, they made a short tour with his wife's cousin Dora Albright over North India, after he had "sent in his papers" and was free to go where he liked.

In conversation as to his future with the writer, with whom the little party spent a few days at Lucknow, he said he thought he might be of use in connection with Irish emigration to America. He knew of some philanthropists who were anxious to assist in this direction, and he thought he might help. There was some talk about returning to England via Japan and America, but the health of his wife made this impracticable, and they went home by the usual route through the Red Sea. At Suez he received unexpectedly the message from Lord Dufferin which began his new career in Egypt.

Sir Colin continues in the Reminiscences:

I had left my beloved little daughter Violet with her Aunt Margaret, widow of my brother-in-law, Lewis Sturge, when I resumed work in India, in November 1874. On returning to England in March 1879, the first house I went to was Margaret Sturge's —my Violet's home. We had corresponded every week since we parted, and we had made up our minds that, for the future, our lives must be linked together.

[*To his sister Bessie*

S.S. "TEHERAN," RED SEA.
April 28th, 1879.

. . . Dear Mary told you, no doubt, my dear sister, of the announcement I made to her of my engagement

to Meggy Sturge. She probably sent you my letter, so I'm not going to say much more about it, but I feel that I shall have probably disappointed you both —you and mother—that I could *ever* think of marrying again, and I wondered at it myself. A *new* connection, I think, it would have been impossible for me to make, but in this one the memories of the past will in no sense be buried, and I believe it will be as happy for my Violet as for myself. . . .]

We were married at Berne in September 1879, and started on a long tour through the Tyrol, and Austria, down the Danube in a steamer to Rustchuk, and thence by rail to Varna, on the Black Sea. We spent a few most delightful days at Constantinople, then went to Beirut and Damascus, to Jerusalem, Cyprus and Athens—all new places to us, and full of deep interest.

To his brother David

CONSTANTINOPLE.
October 7th, 1879.

MY DEAR DAVID,

Here we are at last in this far-famed city, which I have so long wished to see. . . . We stayed at Vienna till the 2nd. Vienna is very like a piece of Paris. . . . So, after we had seen their cathedral, and their picture-galleries, and their park, and their opera, we resolved to move on, and took an afternoon train that goes past Pesth, down the Danube Valley, to confines of Roumania. We left daylight on the great plain that surrounds Vienna, where Napoleon fought several of his greatest battles, and next morning were in very pretty hill country, passing through the Carpathian Mountains. . . . While waiting for the train at Vienna, we had had our first indication of the East in an old gentleman, very neatly dressed, and wearing a red fez cap. Meggy said to me, "Now do you mean to tell me that that old villain has fifty wives?" We have seen a deal of the old villain since, and find he bears the familiar name of Smith, and is no more likely to have fifty

MRS. COLIN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
(*née* Margaret Sturge)

MAJOR SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, 1879

wives than Meggy's father. A very nice old fellow he is, a consul in East Hungary. The peculiar national dress of the peasantry, and the conversation in Hungarian (which is just as like to German as it is to Persian, I believe) made one feel these were really foreign parts, and then we crossed into Roumania, where they talk a kind of modern Latin, I'm told, and about seven got on board really a splendid river-steamer on the Danube. It was a very large one, built, I fancy, on the American pattern, and we were excellently fed and very comfortable. Our party on board was small, but they were talking seven languages, English, French, German, Italian, Greek, Roumanian, and Bulgarian—the last a sort of mongrel Russian. We made the acquaintance on board of a very nice, gentlemanly fellow, full of information about Turkey—a Colonel Baker—brother of Sir Samuel, and the unfortunate Colonel Valentine B., and he is with us at the hotel here, and a very useful acquaintance. The Danube is a splendid river, a baby to the Ganges, at an equal distance from the sea, still more of course to the St. Lawrence. But big enough to be very imposing, and we spent a most pleasant day and night on its waters, as far as Rustchuk, where we got on shore, and took the railway one hundred and fifty miles to Varna on the Black Sea. We had seen only a few indications of the war on the Danube, one or two battered houses at Widdin and Rustchuk, and some signs about Sistova of the Russian crossing. Bulgaria is evidently very proud of its brand-new nationality, and the soldiers in their new coats, and the flags with their national colours, sticking on nearly every house, were amusing. But I was surprised to find how very thinly the country is inhabited. Widdin, I had expected to find a considerable city. I can't fancy from its appearance that it is bigger than Dalkeith—Rustchuk still smaller, and in the one hundred and fifty miles of treeless, rolling country across the Varna, it was surprising to see the few villages. It is certainly wonderful country for campaigning, all rolling downs and valleys, not steep enough to prevent artillery

galloping over, and yet so diversified as to give constant positions of strength or observation. We saw a few earthworks here and there, but otherwise, not a trace of war. We left Varna in a dirty little steamer about 11 p.m. It was crowded with deck passengers, and one side of the poop was shut off and covered over for the accommodation of Turkish ladies. Many of the passengers, we were told, were poor Turk refugees, leaving their country for Asia Minor, rather than stand the humiliation of the Bulgarian rule. They were grand studies for artists. . . . It [the Bosphorus] is certainly a beautiful strait, not so fine, I think now, as the Straits of Messina, but sufficiently so, to be heartily admired, and I can quite believe what I'm told, that it grows on you, so that residents get quite enthusiastic about it. It is about two miles wide, and looks less, winding along between banks some three hundred or four hundred feet high, covered with picturesque houses, groves of cypress, and other trees too, but withal it is rather bare. Then there are fine old ruins of all ages, prominent among them old Genoese walls and forts. Here and there are tawdry, costly sultan's palaces, built by profligate idiots as toys, soon to be tired of, at the cost of a long-suffering race. There is something sad about the place altogether. Even the Radicals would admit, I suppose, that the poorer classes are a most excellent people, honest and faithful and patient and true, splendid soldiers, and good fellows. But all these qualities seem to avail nothing. They seem incapable of acquiring education without losing their honesty. Their Government are partly fools, mostly knaves, and so they go from bad to worse, and we hear that things just now are very bad here. The city reminds me much of Valetta in Malta—the same steep, narrow, picturesque streets, and the great harbour cutting it in two, but I never saw such a dirty place. We are in a good hotel in the Grand Rue de Pera, and that ancient and odorous friend of our youth, the West Wynd of Dalkeith, was about as clean in its dirtiest parts. I don't suppose the streets have *ever* been cleaned since time was, and

Constantinople has been going on for some time, for I learn from Murray that Alcibiades enjoyed it, and that Demosthenes fought here against Philip of Macedon, 340 B.C. So you see it has had plenty of time to get dirty. But withal it is marvellously picturesque; merely to take a window and watch the passers-by is delightful. We spent yesterday afternoon in the venerable mosque of St. Sophia—a glorious building, where one enjoyed drinking in impressions, as I did one day with Joanna last March in the church at Malta. It is quite one of the most interesting buildings I have ever seen, and it was very curious to notice how flimsy the covering is over the crosses and other Christian emblems that adorned it before the Turks took it in 1453. Give it back to the Christians, and in six months it would cease to bear anything of the mosque about it.

To his stepmother

JERUSALEM.
Sunday night, November 2nd, 1879.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

For months past I have had a kind, very kind letter of yours lying by me unanswered. It must be so no longer, and you won't object to the answer, because it is addressed from Jerusalem, and contains my views of this far-famed city. . . . We reached Jaffa (Simon's Joppa) on Friday morning. It is a very exposed town, and there was a heavy swell rolling, with a surf dashing against the shore, such as I have only seen at Madras. It is no uncommon thing here, and this long harbourless coast made me think how natural it was that Jews should not be a sea-going people. Jaffa is forty miles from this, and we hired a sort of two-horse *drosky* to bring us up, breaking the journey half way for a night. You never saw such a road—such a thing as I suppose only could be in Turkish territory. It was just as though all the stones, big and small, had been collected, and spread on one line—like driving along the bed of a river. But we got on somehow, found the half-way place—Latron—clean enough, and

yesterday morning began our ascent into the "hill country of Judæa." Up to then, had been all through a flat plain—the plain of Sharon, the country of the Philistines.

From Latron we rose steadily, and the whole way to this was a succession of hills and valleys, but always rising. Fancy the hills in the S. of Scotland, only rounder, more all of a height, without green grass, purple heather, birch or fir, or bonny burn, the only trees the dull green olive, and far and near and everywhere, stones, stones. Not rocks or mountains, stones, and featureless, colourless hills. It rained a good deal yesterday, and yet there were no streams running, and I felt, Could this be the land so dearly loved by David, and a greater than David? We passed a Syrian village, identified as Kirjath-jearim, and I tried to imagine the procession of the ark up these bare hill-sides to the Holy City. And at last we came to it. On the N.W. and least striking side—past some new, smart Russian buildings, past a house with a gaudy red flag, "Cook's Tourists," and then up to a very venerable wall, old, no doubt, and a little to the left brought us to the Damascus Gate. Here we had to get off, and enter on foot, for no carriages can get along the narrow streets, and very soon we reached the queer pile of nondescript rooms and stairs and terraces called the Damascus Hotel. And then I really began to feel *this* was Jerusalem. There opposite was the Mount of Olives, so near that I could distinguish a person walking up it from Kedron. A little to the right is the dome of Omar's mosque, built on the site of the temple. Below are narrow, muddy, *filthy*—horribly filthy, streets. They are not of the old city, which lies all buried below under tiers of houses and ruins, but it is the same Mount of Olives, and there in the blue distance are the hills of Moab. . . .

This afternoon we have been out at Bethany, and here again, I was struck with the abject desolation. Away, far down, and as it were at our feet nearly, though miles away, lay the still waters of the Dead Sea. We could trace the long valley of the Jordan

leading to it, but it was an equally bare, desolate valley, with none of the bright emerald vegetation that surrounds Damascus, and generally in the East marks the presence of water. The village consists of a few poor, wretched houses, and there are a number of olive and fig trees about. It probably was not always so barren, but yet it could never, I should say, have been other than a poor place, and looking at it, and thinking how the Master loved it, and how often He must have looked over that view on to these blue Moab mountains, I felt strongly, what a humble position was His in the world. How thoroughly He was one of the people! No cultivated doctor of laws, no poet living in ennobling, grand scenery, but one of the poor. An old fellow walked past with his saw over his back, a carpenter, such as I daresay Joseph was. The houses in Bethany cling on to the steep, bare hillside, one above another. We walked through them, over the top of the Mount of Olives, where we saw the sunset, and down to Kedron, and the Garden of Gethsemane, and up again to the city, in at the gate where Stephen is said to have been stoned. Meggy remarked how natural that the Jews should kill their criminals by stoning, when at your feet there are always stones ready to use. Altogether the impression of Jerusalem is sad—a house left desolate Every yard is marked by some apocryphal site. Here Pilate lived. Here Jesus fell under the cross. Here it was erected. And Greeks and Latins and Armenians fight over all these details in a way downright sickening. They have no interest for me. I feel all that we can know is that that is the very Mount of Olives, the Valley of Kedron, the Hill of Zion, that these hills were gazed on and traversed and sung of by David, that this very site is the Jerusalem that our Master loved and wept over. . . .

We spent this morning in the great mass of curious chapels and grottoes, aisles and domes and galleries, that form the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek Church are the principal owners, but besides there are chapels, large and small, of Latin, Armenian, Syrian, Coptic, and Abyssinian Christians, who all

practise their several rites under one set of roofs, with a guard of Mussulman Turkish soldiers to keep the peace among them! We were only a short time in the church to-day, and must visit it again. This afternoon we rode out some six miles to Bethlehem. It seems now rather a flourishing town of five thousand people, and looks all the cleaner and more prosperous that it is nearly entirely Christian. Here, as in Jerusalem, there is no clue to enable one to identify sites. But the hills are there unaltered, with their steep sides, and deep valleys leading to the Dead Sea. The town is on a ridge, and has quite the appearance of a mountain town, for it is two thousand five hundred feet above the Mediterranean Sea, and the Dead Sea, which is as distinct below as Loch Leven from Fossaway Hill, is one thousand two hundred and thirty feet below the sea. The country is not quite so bare here as at Jerusalem, and in spring, I daresay, looks pretty enough, with its cornfields and vineyards, but there are almost no trees, except olives and figs. Of course there is a great church here: according to Dean Stanley, the oldest Christian church in the world, dating from about A.D. 330. It carries one back some time even to know that the old roof of cedar of Lebanon, having become rotten, was renewed by King Edward IV of England with good English oak, and that is the roof now existing. This church, too, belongs to Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, and below it are a number of very curious caves connected together, which are specially holy, as having from the earliest time been supposed to be the actual scene of the Nativity. All that can be said in their favour, I believe, is that the people of this country were much in the habit of excavating grottoes and caves in the soft limestone rock, and living in them at times. What is authentic is that, in one of these, the celebrated Father St. Jerome lived for thirty years and died in A.D. 420, and here he made the Vulgate translation of the Bible. . . .

This morning we got an order to visit the great enclosure on which there is every reason to believe Solomon's Temple actually stood—the old Mount

Moriah of Abraham's sacrifice. Now it is occupied by the splendid Mosque of Omar (which the early Crusaders believed to be really the Temple, and as a small copy of which the round vestibule of the Temple Church in London, and one or two abroad, were built), and there is another mosque, in the Temple enclosure, on the foundations of a Christian church. Omar's mosque is very magnificent, and it is most interesting to see, under the centre of the dome, the great bare rock standing out, as it must have done, in the middle of the Temple. I found there this morning six Mussulman pilgrims from the Punjab and the N.W.P.; poor fellows, they had walked all the way through Cabul and Persia, and their eyes brightened when I talked to them in their own tongue. I must say it touched me as though they had been poor Scots. They had been away from India two years, and had received no news, and I told them about the crops, and the Cabul Campaign, and gave them the last news. I told them to remember that, like myself, they were subjects of the great Maharani in the West, and that if they were bullied, they would find English consuls everywhere ready to do them justice. They hooked on to us, and saw, with wondering and believing eyes, where David administered justice, and where Solomon sat. For, you know, these names are as honoured by the Mussulmans as by us, and this particular Mosque of Omar is, next to Mecca, the most sacred spot in their faith. I was glad to find these Hindustanis, and they saw things all the better, and were the more respectfully treated, because we were there, and I gave the Turkish officials to understand that we were British subjects. . . .

To his sister Mary

ATHENS.
November 19th, 1879.

. . . We should have sailed in the evening for Syra, but a tremendous storm of wind and rain came on, so that no ships could go out, and we lay till daylight and then started through an angry sea for the Piræus. It had cleared by mid-day, and on our right bow were

the stately white columns of Minerva's Temple, standing solitary sentinel to the waters on "Sunium's marble steep." From thence it was a beautiful sail, and we had one of these never-to-be-forgotten sunsets,

One unclouded blaze of living light.

On the left, the noble outline of the Island of Egina, behind it, the blue, purple hills of the Peloponnesus, the Island of Salamis on the right, then mountains behind mountains, Citheron and Parnassus. We saw it as we entered the Piræus harbour, whence seven miles of railway brought us here, to a most comfortable hotel, I may add.

Yesterday was utterly dreary, cold and windy and wet. We shivered, and I grumbled, and we looked at Schliemann's recent Mycenæan discoveries, and visited the very beautiful Temple of Theseus, and shivered and were uncomfortable. If this is to be Athens, thought I, let us flee. Up at daybreak though, there was another sight, the pale light of dawn lighting up the hills all round, white with yesterday's fresh snow. So we got up sharp, and out by 8 a.m., and have had a most fascinating and interesting day. I can't tell you how I have enjoyed it, and how far it has exceeded all I expected. . . . It has been an exquisite day of still sunshine. We were from eight o'clock till twelve on and about the Acropolis, then came in to déjeuner and out again to Plato's Academia, and the banks of the Kephissus, and then climbed Lykabettus to see the sunset. I can quite see the fancied resemblance Edinburgh bears to Athens. . . . I wasn't prepared for the wonderful beauty of this site, and to-day with all the hills, far and near, snowy white, under the bluest of skies, you can imagine how fascinating it was. We could hardly tear ourselves away from the marble ruins of the Parthenon and its surroundings. . . . We have come from Jerusalem straight to Athens. There is no form or comeliness, no beauty that we should desire. Here is one of the fairest scenes in God's fair world. Here is the most refined form of intellectual paganism (so different from Hindu mon-

strosities). All art thrown into the service, the highest genius flourished here, and has left to all ages the highest types of what man can do that is ennobling and lovely. . . . The birthplace of our religion, the chosen home of our Master on earth, had no such adventitious advantages. No one can plead, in homely prosaic lands, that a more beautiful dwelling-place would render him fitter to grasp the truths of religion, and to live according to them. These truths, adapted for the humblest, and the least interesting, had their cradle midst the most homely of scenes, and teach us a lesson, I think not hard to learn. . . . Modern Athens I am glad to find less obtrusive and uppish than I had expected. I doubt if the Greeks of to-day have at all the feeling for beauty that the Italians have, but their city is inoffensive and unobtrusive. You would have laughed, as we did, at a young naval officer we met at Beyrut, who assured us Athens was a very nice city and much improved of late with some fine new *boulyvards*—all this in the richest Irish brogue. Improved, I thought to myself—didn't one Pericles finish its improvements about two thousand two hundred years ago? Woe is me, that my classical education finished more than twenty-seven years ago, and I really know little more than that Philistine sailor of all I should like to know here. But Themistocles brushes my clothes very well, and Leonidas is said to be a good tailor, while the court bootmaker is Sophocles, whose name, in " the letters Kadmus gave," is over his door down Hermes Street, round the corner. No more of Athens to-night. . . .

To turn again to the Reminiscences

At Athens Margaret had a sharp attack of fever, the result, we thought, of bad drains, and we took the first ship we could find starting for Marseilles. It was very cold weather in the Mediterranean, and I remember the day we got to Marseilles, the deck was covered with ice. We reached London just before Christmas. The first thing to attend to when we got home, was to find a house, and we soon

succeeded in finding one, [of which] we took a seven years' lease, near the foot of the Downs, at Wimbledon. We named it Netherton—a name suggested by my father-in-law, Mr. Edmund Sturge. We paid £135 for it. Margaret had all the furniture she had inherited from her first husband, Lewis Sturge.

My furlough time was a very happy one. Our two children, Violet and Lewie, were a great happiness to us. Violet was a specially sweet child. In July 1880 we took a house at Comrie, in Perthshire, and spent three months there. My brother David with his family, a contingent of Albright relations, and our kind friends the Seebohms, took houses very near ours. The season was an exceptionally fine one, and we made many delightful excursions in the beautiful Perthshire scenery.

On October 21st, 1880, we got back to our house at Wimbledon, and on November 28th our dear little Lucy was born.

To Mrs. J. E. Sturge

NETHERTON, WIMBLEDON.
Wednesday, December 1st, 1880.

MY DEAR JANE,

I have told Edith I must have the pleasure of writing to you this afternoon to thank you for your kind sisterly greetings, and to report " all well." . . . Our little " Lucy " (for such she is to be named) is, I'm told, a very good specimen of a natural healthy little babe. Violet is delighted of course—Lewie deeply interested. He regrets the unfortunate coincidence that his mother should be ailing just at this time, and he asked her on Monday, " Mother, have you seen the new baby ? "

Meggy says she thinks the babe must take after me. You and I have good reason to wish that she and all our children may inherit qualities of the other side of the house.

I have to thank you for something soft received to-day for the babe. (Is it called a square ? I'm not sure !) It was kind of you to think of it.

You can well fancy how sweet and soothing it is to have Edith in the house. How she goes quietly

about with a smile and a kind word and a helpful act for all who want it.

Colin continues in the Reminiscences

On April 1st, 1881, my holiday was over. That evening I parted from my dearest Meggy and the children (I never saw Violet again: she died at Wimbledon, December 6th, 1881), and travelled as fast as I could by Brindisi to Bombay, where I found I was appointed Chief Engineer of Burma—an appointment which I held until January 1st, 1883. Burma was an entirely new country to me, and it was a disappointment not to be going back to the Ganges and Jumna, to the district, and the work, and the fellow-workmen, that I loved so well. But I had no cause to regret going to Burma. At that time it was ruled by a Chief Commissioner, Charles Bernard, whom I knew well and was to know much better.

He was a nephew of John and Henry Lawrence and inherited no small share of their ability. He was a man of untiring energy, of a most athletic build, full of high courage, the simplest man I ever worked with. He was only too careless of himself, and the result was a very long and severe illness. He was a most sincere Christian of the Evangelical party, but devoid of all narrowness of mind. I travelled about a great deal with him, on horse, on foot, in steam-launches, in " dug-outs." We thought nothing of a twenty-mile walk in warm steamy country. The work was full of interest, and as varied as it was interesting. Twice we were shipwrecked on steam-launches, once on the Gyne river, and the other time on the Myoo river in the Akyab district. We were frequently drenched with rain. I had to inspect the Oyster Reef and Alguado Lighthouses. There were many miles of road to make, and there was great difficulty about getting road metal. I had charge of all Government buildings. I travelled about a great deal from Akyab in the north, to beautiful tropical Mergui in the south. The beauty of the country was a constant pleasure to me. I was very anxious to

get authority to cut a ship canal across the isthmus, south of Mergui, which would shorten the voyage from Calcutta to Hong Kong by about one thousand miles. The canal would have been some seventy miles long, and so far as I can remember the excavation would not have been very great. But the east end of the canal would have been in Siam, and the Siamese Government objected to it. It will be done some day.

To his sister Bessie

BASSEIN, BURMA.
June 12th, 1881.

. . . The country is entirely new to me—the people more unlike the natives of India than Scotchmen are unlike Italians (the language far more unlike Hindustani than Scotch to Italian). It is a very interesting country, developing very fast, and with a reserve of undeveloped wealth which will, I believe, make it of extraordinary value. I have been travelling about somewhat since I arrived, and it is not a very rapid business. We have one railway working one hundred and sixty miles up the Irawadi to Prome, and another is just sanctioned, but the chief routes are by water, and I have already spent a good many days in steam-launches on these great rivers. This is a sea-port, about ninety miles up one of the mouths of the Irawadi. It is not a very wide mouth—not much wider, perhaps, than the Thames at Greenwich—but yesterday, when I was considering an engineering question and asked about its depth, I found that it was one hundred and ten feet close to the shore. The biggest ships can lie alongside and take in their rice cargoes. I paid a visit yesterday which would have interested you to the Karén Mission Establishment here. You may have heard of the Karén Mission and Dr. Judson and his successors, American Baptists, and very noble fellows. The Karéns are not Burmans, but were a subject and oppressed race (like the Oirish !) scattered all over Burma, and not Buddhists as the Burmans are, but with a sort of simple demon-worship. They very readily became converted, and now there are Christian Karén

COLONEL SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
Rangoon

villages each with its chapel all over the country. They are very independent, and soon declared they wouldn't take money from America or England, so they support their own pastors ; they have sent two missionaries to Siam, and the large school here is entirely their own work. It is a splendid teak building (we all live in wooden houses here), with I don't know how many class-rooms, a chapel, and a series of houses on the estate of forty acres in which the pupils all board. There are about one hundred and sixty boys and forty girls. The parishes send in their subscriptions and the education is entirely free. So a poor father with a big family has them educated for nothing ; he only subscribes what he sees fit to the general fund. Yesterday, being Saturday, was a holiday and I didn't see the pupils, but I walked all over the place and had some interesting talk with the Yankee missionary.

RANGOON.
June 19th.

Two days and a night after writing the above were spent on the waters. In and out of a labyrinth of creeks, now a mile wide, now so narrow we brushed the branches overhanging on both sides. Miles and miles of yellow waters. Everywhere dense forests on the banks, splendid great trees bound together with giant creepers, wonderful clumps of graceful bamboos, groups of many palms, mangroves lining the shore and growing in the deep water. Behind we knew there were rice-fields, but we rarely saw them. Every here and there we passed well-to-do-looking villages of wooden houses all perched on stilts, with the flooded waters lapping round them and the amphibious natives lolling in and out of their canoes. . . .

The rain has been very heavy. In fact this is a very wet place. Everything is wet—one's pillow, sheets, mattress, all are damp, but there is such a total absence of cold about it that no one is any the worse, and people don't get fever here as they do in India. In fact, I think the part of Burma I've been

in is very healthy. Only there is nothing to pick one up if one was to run down—never half an hour of bracing weather right round the year. I don't believe the thermometer is ever below 70°.

To Mrs. Ballard

RANGOON.
July 10th, 1881.

. . . How is my name-boy getting on, and what are you going to do about him, dear? My Sunday reading just now is Arnold's *Life*; and a fine bracing moral tone I find it. I see he advises (in a letter to Sir T. Paisley, 1835): "Large private schools I think are the worst possible system; the choice lies between public schools and an education whose character may be strictly 'private and domestic.'"

No doubt schools are much improved since then, public and private, and that due to Arnold more than to anyone else. But still I respect his judgment in this matter. I hardly suppose you can mean to bring Collie up at Mr. Snell's till he is seventeen or eighteen. In a home where, alas! there is now no longer a father, you can hardly mean this, and you may very likely have put his name down for Haileybury or some other place. But if not, do so, dear Joe. Put it down, I would say, at two or three schools. It does no harm, and possibly the school you may like best may not be able to take him in for longer than is right to wait, and so you'll have another string to your bow. But I daresay you have quite settled all this already, and have no intention of drifting, as I have twice caught William doing, in the cases of his Willie, whom he was not sending to be coached for the army, and Charlie, whom he intended to keep on at Durham, rather than hurt the Head Master's feelings! No, I daresay you're not drifting, and I might spare all this talk, or you'll answer me in the words of dear, wee M. A. B.: "Don't teach your grandmother to lay eggs."

To his sister Bessie

ON THE WATERS OF BURMA.
July 29th, 1881.

MY DEAR BESSIE,

Let me try to describe to you my surroundings. I am writing on my knee in a boat under a mat covering like the round top of an old wagon. We are going through a forest some three or four feet under water. It is impossible to row. Two men pole us along with long bamboos—now bumping against the trunk of a tree, now brought up by a thick bit of brushwood. We are a party of four boats, containing ourselves (Mr. Bernard, the Chief Commissioner, two other officers, and myself), our servants, beds, bedding, portmanteaus, crockery, cooking-pots, etc., etc. The birds overhead scream, surprised at our presence. The long dank creepers hang in ropes from tree to tree—the tall jungle-grass is crushed right and left by our boats—the water is quite clear and is distinctly flowing, and this is a regular road, a trade route, whereon rice and salt, sugar and dried fish, food and raiment travel to and fro. In November it will be quite dry, and then carts will ply where we are now boating. It is about 7 a.m. We started at earliest dawn at 5.15. It was raining heavily, but is fair now, only the trees dropping on us. Now the shade is so thick I can hardly see to write. Now we are out in a glade. It is a delicious cool morning, and the doves cooing carry back my thoughts to the cushats and the old park at Dalkeith. Here we pass a native in his log-cut canoe paddling along. If Darwin's theories are true, these people should have developed web feet by now. They seem really amphibious. The wee-est bairns strike boldly out in a canoe alone. It capsizes, and they are equally at home swimming round it. Two days ago I noticed a woman bring a jar to a river's edge to fill with water. She might have stooped down and filled it quite easily, but she preferred to walk in up to her neck and have a little swim, and then came out with her garments all dripping and the water-jar on her head

and walked quietly home. I needn't say she did not wear as many garments as you think necessary in Princes Street, but nearly as many as you go to bed in. Their houses are all wood or bamboo, built on poles some six feet or more above the ground, and in the country we have lately been in, the ground is the water. Venice is an inland town to the villages we have passed—absolutely without a foot of ground round them. They are a well-conditioned, prosperous, comfortable people. They seem to lack nothing in a material way, so different from the state of things in India. Old and young men and women all smoke—*literally* I believe babes smoke before they are weaned, and they all look so fat and jolly that I think it is a strong evidence that tobacco is not a bad thing. They are practically teetotallers, though they never heard the word. But of recent years I'm sorry to say some of the younger men have taken to opium, which Bernard is doing his utmost to put down, by making it nearly impossible for them to get any.

Yesterday we were in such a lovely place—a village beside a fine brimming river, perhaps twice as big as the Tay, and as clear—with wooded hills all round. We climbed to the top of one some four hundred feet and thought it was nearly a perfect view. The river sweep, the background of hills, the marvellous richness and greenness of the tropical vegetation—"watered like the garden of the Lord." It is rather an unfrequented part of the province and difficult to get at, and I believe no Chief Commissioner has been here for some twenty years, so there's always a little spectacle when we reach any town. Yesterday morning we had left our boats four miles off, to take a short cut on foot through the forest; then we climbed to the hill-top, and when we came down, with muddy boots and dirty trousers, we were met by the band, who made barbaric and fearful music, and the people all turned out to see us representatives of that far-away land which has so strangely got dominion here. We put up at the court-house, where was a deputation of the leading men, all on one side of the verandah,

and their ladies on the other—all smartly dressed in bright silks which they much affect—and an address in Burmese, which, of course, I didn't understand, alluding to Queen Victoria, the blessings of our rule, etc., etc., was read. Everywhere I have been before it is a sign of respect to stand before a superior. Here in the *very* Far East it is thought disrespectful to have one's head higher than the great man's, so all squat on the ground in an attitude that seems almost profane to a human being. (Yet even in this attitude it is hardly thought disrespectful to have a cigar in the mouth.) They brought us glasses of coco-nut milk, very pleasant to drink; and B. made a little reply—and then they would have all gone away. But it came on a pour of rain, and the ladies did not want to wet their silks, and so stayed in the verandah. But B. and I wanted to have a swim in the river—so we went to our rooms, undressed and put on waterproofs—(the long waterproof coat I bought for Comrie and hardly ever needed)—and equipped in these, and in very little else, with bare feet, we walked through the ladies, and out through the rain and into the river. I daresay they thought it was a ceremony of our religion! It generally rains. In Edinburgh you have, I think, about twenty-five inches of rain in the year. In this part of Burma there are about two hundred and thirty inches in six months, the other six months being absolutely rainless. I noticed at this village a neat little kind of doll's house in the wood just outside by the river's edge. This was for the village sprite, the fairy that had to be civilly treated and housed. It is odd to live among people who soberly believe this, though I daresay Mother can recollect old folks in her youth who were nearly equally credulous in old Scotland. . . .

The second battalion of young Willie's regiment is here (late 77th), and a poor-looking set they are on parade. If his parents would like Willie in a good, respectable, law-keeping country, they had better get him transferred from Ireland to this. . . .

To the same

AT SEA.
November 29th, 1881.

. . . Your last letter was from Row and Foss: and you alluded to yachting, and said it would have been better for me to become a Paisley weaver than a soldier, for so I might have kept a yacht for your delectation, just as though that couldn't be managed far easier by your marrying a Paisley body! But I'm yachting after a fashion now, and indeed for the last three weeks have been about as much on the water as the land. . . .

On the 23rd I steamed some seven hours from Akyab to Kyouk-pyoo, a little civil station at the N. end of a large island called Ramree. Kyouk-pyoo had had the small amount of two hundred and twelve inches of rain between May and October, but it was said to be *quite* over, when a fresh turn was given to the pumps and in four days I was there it rained five and three-quarters inches, catching me severely in my heaviest excursion, which was three hours in a boat, eleven miles walk along a road of newly made earth (oh the mud!), then again boat. I was drenched and muddy and hungry and jolly after it all. I left Kyouk-pyoo two days ago and have been *yachting* ever since in an open boat only fitted with a little cabin at one end—two of my officers in another boat, as this is too small for the three of us. I had to go out to visit another island called Cheduba, about as big, I suppose, as the Isle of Wight. No English officer had been there since January, they said, which was not creditable to our officers, and I supposed there were no whites in the island. But I found I was wrong, and that an old pensioned soldier and ex-inspector of Burmese Police had chosen this remote spot to end his days. I looked him up and found a vigorous, hale old fellow who didn't look as though he had been forty years in the East, and dropped his *h*'s as though he had just left his native London. He had a Burmese wife; told me he hadn't talked English for years, and was very civil. Poor old fellow,

I fear he is a bit of an old heathen,—perhaps an old scamp. I have no idea why he should have fixed on Cheduba.

November 30th.

I had to arrange about starting a road in the island, and building a bridge. At present it possesses not a single cart, there being no roads, but many miles of fine rice-fields. And we left a Bengali overseer there, very sorry for himself at being in so foreign and out-of-the-way a place. . . .

I made somewhat of a détour to visit a little island called Sagóo. We had a capital breeze and got gaily over the water till after sunset, and as we had no charts and none of my crew any more than myself had ever been in these parts before, we anchored for the night at a lovely spot, a sandy beach on a hilly, wooded island about a mile long. It was bright moonlight, a soft warm air. I waded ashore through the warm sea water and dined in the moonlight on the top of my cabin. This morning I woke up the crew at dawn and they had to row about two and a half hours against the wind to Sagóo. My object for visiting it is this. You must know there has been much discussion about the wicked injury our rule has done to this coast from the permission in its towns to sell opium. A large excise was paid for it, and I am afraid our rulers were keener about getting the revenue than about the morals of the poor Burmans. They themselves at last protested, the old men saying their sons were becoming confirmed opium smokers. District officers protested about it too, and my friend Bernard last year closed about three-quarters of the opium shops straight off. It is curious enough that the Chinese, of whom there are many in Burma, take their opium sensibly, just as we take beer, and one never hears of them suffering by it ; not so these foolish Burmans, who are an impulsive, easy-going, self-indulgent set. Now this Sagóo was said to be the very worst of all the bad opium places. Some one wrote a most sensational account of the manifest depravity and misery visible on all sides. And my good father-in-law, who has taken up the anti-opium

question along with many another, sent me a paper about it the other day. The opium shop at Sagóo has been closed for near a year, but I have no doubt they smuggle it in, as they very easily can. Whether they do or not, I am glad to say that, having walked carefully through the large village this morning and looked at a number of people, I could see very little trace of it, so little that I am certain if I hadn't been on the look-out, I would not have discovered it at all. It was a picturesque village of bamboo houses under coco-nut trees, and the people looked happy, and were well clad and busy boat-building and weaving and bringing in their rice harvest. . . .

Next week I hope to take the steamer back to Rangoon, there to prepare for a visit from the Viceroy. I have a heap of guests to entertain in a big empty house I have got hold of, next to my own. They are officers and their wives coming to pay their respects to the Viceroy, and the Bernards meant to entertain them all. But as Lord Ripon's own party will give them plenty to do, and as I am not sorry to be able to return hospitalities I meet with everywhere in my journeys, I am very glad to take over these guests. Who they are to be, or how many, I don't know. I have secured the help of a nice young Irish civilian to entertain them, and I hope there will be plenty to eat. . . .

On the day that the last of these guests had departed, Sir Colin's diary records :

Wednesday, December 28th, 1881.—Home letters came in with the news that my darling Violet was very ill. . . . Very miserable. Telegraphed to know how she was.

Thursday, 29th.—A day of painful suspense. No answer to my telegram. . . . Dull pain gnawing all day with thoughts of my child.

Friday, 30th.—Still no telegram. So telegraphed again and to-night at 9 p.m. got the reply, "All is over."

Saturday, 31st.—A day of sad distress. Then dear

Bernard came in, and had a walk in the moonlight—but oh! I'm lonely and weary and sad—and so passes away the year.

He writes to his sister:

RANGOON.
January 22nd, 1882.

The news came to me with terrible suddenness, and I felt how far away I was when I thought how I had been occupied while hearts were wrung at home and my child was suffering. The very day she was taken I was walking from morning to night through a great solemn tropical forest . . . again and again I thought how my Violet would like to see it all. . . .

It seems the closing altogether of a volume of my life that was finished in 1874, but lay open while Violet was there. I do not know if I'll ever really take it *quite* in, till I get back to Wimbledon, and see her garden, and her birds, and her little room, and—her grave.

To his sister Bessie

CAMP ON THE ARAKAN HILLS.
March 25th, 1882.

. . . I wish I could describe my picturesque surroundings. I am sitting with my chief, Bernard, in what the Burmese call a "teh," that is a shed they have run up for us of bamboo. The floor is of thin bamboos laid side by side (between which the leg of a camp chair will occasionally sink). The walls on three sides are of bamboos split and beaten out flat, then laced with upright bamboos. The roof is of fresh green bamboo leaves, not so thick as to prevent the sun striking through holes requiring us to wear our hats. A little partition on one side gives us a bathroom, and our water-jars, for we have no tubs, are merely bits of large bamboo filled with water like a pail. On the north our shed is entirely open, and pleasant it is here, three thousand feet high, with the thermometer not above 80°, while in the plains it

is just now from 95° to 98°, and a cool, fresh breeze blowing. The bamboo is of use for everything. The fibre makes strings, walls, floors, roofs, pails, as I have said. Our ponies are eating bamboo leaves; the six elephants that are carrying our baggage are browsing outside on bamboo stalks as a horse does on grass. From the hilltops down to the far valleys is dense bamboo forest, which I think I can best describe to you as a field of hay, forty or fifty feet high. It is monotonous going along paths through it, and perfectly impassable, if there are no paths. But although there is a great deal of it here, it isn't all bamboo. It is nearly all forest containing many noble trees, and just now a number are in splendid blossom, while our servants have been bringing in dozens of beautiful orchids in flower. I have thought often of you and mother with these orchids, and wished you had a greenhouse, for then I would try to send you a boxful; and, as you may suppose, I have often thought of my flower-loving flower Violet. . . .

Bernard and I are crossing by an excellent hill road (but one almost entirely unused) from Prome, in the Irawadi valley, west to the sea-coast of Arakan on the Bay of Bengal. We left Prome four days ago and have five marches still to go. We get up at five or earlier; walk ten or twelve miles, or ride, if we feel tired; the march is usually about fourteen miles. We go in very simple fashion, and our lodging here to-day is perhaps not what a Frenchman would think befitting the governor of a province as large as Great Britain, but it suits Bernard well enough, and I enjoy being with him. I have been travelling about greatly lately. On the 19th I got home late at night from a hurried fortnight's journey up and down one of our big rivers to our N.E. frontier-station Toungoo. I expected to rest for a bit in Rangoon, where I had much to do, but I found next morning that Mr. Bernard was only awaiting my return to start off on this expedition. So off we went in the morning of the 21st, and I don't suppose we shall be back in Rangoon for a month. . . .

The Reminiscences continued

A marvellous outpouring of insect life in Rangoon I shall never forget. It was on the Queen's birthday, 1882. The Bernards had to give a ball; the ball-room was a fine teak hall, lighted by candles inside glass shades, along the walls. Anyone who knows India must remember that the last stage of the white ants (if it is correct to call it a white ant?) is to develop yellow gossamer wings, to fly about for a few hours, and then for the wings to fall off, and the ant to die. The ball was in full swing, when the hall was invaded with millions of these white ants. The ladies in ball-dresses complained that they went down their backs. The glass candle-shades were soon full of them, so that at last they put out the candles. The only thing was for everyone to get out into the dark, while the servants swept out the floor, which was covered with a paste of these insects. In about an hour all were gone, and the dancing could go on.

Next morning I took a favourite walk round a pretty lake, about five miles. The whole road for the whole distance was coated with myriads of ants and wings.

The white ants were not pleasant, but they were better than the swarms of flying bugs, which swarmed over us a few nights after—stinking abominably. We were obliged to sit in the dark after dinner, as the bugs crowded round the lights.

Worse than either white ants or bugs were the mosquitos in some places. I remember spending a day and night at a civil station on the Irawadi, named Maobin. It was on the edge of the bank of this noble river. This bank was not more than two hundred yards wide, and on the side away from the river was an immense swamp. We went through it on an elephant, and the grass and canes stood above the elephant's head. We stayed with the Deputy Commissioner. Over every door and window was a mosquito net, round the table was a similar net, under which a servant passed the dishes. Most curious of all, I saw an elephant under a net. So much for insect life in the tropics.

On October 20th, 1882, my dear wife Margaret arrived at Rangoon, much to my delight. I wished her to see something of what Indian life was like. True, Burma was not India, but it was sufficiently like. We visited Prome and beautiful Moulmein, and made many kindly acquaintances, but I never intended staying beyond the end of the year, when I would be entitled to my pension.

For many reasons I was sorry to leave Burma; chiefly I was sorry to part with the Bernards—dear, kind people.

My successor as Chief Engineer—Colonel Lang—arrived on January 3rd. That night the Public Works officers gave me a farewell dinner; and on the morning of January 5th we started for Calcutta, where we arrived on the afternoon of the 8th.

At Calcutta we had the great pleasure of being joined by Margaret's cousin Miss Dora Albright (now my dearest wife) and her youngest brother, Beaumont. The former stayed with us all our way homeward. Beaumont went on, on his tour round the world.

We stayed till the afternoon of the 16th in Calcutta, and then started for Darjiling. We saw the sun rise in glory beyond description on the 18th, and spent four beautiful days among the mountains. Then back to Calcutta, and on the 23rd started on our long railway journey. At Benares we visited my brother Alick's grave, Lucknow, Cawnpur, Agra, Fatekpur Sikri, Gwalior, Jhansi, Paricha (where W. Willcocks was building a weir over Betwah River, and we stayed with him, his wife Susie, and their children), Meerut, Roorkee (where we were the guests of my dear old friend Ashton Brandreth), Delhi, Jeypur, Jodhpur (where we visited my dear friend Percy Powlett), on to Bombay, whence we sailed for Europe in the P. & O. s.s. *Ganges* on March 15th. I need not write more fully about this tour through India. It is indelibly fixed in my memory, and my daughters, if they ever read this journal, will recall the places, most of which they too have subsequently visited.

I remember one thing that greatly affected all the

rest of my career. We often discussed whether, instead of going home by Bombay, we should return to Calcutta, and thence go by China and Japan across the Pacific, and thence by America home. We talked much of this, and got guide-books and time-tables, but, throughout our journey across India, Margaret had been more or less out of health, so we resolved to go home by the shorter route by Bombay and Egypt. Had we decided on the other way, I should never have seen Egypt, nor done any work there.

We reached Suez on the p.m. of March 26th. We bade farewell with some sadness to our fellow-travellers from Bombay. They were Anglo-Indians like ourselves, with many interests in common with ours. Now we were entering on the tide of ordinary tourists —*globe-trotters*—and there happened to be a great many tourists that year. Arabi's rebellion and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been in the previous autumn, and Cairo and Alexandria were full of our soldiers. Lord Dufferin, Ambassador at Constantinople, had come to Cairo, and was there busily engaged in trying to bring order out of chaos. It seemed a hopeless task. Everything save the water of the Nile was corrupt. Such as it was, we resolved at least to see Cairo, and took rooms in the Suez Hotel to spend the night, and go on next morning. I was half undressed when, to our amazement, a telegram was put into my hands, saying that Lord Dufferin wished to see me in Cairo. I knew nothing of Lord Dufferin, nor he of me, but as we were going to Cairo at any rate, it came quite conveniently, and next afternoon found us in the famous Shepheard's Hotel. There we learned that Lord Dufferin had gone up the river, and would not be back for four days, so we had to possess our souls in patience, and, to strangers like us, there was abundance enough of objects of interest to occupy us fully.

On March 31st I waited on his lordship, and he offered me in very kindly and flattering terms the Direction of the Irrigation of the whole of Egypt, or, as he picturesquely expressed it, he handed me the keys of the Nile.

He said he did not expect me to reply at once, and advised that I should go on with my wife and her cousin to England, and then I could make up my mind and let him know my decision.

To his sister Bessie

S.S. "TANJORE," ADRIATIC SEA
April 8th, 1883.

. . . It is a big thing, the biggest of its sort in the world, although, after our great Indian provinces, it looks quite a little country. Lord Dufferin said everything was in a fearful mess, going from bad to worse; that the work would be tremendous, but that he thought very great benefit would result to a large population of sorely down-trodden peasantry. And so, although I have not accepted it yet, I don't think I can refuse, when my only reason is that I'm tired of Exile, and would fain spend the rest of my days in my own land. But I am not a bit tired of work, and when work like this comes unsought to my hand, ought I to refuse merely because it isn't exactly what I should have chosen? The worst is Lord D. particularly wishes me to be back in Cairo by May 3rd.

CHAPTER V

1883–1885

It is hard trying to reform people who don't want to be reformed, with nothing behind us stronger than good advice.—*C. C. S.-M.*

Quand un peuple a souffert trop longtemps, c'est tout au plus si, dans son abaissement, il a la force de baiser la main qui le sauve.—*P. J. Stahl.*

Downright satisfactory work in a desert is better than pottering in a Paradise.—*C. C. S.-M.*

The period of Colin Scott-Moncrieff's work in Egypt covered nine of the most eventful years in that country's long and changeful history.

He arrived on May 3rd, 1883, the day that concluded Lord Dufferin's special mission to investigate and advise upon the all-but-hopeless tangle of Egyptian affairs. When Sir Colin left Cairo in 1892, the process of disentanglement had already succeeded to a degree surpassing all hopes. By the close of 1885, the turning-point had been reached, completing the first stage in the British occupation. But, when as yet there was no relief from the tension of public anxieties, Sir Colin had also to sustain the greatest of all trials in the illness and death of his wife, which broke up his home in 1885.

"Happy is the reformer," he wrote later, "who finds things so bad he cannot make a movement without making an improvement"; and such was the state of Egypt in 1883. The reign of the Khedive Ismail, after a financial crash of the first magnitude,

had ended in 1879 with his deposition, through pressure applied to the Sultan by the Powers. During his sixteen years' misrule, Ismail had increased the debt of Egypt from £4,000,000 to £100,000,000. As an illustration of his shameless extravagance, Sir Colin used to tell how, on a visit of inspection to the big unfinished Giseh Palace (one among many built by the Khedive), he had walked through room after room piled up with costly French hangings and curtains, flung to the rats and moths. There had been an order for one hundred pianos from Paris for the ladies of the harem. "Numerous as were the latter," he would remark, "I doubt if one of them could really play the piano."

The European bondholders clamoured for a settlement of their claims; but, only a few months after a scheme for liquidating the Khedive's affairs had been produced by an International Commission at Cairo, Egypt was in the grip of a mutiny. Arabi Pasha's objects may have been neither wholly selfish nor unpatriotic; but it became necessary to put a prompt end to the wild disorders which threatened the Government's existence, and ended by laying in ruins the finest parts of Alexandria. England and France interfered to restore the authority of Ismail's son, Tewfik; but when it came to a bombardment by the Allied fleet of Arabi's fortifications at Alexandria, the French warships drew off, according to their Government's instructions, and left to England the task of restoring order. This was finally achieved by the victory of Tel-el-Kebir.

The natural sequel to this withdrawal of the French was the collapse of the Dual Control, through which England and France had, since 1876, endeavoured to grapple with the problem of Egyptian bankruptcy. It was at this point that Lord Dufferin arrived to

devise some substitute for the Control ; to decide upon the fate of Arabi and the other so-called Nationalist leaders ; and to prepare the way for our early retirement from Egypt.

The Powers, in their best " leave-it-to-you-partner " manner, drew aside, abandoning the game to Great Britain. The fortunes of Egypt lay in her hand, and pitiful enough they were. Her every movement was jealously scrutinised by diplomatic rivals, and the indecision of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet paralysed her officials on the spot. Foreigners themselves, they stood between the native Egyptian population and the government of another foreigner—the Turk—to whom they were to offer " sympathetic advice and assistance " in dealing with rampant corruption, a venomous press, a miserably oppressed peasantry, and a treasury whose emptiness threatened at any moment to revive the plague of international control, of which the Capitulation and the Public Debt Office were sinister relics. Lastly, there was France—comrade turned critic—embittered by her hasty surrender of once paramount influence.

Lord Dufferin handled the situation with his usual cheerful optimism : Arabi's exile, and the reconstruction of the public service accomplished, there remained the burning question of the British retirement. All that Lord Dufferin felt able to insist upon was that the proposed reforms must have " time to consolidate," adding that the problems would be more easily solved by " the masterful hand of a Resident." He knew better, however, than to urge any such appointment upon Her Majesty's Government. " Perhaps, with his usual sagacity," comments Sir Colin, " he foresaw that, in less than a year, there would be a very masterful English Resident in Cairo."

Lord Dufferin's recommendations for the new administration were at once put into effect. Sir Evelyn Wood, with the title of Sirdar, took charge of the new Egyptian army.

The impression was that the fellah would never make a soldier [writes Sir Colin in his Reminiscences], and that troops should have been recruited from Turkey or Albania. But Lord Dufferin laid it down as a principle that the country must be protected by her own sons, not by foreigners.

Several English officers were appointed to raise a police force under Colonel Valentine Baker.

Dr. Fleming Sandwith, an English physician, was appointed to form a Sanitary Department, but want of funds prevented him from doing much. The most important post was the control of Finances—an appointment held by Sir Auckland Colvin, of the Indian Civil Service.

In June 1883 it was suddenly announced that cholera had appeared at Damietta, and a few days after it showed itself at Cairo.[1] National instincts soon revealed themselves. The Muhammadans treated the danger with indifference. The Greeks and Levantines were scared with fright. The steamers carried off all the passengers who could afford to flee. The Christian did not show favourably among the Moslems. I remember sitting talking to a rather disreputable old Egyptian Pasha, when we heard the wailing of women walking behind a bier, taking a corpse to burial past the open windows of the house. "*Voilà un voyageur encore*," the old fellow said, with a laugh.

The dead used to be carried out to the desert for burial. The bier was generally carried in a donkey-cart, and having deposited its burden, the cart was driven back into the city, the wailing women taking advantage of it to have a ride back in the bier.

[1] Sir Colin adds, in a letter under date 1883:

The Government collapsed altogether, and I believe that the measures taken, to begin with, in the interests of the army, by our good General Stephenson have been the means of saving far more Egyptian lives than perished in the war last year.

Previous to the Arabi rebellion the finances of Egypt had been controlled by two Commissioners, an Englishman and a Frenchman, whose duty it was to look after the interests of the European bondholders. The English Controller was Sir Auckland Colvin. He and I travelled together to Alexandria one day in June 1883, and on the journey he told me he had just been appointed Finance Minister to the Government of India, and that he had recommended that I should get his place in Cairo. This was a startling bit of news to me. I had just been appointed Inspector-General of Irrigation, at a salary of £2,000 a year, and this was a subject I knew something about. Colvin's place was £3,000 a year, and Finance was a subject I knew nothing about. I told Colvin it was impossible, and I thought very little more about it, till one morning Sir Edward Malet, the Consul-General, called on me, and formally proposed that he should submit my name to the Khedive as Financial Adviser. I should have mentioned that, as the French had taken no part in putting down the Arabi rebellion, they then ceased to be consulted on matters of Egyptian administration. I thought it best to reply to Malet in writing. I told him I had no knowledge whatever of Finance, beyond knowing how to draw my pay at the end of the month, but I was a poor man, and if the English and Egyptian Governments decided that I was fit for the place, I was prepared to take up the work, with the clear understanding that I was not a financier. This was a sufficient reply, and on the recommendation of Lord Goschen, Sir Edgar Vincent was appointed Financial Adviser to the Government of Egypt, an excellent appointment, for, though only about twenty-seven years old, he was a good financier, and had a perfect knowledge of French. He was a man of great ability, and as beautiful as he was able ; he looked like a son of the gods.

Sir Colin spent the whole summer in Egypt, getting a grip of his work, and coming to the first of his important decisions. One of the documents calling

for his earliest attention was a report of Rousseau Pasha, urging an annual expenditure of over a quarter of a million sterling on irrigation by steam pumping, to replace the great Nile Barrage, which was assumed to have proved itself a hopeless failure. Expert opinion warned Sir Colin that any tampering with this structure would lead to its entire collapse. "If the Barrage is really useless," he replied, "it will not much matter if it is swept away"; and, with the sound common sense of this view, he took the liberty of finding out whether the great dam could actually be made to work.

His report finished to this effect, he joined his family in England, where there was a little son, Colin Campbell, born the month before, waiting to make his acquaintance. After spending most of October with them, he returned to Egypt, Margaret and the children delaying their departure till December, when, with a friend—Miss Edyth Lloyd—and the nurse and butler, they arrived at Port Said, after an unusually stormy voyage.

The impressions of that first summer in Egypt were recorded by Sir Colin in many letters, written, for the most part, in Nile boats.

To Mrs. Elmsley

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, OUTWARD BOUND.
May 1st, 1883.

. . . I've had difficult jobs to do before this, but I never yet have had to work without knowing my tools, or, perhaps I might say, only knowing that I'm likely to find them very bad tools. But, as my far-away predecessors (you will say ancestors [1]) in Egypt had to make bricks without straw, I suppose it is the fashion in the Public Works Department there, and I must e'en conform to it.

[1] Mrs. Elmsley was a believer in the Anglo-Israelite theory.

I have had all friendly encouragement from the four I have consulted on the matter who know Egypt. First, from Lord Dufferin, who treated me, an obscure stranger, like a friend at once; from my old Indian acquaintance, Sir Auckland Colvin; from my brother R.E., Sir C. Wilson; and now, on board this steamer from the Consul-General, Sir E. Malet, whom I am fortunate enough to have as a fellow-passenger. All talk of the oppression of a very down-trodden peasantry, bullied by an iniquitous system of forced labour, deprived of the water on which their bread depends by every richer man that can bribe to get more than his share. And they say they think I'll be able to stop that. If so, it will give me greater satisfaction than the highest engineering triumphs. Lord Elgin used to remind us in India that we were paid, not for doing the pleasant, but the unpleasant things. Sir C. Wilson said, "Remember they'll all hate you." Be it so, for the sake of all that I hold dearest, and that includes many memories of the beloved Tweedside and of Harley Street, too, I'll do my best. And if I don't succeed, the Master wants not my poor help to do His eternal will.

To Mrs. Robertson

RAMLEH, ALEXANDRIA.
July 8th, 1883.

. . . So far, I am only learning Egypt. Before assuming any responsibilities, I determined to spy out the land for myself, and I've been doing that since May 23rd, during which time I have gone over a large part of Lower Egypt, living in Arab villages, a rough kind of existence (much rougher than in India), and keeping a comfortable boat on the Nile as my headquarters, to which I return every few days. . . .

I came here yesterday just to spend the Sunday by the beautiful blue sea which I am greatly enjoying, and in which I have had two swims. The heat after India is very mild, but the air is so clear and dry that the glare of the sun I think unusually bright, and so I have provided myself with a pair of blue specs.,

which I never wore in India. I am under negotiation for getting four officers from India to help me here, and I am in some faint hope that I'll secure Justin Ross, which would greatly please me. . . .

It is an old, old country this. Remains of the Crusaders one looks upon as of yesterday, and even in Antony and Cleopatra's time it was in its decline. It is curious, when I ask when a canal was made, to be told, " Probably in the time of the Pharaohs." I am sorry to say I find things in great disorder, requiring radical reform, and whether or not I'll be able to effect that, will depend a good deal on how far I am backed up by the Consul-General, that is, our Government at home. For don't suppose the authorities here want reform. I believe they would be delighted to increase my pay and send it to me regularly if I would only go home and never bother them any more. . . .

To Miss D. Albright

ON THE NILE, ROSETTA.
August 22nd, 1883.

. . . I write from on board a very comfortable little steamer Government have given me to go about the Nile in just at present, and I have just come in from a stroll through this quaint old town of Rosetta, as we call the Arab Rashid, for that is its true name—the Sagacious—the same as in the name of the hero of the *Arabian Nights*, Haroun el Rashid. It was a busy place once, and galleons from Venice and Genoa must often have been here, but when the great Mehemet Ali fifty years ago united Alexandria with the Nile by a canal, all the trade forsook this and Damietta to concentrate on Alexandria, and now I see only Nile boats here. It must have contained some old classical temple, for, in strolling through the narrow, twisting, empty streets, I have come across numbers of granite pillars, and marble Corinthian capitals of delicate tracery, turned upside-down and built into red-brick walls. On the east lies the broad river ; on the west a tumbling, rolling mass of sandhills which seem as though they would

stalk into the streets, and which wreath round some of the houses, so that the doors have had to be scooped out. I wandered out and climbed the sandhills, hoping for a view of the sea, which is only a few miles off; but I couldn't see anything save a forest of date-palms standing, many of them, waist-deep in the sand and dangling with yellow clusters of unripe dates—a few picturesque minarets—a total absence of anything in the least European-looking (saving C. C. S.-M. in a billycock hat)—a quiet, decayed air of respectability, and that is all that is to be said of Rashid—and I pondered as I came back on the strange contrast between the imperishable remains of old Egypt and the singularly short-lived nature of Arab art. They have never sent to far Assouan for granite, but used the soft limestone of Mokattam. Their art in Spain as well as here consists of stucco and wood work, graceful scrolls, pretty inlaid wood, trellises and iron gratings, so that, as you saw in the tomb mosques about Cairo, decay is stamped on buildings two hundred or three hundred years old, while all the savants cannot decide to within two thousand years on the age of the neighbouring pyramids. . . . Far my most intimate friend (in Cairo) is Dean Butcher, with whom I greatly fraternise. He and I are always looking forward to an afternoon's exploration together among the mosques, but we have never found time yet, as the cholera has kept him very busy. . . . You may want to know about my work. Well, so far I've only been inspecting and noting and making small suggestions, and I don't intend to take the reins fairly in hand until after my return from home. And so I have met with no opposition as yet. But I am fully prepared for great opposition. I have finished to-day a long report giving my ideas of what should be done, and it starts with some recommendations absolutely opposed to the views of the P.W. Minister Ali Pasha and his under-secretary Rousseau. They have recently issued a brochure which I think absurd, and I have my suspicions that they may both have been bribed to make the proposals they make. So I look forward

to a row. We are excellent friends so far, and I don't wish, while I can, not to be friends with them, especially with Rousseau. What I'm anxious about is whether, if we do come to serious differences, our English Government will back me up, as Lord Dufferin in his despatch said they positively must, if I am to do any good here. I confess to a feeling of dismay as to what your friends (?) the Radicals may or may not do here. I quite see their difficulties, for they made such noble professions when they were abusing their predecessors. And so I fear they will deliberately throw away the chance of doing a great good to this unfortunate people. Understand me; I say nothing about annexation. Only that I believe that the bulk of the residents in Egypt, both native and European, would be well pleased to see us take the place under a very distinct form of protection, because we should be able to help them financially; and once we announced that protection we could insist on improvements on all sides, leading to the happiness of the people. But this is just what the G.O.M. will not announce. I get furious at the sentiments of some men who seem positively afraid of England's greatness, and would rather we dropped down to the sort of position of Holland, just as though we are not as fit to hold our own, come who will, as ever we were. Now, if I am not supported here, I shall resign, and I shall find it difficult to do that if I get Justin Ross and other Indians (W. Willcocks, perhaps) here to work under me. One reason I should have been glad of the Financial post is that I should have had more power to help irrigation than I have now, for I could have counted on a good successor, and I could have backed him up. No one is named yet for the post, and no one seems to have any idea who will be named. . . .

To his wife

ON THE NILE, UPPER EGYPT.
Monday, a.m., September 3rd, 1883.

. . . The sensation through the day is one, I should say, of all-penetrating, all-absorbing light; not

particularly hot, for the thermometer yesterday wasn't above 93° or so, and there was a fine breeze always, but a perfect sheet of white radiant light—with the high sun, the blue of the sky was lost—the "splintered crags that wall the dell," these venerable rocks that have looked down through all the ages on this teeming Nile valley, cut into countless caves and grottos, the tombs of dead Pharaohs, the living tombs of that horde of anchorites that Gibbon gives so strange an account of as peopling the Thebaid, all shining white, so white that in the distance they looked quite like snowy hills; the water below reflecting light from broad sheets out of which villages stand like little islands. It is true the Nile is not yet at its highest, and there are frequent long stretches of maize being watered laboriously by fellahs scooping the water up out of the river, and there are numerous mud-coloured Arab villages and towns often clinging on to the rocks with their feet in the water. The only trees are palms, and at times I am reminded of the great waters of Burma with the coco-nut trees; but there never was fresh, dry, clear air in Burma. And then the evening came on, and as the sun went down, the vault above grew a deeper and deeper blue, and the colouring became richer and richer, the cliffs passing through stages of buff and yellow to a rich warm pink, such as you have seen at Suez. . . . This morning I was out at six and inspected a really fine irrigation work, the head of a very large, important canal, and then I paid a visit of ceremony to Sultan Pasha, the old gentleman I mentioned, I think, in my last letter, who is said to have married forty wives. I had met him at dinner at Sir E. Wood's. He was very courteous and dignified, dressed with the greatest neatness and *cleanness*, but it is a great pity old Mehemet Ali ordered his officials to wear European clothes, for he would have looked far better dressed as he ought to be, as an Arab chief. I believe he is very rich, and I suspect there are many pages in his life that might be as well "gummed down," but he did good service a year ago when he manfully opposed Arabi, and he is certainly a con-

siderable power in Egypt, personally probably a great deal more than the Khedive. . . . Am I not in luck to get this trip just now? Nor do I think I am wasting time, for I'm learning a good deal through my eyes as we go on, and I have the chief engineer of the province with me to explain matters and answer questions. I may say I am never out of sight of canals and irrigation, for there are long channels cut from the river at every bend, generally running a few miles and then pouring their water over the land. It does not fall to every one's lot to visit Thebes and the first cataract on duty, as it has fallen to mine; and not only do they pay my expenses, but I am entitled to sixteen shillings a day to cover incidental charges and the general trouble it must be to me (!), but this allowance, to the amazement of my Coptic interpreter, I don't mean to draw. . . .

9.30 *p.m.*

I have seen my first great Egyptian temple, and while it is fresh before me I'll tell you what I can of this young thing that is not two thousand years old yet. Distances always deceive in Egypt. We were late in starting; took long to get across the river, and then, only by walking my very best (leaving my Egyptians far behind) for three miles, I got to the temple just as the sun set. You know there is little twilight here, so I had only a glimpse.

It was like nothing I had ever seen; totally unlike the Acropolis; liker the caves of Elephanta near Bombay. It is in marvellous preservation; the roof quite entire and some of the colours inside as fresh as new paint. The long years have rolled up a great heap of sand and dust and broken tiles round it, so one has to go down steps into what doubtless stood on a plinth, and one side I could jump off the roof on to the mounds. The height looks enormous; much greater in proportion to the width than the Acropolis. There is a great portico of giant pillars, clumsy perhaps, but yet majestic, the top of each having as a capital four solemn Egyptian faces. And within and without, alike in the dark staircases where no light could have reached, or reaches now, and on the outer

walls, every stone is covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics. How strange if we had carved a history of England over Westminster Abbey, or Milton's *Paradise Lost*! That is what the Egyptian seems to have done. There is the same feeling for religious art that the Gothic architect had, that *all* must be equally finished, whether it was to be seen or not. No scamping the backs of things as we do now too often. I would like to have it explained about the interior. Except the light coming through the portico some way off, the adytum is absolutely dark, and yet it is all covered with sculpture. Nothing but a very brilliant light could have shown these colours in the room. Had they in those days any brilliant lights save such as yielded clouds of smoke? and these paintings are not smoked, as far as I could see. I went down to a little crypt below, a tomb, I suppose, which was marvellously fresh and dry, with the colours quite bright. And, as in a picture-gallery, it was hard to gallop through the place, and not look at those mysterious figures, now cut in, now in bas-relief. Outside on the back wall are two immense bas-reliefs of Cleopatra and her son (by Julius Cæsar). I think her only clothing is a necklace, and I daresay she thought it enough. You are one of those unhappy people who can't get great delight out of one gratified sense while another is being outraged, so to comfort you for not being here at Dendera to-night I may tell you that the smell of bats was abominable, and worse than the smell, the brutes themselves were in swarms, like flies startled at our lamps. I came out and it was dark, and the sweet young moon was shedding its light on the broad waters. I condescended to go back most of the way across the flooded lands in a boat instead of round them; but we went so slow that at last I could not stand it and got out and walked, while my frightened Coptic interpreter kept shouting: "But, Colonel, there is scorpions, there is serpents." "Very likely," I brutally replied; and the only scorpion I saw with his grand long tail was the splendid Scorpio constellation. . . .

To Mrs. Ballard

ON THE NILE.
September 6th, 1883.

What a singular thing is this long green ribbon of life and industry and ancient civilisation, nowhere twenty miles wide and generally not half so much, winding through desolation far greater than that of the sea. . . . And, measuring as man measures, for what a long period has this small country occupied a large place in the world's thoughts. The best authorities now say the Pyramids were built more than four thousand years before Christ. Moses probably often saw them, and they were as old then as the Temples of Athens are now. And on and on, while the ancient world elsewhere was awaking to life, went dynasty after dynasty in Memphis and Thebes, building their imperishable mystic fanes to unknown gods, on till the time when Tiberius and Antoninus and Caracalla recorded their names in strange hieroglyphics ; and then, through much tribulation, " the Galilean conquered," and the country became filled with strange hordes of anchorites and nuns, living in the grottos and tombs of their forefathers, and worshipping a God surely almost as unknown to them as to their forefathers, since their creed impelled them to murder Hypatia, and commit follies and sins without number, till down went the tottering cross before the crescent ; and then long years of Arab and Turkish rule or misrule—and Napoleon flashed across the history. (I found the names of some of his old war-dogs carved on a wall in Cairo last week, and they are at this moment fishing up relics of the Battle of the Nile.) And now we are here,—and what are we going to do, I wonder? If John Morley and those philosophical Radicals who fear for England's greatness get their way, we shall do nothing. But I, for one, hope they won't get their way this time.

Yesterday p.m. we reached Assuan, the frontier town of Egypt proper, five miles below the first cataract. I couldn't take my steamer further, and so got a donkey and set off. Here are the granite

quarries which furnished the innumerable sarcophagi and obelisks. I visited them this morning and found an obelisk half cut out of the rock, with all the workmen's lines and marks about it and the chips of stone as though they had left it last night. It has lain so, though, some two thousand years. . . .

Combining business and pleasure I sat for more than half an hour on the top of this temple [Edfoo] and saw the sunset, and with plan and pencil discoursed with one of my engineers on the improvements we could make to the canals lying around us. . . .

The great broken colossal statue of Rameses III must have weighed, they say, one thousand tons. How did they ever get it out of the quarry and down the river and on to its stand?—and how did they break it afterwards? One wonders—wonders: next to the greatness of the Karnak buildings is the greatness of their ruin, done by Cambyses, probably; but how he did it without dynamite, *I can't think*. As I looked on all this wonderful mythology it didn't seem to me strange that a nation guided only by their inner lights should have failed to see that the Creator was also the All-Merciful, the Beneficent, the Judge, the Recorder, and so have devised different deities to represent these several virtues. Horus with his hawk's eyes all-seeing, and his widespread wings hovering over the world; Osiris the Sun gone down to the nether world, and there the Judge of the Dead —and so on. And surely we may believe that he who blindly invoked the symbol of what he thought wisest and best and sought to live up to his highest ideal, was heard in that he feared, and was helped to live up to that ideal, and to raise it always higher. So I would like to think of many of the old Egyptians. . . .

I had a most satisfactory little talk with the Khedive this morning, and I really think he is a good young fellow with his country's interest at heart.

I'm in an awful mess, packing, writing notes, etc. It is astonishing how quickly one may get settled into a new country and have new friends and interests about one. I find very much that is wrong here, but the confidence the Egyptians seem to place in us

Englishmen, who are only trying to do our duty, is touching and humbling.

To his wife

ON THE NILE.
September 7th, 1883.

MY DARLING,

With what peace and happiness do I dwell on the thought that, far as we are apart, this is, please God, the last letter I shall write you ere we meet. I left a short letter for you in Esneh yesterday a.m. I spent about half an hour there examining the portico of what must have been a great temple. It is in the heart of the town and was entirely buried until Mehemet Ali cleared out just this portico. It is almost perfect; roof quite so. I went down twenty-six steps from the road to the floor level, and was then among three or four rows of immense columns, I suppose fifty or sixty feet high, like Dendera, all covered with hieroglyphics and carving. It is about the same period as Dendera. The rest of the temple is quite buried, a grand find for the future antiquarian; and there are plenty of such all up this Nile valley. I stopped writing this to look at some twenty majestic pillars looking down on the river up to their necks in sand. Doubtless there are plenty more behind, and plenty of writing to be deciphered there. Then we steamed on thirty miles to Edfoo, where, standing high over the town, just like some of our Norman towers, is the propylon or gateway of the great temple of Edfoo. It was about 2 p.m. and very hot, so I resolved to push on, and I hope to stop over it on my way down. . . . I had ridden up on a donkey the five miles from Assuan, having the thermometer at 100° in the steamer, and very hot it was amidst the granite and sand. Coming back, I had to walk across an island with a Nubian village on it, and the people were apparently retiring for the night—that is, all lying out on black blankets (not blacker than themselves) spread on the soft sands. Children of the sun and the sands verily. It was a hot night, and I had the luxury of sleeping with nothing between me and the stars. . . .

Friday, a.m.

Such a grand dinner at Cherif Pasha's last night, really everything very magnificent. It was given in honour of Malet, and there were about twenty-four of us there. I've Malet's dinner to-night and another at the Khedive's to-morrow. . . . Here's an epigram for you, by Lady Strangford, I believe :

> The Virtues of Patience are known;
> But I fear, when it comes to the touch,
> In Egypt they'll find, with a groan,
> There's an Evil in Bearing too much.[1]

. . . . . .

Last night I was lucky enough at table to sit next Tigrane Pasha, one of the very ablest men here, a good deal younger than me, I should say. An Armenian nephew of Nubar with an English mother. I had much interesting talk with him. For he is quite a patriotic Egyptian, that doesn't wish us to patronise them more than is absolutely necessary. I thought in myself what a very indifferent lot of Europeans they had been used to here. Tigrane told me I had made quite a reputation and got their confidence by my knocking about all the hot weather, and not giving an opinion of everything straight off without knowing about what I was talking. I daresay there was flattery in this, but he expressed his disapproval afterwards of some of our English policy in such very plain terms that I think he meant what he said. Ayub Pasha, I'm told, used to say all the Europeans that came to Egypt were *voleurs* except one, Gordon, and he was *fou*.

To his wife

On the Nile.
Thursday, a.m., September 8th, 1883.

Though I don't for a moment deny that there have been, and are, noble spirits leading the higher life, and following right because it is right, whose lives

[1] Sir Evelyn Baring's work in Egypt as British Consul-General began in September 1883.

are prayers answered as much as any form of worship could be answered, still I feel very certain that for most men, and for more women, faith in an all-guiding Creator, an all-loving Master, faith in Jesus Christ, is necessary to save them from shipwreck. When Edith says her "Christianity must seem but a nominal thing as regards fruits," I feel how much more nominal must mine seem. But last night, as I was reading what is to me about the most divine writing in the world, St. John, 17th chapter, I felt that nothing in life could make up what the loss would be to me, if I could cease to believe it divine, if I could look on the faith of Christ as only one other of the many creeds, better, but not different in kind, from that of Horus and Osiris which reigned so long.

From Lord Dufferin to C. C. S.-M.

LONDON.
September 18th, 1883.

I can quite enter into all you say in regard to the annoyances and discouragements of your position, but I am in hopes that ere this you will have found that matters have changed very much for the better. There can be no doubt that Sir Evelyn Baring will exercise a very commanding influence, and that consequently all the able Englishmen now serving in Egypt will have the satisfaction of seeing the sacrifices they have made and their unselfish exertions rewarded by practical results. In reply to your letter, therefore, I can only say have patience and hope. There is no man who will be in a position to do more real and active good than yourself, and already you have won golden opinions. I hear that on every side in this country. You are also very highly appreciated in Egypt, in spite of the annoyances to which you are subjected.

Excuse the hastiness of this note, but I have been suddenly summoned back to Constantinople, and leave immediately.

Yours sincerely,
DUFFERIN.

C. C. S.-M. to his wife

RODA, ON THE NILE.
Saturday evening, November 24th, 1883.

Yesterday morning I came on in a steam launch to a place Deirut, where I was hospitably put up by a very civil French couple. He is the head mechanic on this Ibrahimieh Canal, and therefore under me—a man of the artisan class from Paris, with an honest, homely-faced wife from Dauphiné and a motherless nephew. Very humble folks compared with my Mamalúk host of the day before, but truly the hoar barbarian is lower than the Christian child—and the tidy little refinements of the French house and the table were vastly superior to the other. He was a shrewd fellow too, the Frenchman, and made some remarks that amused me about the advantage possessed by the English in being "*pratiques*" while his country-folks were too often "*têtes brûlées*"; and, like a mechanic, he illustrated the national differences by comparing machinery—the French often the neater and prettier with a "*coup d'œil*" about it, the English more serviceable and every part what is wanted and no more or less.

Here's a story for you told me this morning by Rogers Bey, a well-known learned Englishman settled for years in these parts. He is a great collector of coins, and heard some years ago that the Khedive Ismail had bought a very valuable collection from a pasha at Constantinople for £16,000. The Khedive's private secretary told him this, and he had it from others, so he went to the Khedive and asked as a great favour that he might be allowed to see them. The Khedive answered that he had never bought them. The man had asked too much and had taken them back to Constantinople. Rogers could say no more. When Tewfik ascended the throne he came one day to see Rogers's coins, and asked R. whether he had ever seen his father's collection. R. told him how Ismail had said he hadn't bought them. Tewfik

asked him very closely if he was certain as to what his father had said, etc., and when he replied that he was, he told him that not only had his father paid the £16,000 but he had paid it from the Government treasury, and not from his own purse, and that when he left Egypt he carried the coins away with him! Rogers found, last summer in Paris, that Ismail, who himself knew and cared nothing for coins, had sold the whole lot to a French dealer for £1,000!! Is it not disgusting that Egypt should be bleeding now, crippled and beggared by an infernal rascal like that!

To Mr. Frederic Seebohm

December 1883.

. . . Were you only an M.P. how I should bore you with Egyptian politics! As it is, it is hard to restrain. I think the camel's back is very nearly broken with the weight of foreign debt, war and cholera, Alexandria indemnities, Sudan rebellions, worst of all, hopeless incapacity for going straight. Baring is a rough, rude sort of fellow, but a strong, able man. We have a considerable English staff here, and though perhaps I have no right to say so, I think we are serving the Khedive very loyally. In illustration of which, I may say only yesterday I was discussing a proposal that we should reduce our own salaries to help, and show a good example. But the question will rise, why break our hearts in serving an alien Government in building castles in the sand? Will our Government at home give us *any* encouragement, or will it go on uttering platitudes about our merely placing Egypt on its legs (as if it had any!), leaving it with free institutions, prosperous and happy. It can hardly believe in such rubbish. I have lost any little hopes I had of a reforming Egypt since I last saw you; and now I really think there is only one of two courses open to Government: to withdraw troops and councillors, and content themselves with a few cruisers in or about the Suez Canal; or distinctly to take over the protectorate, and insist on putting the Government on a

sound basis. I fear they will do neither. And it is naturally such a rich country, I feel sure good government could put it all right within a very few years.

But a fresh load was about to be added to the burden of Egypt. Disquieting rumours now began to come through from the Sudan. Sir Colin writes in his Reminiscences :

"I remember a German botanist, Schweinfurth, who happened to be in Cairo in 1883, remarking, "You English are all fully occupied with the Arabi rebellion. There is a cloud rising in the far south, which is of far greater importance than anything Arabi can do." It was before I came to Egypt that there was uneasiness about a rebellion that had arisen in the Sudan, led by a fanatic, Mehemet Ahmed, who claimed to be a *Mahdi*, with a divine mission to drive the infidel English out of Egypt. We did not think much then of the Mahdi's rebellion, but it was necessary to arrest his progress.

"Mr. Gladstone's Government was far from helping affairs. He most reluctantly had approved of English troops being sent to quench the Arabi rebellion and to re-establish the Khedive on his throne, but he laid down as a *sine quâ non* that we were to have nothing to do with the Sudan, and that no English troops or English officers were to be sent there. The Khedive might do what he liked with his own subjects, but he would get no help from England. Order was being restored in Egypt proper, and an English garrison was keeping the Khedive on his throne, and it was only because there was that garrison that the Khedive could raise a conscript army, consisting often of old men who had years before done their military duty. I used to see batches of these men marching in chains to the railway-station, and escorted by men, who might have been their own sons, marching with fixed bayonets, and followed by a crowd of weeping women. It was a pitiful sight, none the less so because one knew it was all due to the blundering of the Government at home. English officers, either retired or

on half pay, could go to the Sudan, if they chose, but none on the active list of the army. The Egyptian Government appointed an Indian officer of distinction, General Hicks, to command this motley army, and they were conveyed by sea to Suakin, and thence marched up country to Khartum. It was one morning in November that I was riding down a canal towards Cairo, and met a friend riding up from Cairo, who conveyed to me the astounding news that Hicks and his army were annihilated at Obeid in the Western Sudan. So little was this expected, that vessels were on their way out from England to convey our English troops home. Now all was changed. Mr. Gladstone's policy had proved a failure. A battalion of the Guards, so rarely employed over the seas, was despatched at once to Suakin. A Naval Brigade was formed from the ships in the Red Sea.

The English Government then decided that Egypt was in no position to attempt the recovery of the Sudan (a decision probably due to the strongly expressed opinion of Sir Evelyn Baring). At that time the President of the Council of Ministers—equivalent to the Prime Minister—was Cherif Pasha, a genial, manly Turk, a good sportsman, a good billiard player, a pleasant companion. He was not going to carry out the abandonment of the Sudan merely at England's dictation. There were then only two possible men to take his place—Riaz Pasha, an honest, narrow-minded Egyptian, hardly a civilised man, and Nubar Pasha. Riaz declined to take up the government, and so it fell to Nubar—the only really able man to be had in Egypt.

There was a large Levantine population then in the Sudan, shopkeepers and traders, nominally Christians, and an effort had to be made to protect them from the Mahdi's fanatic dervishes, and bring them safely into Egypt. It seemed a forlorn hope, but Gordon was found ready to undertake it at a day's notice. The senior R.E. officer in Cairo at that time was General Sir Gerald Graham, and on January 24th, 1884, the day on which Gordon was expected to reach Cairo, he asked all the R.E.s there

to dine with him, hoping that Gordon would arrive in time to join us. Unfortunately his train was late, and Gordon was too tired. I remember after dinner, Graham—who was a particular friend of Gordon's—saying to us, "Gentlemen, I have only one toast to propose to-night, 'Gordon—God bless him!'" Two days after, with only one companion, he started up the Nile, never to return.

To revert to Nubar Pasha's appointment. I knew Nubar very well. Before I had been a fortnight in Egypt (May 1883) he called on me at Shepheard's Hotel, and said he had seen my appointment in the papers, and he had come to offer me his help in any way. He was a great agriculturist, and therefore keenly interested in irrigation. A chance remark to him one day, that it would be more difficult to drain the water off the land than to pour the water over the land, seemed to strike him as original and true, and after that Nubar and I were on the best terms. I used to think that his position in Egypt was not unlike Lord Beaconsfield's in England. An Armenian Christian who never really learnt Arabic, a Liberal in constant touch with Tory Turks who hated him and yet could not do without him, a man of European reputation, of charming manners, so long as his own personal interests were not injured, he threw himself into the party of civilisation. His faults were that, I fear, he was not always honest or straightforward, and that occasionally he was wild and nervous. "I like hysteric woman, to-day," I remember his saying. I don't think he and Sir Evelyn Baring ever understood each other. Nubar did not understand Baring, the honestest man in Egypt. Baring entirely mistrusted Nubar. I believe if our Government had declared that we had no intention of leaving Egypt, Nubar Pasha would have been a loyal friend; but when Mr. Gladstone kept assuring the world that we were going to leave the country at once, Nubar was forced to trim, and to keep on friendly terms with the National party in Egypt and the English party as well.

It was on January 9th, 1884, that Nubar Pasha sent for Edgar Vincent, Clifford Lloyd, and me.

Clifford Lloyd had come out from home to take over the Home Department, the Police, the Sanitary Department, the Courts of Justice, etc. He had been a Resident Magistrate in Ireland through the worst time of the Land League, and the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish. He was appointed on the recommendation of Mr. W. E. Forster, at that time Secretary for Ireland, and I must say his was a bad appointment. There was no doubt about his courage and determination, but in a position requiring above all things great tact and delicacy, Lloyd was a regular bull in a china-shop. He soon fell foul of Sir Benson Maxwell, an old colonial judge from Singapur, who had been sent to be judicial adviser—a great stickler for the letter of the law, and a pedant. Both Lloyd and Maxwell were soon obliged to send in their resignations.

As I have stated, Nubar on taking office sent for Vincent, Lloyd, and myself. He explained to us that the ministers, heads of departments, must be Egyptian subjects. It was against the policy of the British Government to appoint us three as actual ministers. Then he said he wished to speak to us each separately. What he said to Vincent and Lloyd I do not know, but his conversation with me was something as follows: After repeating that he could not make me Minister of Public Works, and that he must put in a native, he said: "*Voulez-vous avoir un homme capable, ou une nullité?*" "*Une nullité, s'il vous plaît, Excellence,*" I replied. "*Ah, mon cher, vous avez raison, vous avez raison, je vous chercherai une nullité.*" And he was as good as his word, and appointed a very nice old fellow—Rushdi Pasha—to be my nominal chief. Rushdi, I believe, was really a Piedmontese. His father, he told me, had been an officer in one of the foreign legions raised by the British Government. After the war was over, he had settled in Egypt with his family, and finding that he would have a better career as a Moslem than as a Christian, he had become a renegade, and the son's name was Abderrahman Rushdi. He was really a very nice old fellow, talked excellent English, and had

read a good deal of English and French. I had never any reason to believe that he was untruthful. I always treated him with respect, for I really liked him, and he, for his part, always backed me up, and agreed with what I wanted.

Soon after arriving in Egypt in 1883, I had explained that I could not effect any reforms without a small staff of English engineers, who could best be obtained from India. For myself, I told the Government that it was ridiculous for me to attempt any great reforms until I had learnt something of the country, so I had hired a dahabieh, and bought a horse, and refused to issue any orders until I had been six months in the country—I think I was right in this.

Before the end of 1884 the following engineers joined me from India: Major Justin Ross, R.E., Major Hanbury Brown, R.E., Mr. W. Willcocks, and Mr. E. P. Foster. These officers had all been trained in the best of schools—the Public Works Department of India—and I am sure I could not have found better assistants. Any credit which fell to the Irrigation Service in Egypt was due to their great ability, to their incessant hard work. My old friend Rushdi Pasha said he supposed I would have these four gentlemen with their headquarters in Cairo, and that I would send them out *en mission*. I said, "No, these officers" (who were called Inspectors) "should live in the native towns and villages, and not come often to Cairo." This the Pashas did not like. It would pour light into tracts where they preferred darkness. "*C'est une révolution que vous proposez.*" "*Justement, Excellence, c'est une révolution,*" and I had added that, if my officers were not allowed to live out among the villages, we would all go back to India. So that point was settled; and some time after an English official in another department was told that a Sheitàn had appeared in the provinces named Moncrieff, who was seen one day in one spot, and the next day a hundred miles away, the explanation being that they did not know that I had these four inspectors from India working in different provinces, and they did me the honour to think that I was ubiquitous.

[In his struggle against corruption Sir Colin one day was remonstrating with a sheikh who had attempted to bribe his officers in the execution of their duty. "Backsheesh?" cried the native, deeply injured—"backsheesh? One has only to name the word, *et ensuite saute le diable*"!]

All the year 1884 I was in Cairo, or travelling on the Nile. My inspectors were constantly travelling. They learned Arabic very quickly, and very soon had inspired such confidence in the natives that the latter used to beg to have cases in dispute referred to them, rather than to their "Mudirs," to whom they would have naturally referred.

My time [he writes to Miss D. Albright in March 1884] is too fully occupied to allow much of my going into the larger politics of Egypt, of which there is enough in the paper. But the situation is not a pleasant one for us English folk here just now. It is not pleasant to hear foreigners saying: "Your Government cared nothing that Hicks and his two thousand followers should perish; cared nothing that Khartum and its garrison, and Sinkat, and Tokar with their garrisons, should perish; cared nothing that Baker and his army should be crushed; but, when it came to the point of being beaten in the House of Commons, then they saw fit to send a force to Suakin." When one hears all this, and can't well answer, one does not feel proud of one's Government. And I must say I think they are deliberately sacrificing their own honour and that of their country to the fad of political consistency, and, what is perhaps more serious, hindering the advancement of Egypt. But there's no good writing about it.

To Mr. Joseph Sturge

CAIRO.
March 5th, 1884.

. . . You ask whether there is any conspicuous difference between the actual condition of the culti-

vators of the soil under the permanent settlement of Bengal and that in other parts of India, and whether the state ownership of lands extends to towns.

The latter question I can reply to at once in the negative.

The former is more difficult to answer; there are so many other circumstances affecting the welfare of the peasantry—*e.g.* density of population, and consequent price of labour, rainfall, indebtedness to village bankers, etc. I have only passed through the permanent settled districts, and cannot say much of them personally. I believe the labouring classes are better off in them than in the N.W. Provinces. But this is not the comparison you want, for in the N.W.P. and Punjab there is a regular thirty years' settlement, and a distinct difference between land-owners (often, in fact, generally, peasants) and the mere tillers of the soil. These last in the N.W.P. are terribly poor, living among peasant proprietors, but in a distinctly lower grade. In Bombay and Madras generally the "ryotwari" system prevails, the cultivator renting direct from the State; and I think the general consensus of opinion would be that this is the happiest condition for the peasant. Yet, in the dry, bare Dekkan plains of Bombay, the peasantry are miserably off, and special legislation has had to be made to save them from the money-lender.

He is the great curse here, and it was one of Arabi's trump cards that if he succeeded he would free the country of Jew and Syrian and Greek money-lenders; of course this appealed to the people, as Parnell's "No Rent" cry did to the Irish. The Egyptian fellah, in spite of ***kourbásh***, and conscription, and ***corvée***, cruelly heavy taxation, and a total absence of justice in the land, is, I am bound to say, a fatter, jollier, better-to-do individual than the average Indian ryot, for whose benefit earnest, high-minded men have been racking their brains and giving their best years for more than half a century. I put this down to the marvellous fertility and happy conditions of Egypt. Were it not the most healthy climate conceivable, we should never be without

cholera and typhoid and plague, or else all sanitary science is vain, for its laws are systematically neglected and opposed in this happy land.

The task of trying to put it right is deeply interesting. Will the people at home let us go on with it, I wonder? Vincent goes home this week to try to get the liquidation laws altered. That is our greatest difficulty. There is not money left, after paying 50 per cent. of the revenue to the foreign bondholder, to enable us to administer the country on sound principles. . . . Of course the Egyptian debates greatly interest us. Goschen and Forster are the two men we swear by. . . .

To Miss D. Albright

CAIRO,
Sunday, March 30th, 1884.

. . . When I think of a short year ago, I wonder how Egyptian matters so fill my mind—all my mind that I can give to public affairs—and how seldom I think of Indian affairs. But I know all the while that behind Egypt stands India, and in the depths of my heart India rather than Egypt has my interests and affections. It doesn't follow, I suppose, that one loves a sick child more than a healthy, but for the time being it is the sick child occupies one's interests; and so I feel about India and Egypt. Egypt is very sick, and it is impossible here on the spot not to grumble at our Cabinet, the one doctor that can heal it, and yet withholds its hand for fear of offending other doctors! I have little time for general politics, and find enough to do in my own field. And we are doing something. Ross and Willcocks are doing famously, and making the best impression (which all Englishmen here are *not* doing). Please God there will be abundance of water in many villages this summer which have had but little hitherto. And I hope there will be considerably less bribery required to get it. But the want of money forms a terrible difficulty. We are all anxiously awaiting the result of Vincent's mission. How glad I am I can't tell you that it is he, and not I, who has

the Finance Department. If he is unsuccessful, I don't see how we can carry on here, for some things are absolutely necessary for a country that professes civilisation, which an Eastern despotism finds no necessity for. If we are to govern at all, we must govern decently. . . .

From E. M. Ll. to Miss D. Albright

CAIRO.
March 30th, 1884

. . . Colonel and Mrs. M. are still busily engaged in clearing off arrears in the way of dinner parties. The one causing most anxiety came off the Friday before last, when Nubar Pasha, Mr. Vincent, who goes by the name of the Phœnix, and Major Wortley accepted. Nubar was in good spirits, full of conversation and very friendly towards Colonel M. He chaffed Mr. Vincent on being all head and no heart, but said to Colonel M., "*Vous êtes mon ami, j'ai toujours confiance en vous.*" He made one appropriate remark; on speaking on the unveiling of a statue he turned to Mr. Vincent with: "*Ah, vous, vous êtes la statue; moi, je suis la couverture. Mais, mon cher, je vous prie, ne la remuez pas trop vite.*" As he sat in his baggy clothes, opposite to the tall, neat, trim Phœnix, we thought both specially applicable. . . .

The *Bosphore*, the French journal here, gets weekly sorer in mind; with its aggravation, increases the venom poured out towards the English; Clifford Lloyd being usually the butt. The latter, at last exasperated, has brought forward measures for its suppression. At this C. Ll. receives a note from the editor privately promising not to attack him personally any further if he will forgive and forget. Meanwhile its pages are filled with anger directed this time against Colonel S.-M., who sucks much amusement out of its vituperation. C. Ll. here is much like a bull in a china-shop. Sir B. is a fiery little man; they disagree ever, and often fight, Sir B. beginning the attack by raising his eyebrows, forcing his little stunty grey hair to stand on end, and emitting a sort

of hiss like to that given forth by a cat when she descries a dog in the distance. Between them Sheldon Amos is peacemaker; this office is continually in request. . .

To Mr. F. Seebohm

CAIRO.
April 6th, 1884.

MY DEAR SEEBOHM,

I have to thank you for an interesting letter of March 2nd. I have just been reading it over again, and can't help writing you a few lines on a question you put as regards the future of Egypt: you propose ultimately a protectorate of all the Great Powers.

Now, if you mean that the Great Powers in congress should some day resolve that the tottering Ottoman Power is no longer to curse so much of God's fair earth, and if they should mutually agree to divide the spoil among them, and give the European provinces, say, to Austria and Greece, and Armenia to Russia, and Syria to France, and Egypt to us, if such a thing is possible and could ever be justified, I think it might work all right. But I must emphatically disbelieve in a united control of several Powers in the same place. I see something practically of it here, and its effects. The Dual Control was better than Ismail Khedive, but everyone who had anything to do with it earnestly protests against it. I have a very nice Frenchman, my second in command, here. Were he made my equal and colleague I should resign at once; and I deliberately think it would be better for Egypt (which is the first thing) for us to retire and leave it altogether to the French, than that we should try to govern jointly. Every day I see how their ways are not our ways. How constantly administration is brought to trying compromises. Such is my humble experience. I should like well to see such a good feeling among the Great Powers that they should decide to select one or another as their agent, but for peace, or for war, I do not believe in joint responsibility.

We are getting on here pretty well, I think, on the whole. Baring and Clifford Lloyd both, in my opinion, would be far greater successes if they had just a little *suaviter in modo*. . . . I doubt if Baring quite realises what a very first-rate man is necessary in Lloyd's place. I get on in a far humbler and quieter way. I have a great pull over Lloyd in having two English officers from India working under me, and two more coming this week. And with their assistance (they thoroughly know their work) I hope, please God, to have water in many a village this summer, where it never was in summer before; and in a couple of years I hope nearly to get rid of the *corvée*. But we are sorely hampered by want of money. Our towns here have no sort of water-supply; the foul stuff systematically drunk by the poorer classes is worse than almost anywhere I ever was in in India. I find I can supply the large towns of Lower Egypt with abundance of pure water for about 1*s*. 6*d*. to 2*s*. a head per annum; not a very large sum that—less than £5,000 a year for a town of fifty thousand people! But even that is beyond our means; the octroi is 9 per cent. of the value of all imports into the towns, all appropriated by the Central Government, and really nothing left to tax. You may fancy how we, whose interests in Egypt have been so quickened, earnestly hope for some readjustment of finances. The present farce of government can surely hardly last. My Public Works Minister fills his place to perfection; that is, he does nothing, or pretends to do nothing. He leaves everything to me, and simply pockets his £2,700 a year. In the other offices it is just the same. The Government may say what they like at home, but, *de facto*, they could not be more responsible for Egyptian government than they are, every place of importance being filled by Englishmen.

How wise and true Forster's and Goschen's speeches have been! If Government would only see it so! It seems so self-evident to us all here, that it is hard to believe they don't see it. And yet it is easy enough to see the great difficulties ahead too. . . .

To his sister Mrs. Robertson

CAIRO.
June 1st, 1884.

. . . And my work has its consolations too. I hear on all sides expressions of wonder and satisfaction at the amount of water in the canals, which is a boon of the greatest value to the poor; all due to the honest hard work and skill of Justin Ross, W. Willcocks, and my other two officers. They say in all their memory there was never such abundance of water. . . .

While matters were thus going slowly forward in Egypt, the fate of the Sudan hung in the balance.

It appears from the following letter that Gordon's hopes of rallying the Sudanese tribes under him were, in the autumn of 1884, fully shared in Cairo. Only gradually did Gordon himself, and the anxious watchers in Egypt, realise that what he had encountered was not a tribal rebellion, but a widespread religious war.

To Miss D. Albright

CAIRO
Sunday, August 10th, 1884.

. . . The situation out here is sufficiently interesting, whether looking to the interior economy of Egypt or the Sudan. There seems now to be really preparation making for an advance up the Nile, but the War Office vacillates enormously about it, and now the Nile is rising, and if an army is to go up and back again, it should be done in the next three months. One bold spirit of our corps, Kitchener, with an escort of Beduins, has pressed on single-handed to Dongola and southwards, and if they would only let him, I believe he would dash on to Khartum. Generally there is not much anxiety felt about Gordon. He was known to be all right up to June 23rd, and, as one of his old Sudan officers said to me the other day, " He is just as good a Mahdi as the other

fellow." No one, I think, will be surprised to find him quietly organising a good government at Khartum, and loyally served by the people. We are all greatly rejoiced at the collapse of the conference (what an admirable picture it was in *Punch*!), and now we have only to wait and exercise patience to know what form of Protectorate or administration we are going to assume. Whatever they do, I think, must be an improvement on the half-measures of the last few months. My particular Irrigation work, I'm glad to say, has been quite successful. Now we have the protection of the country from Nile floods given entirely to us few Britons. It is a considerable responsibility, and I do hope this our first year there won't be any unusual high floods.

He continues in the Reminiscences :

All this time Gordon was holding Khartum against fearful odds. . . . The cord for ever kept tightening until the town was closely besieged. A fleet of Nile boats with a party of skilled Canadian boatmen were brought in all haste from the far West, but anyone could see that " Too late " must be the verdict. Mr. Gladstone was occupied with a county franchise—far more important to him than the fate of Gordon. Asked in Parliament why there had been such delay in despatching the troops up the river, he explained that it would have been of no good. The Nile flood was rising daily, but until it had reached a certain depth, it was impossible to get the boats over the cataracts. Who told him that I don't know, but it was simply untrue. I was then in Cairo, and every morning I received a telegram giving me the height of the flood at Khartum and at the second cataract at Wadi Halfa. These telegrams showed that the river had attained its maximum height, and was daily going down, eight days before the first of the boats had reached the first cataract, two hundred miles below Wadi Halfa. At last the telegrams ceased. The wires were cut, and remained cut for years.

February 5th, 1885, is a memorable date in my life. We had been having news of the hard fighting

day after day to the front, and I think we all looked hopefully to the near relief of Gordon. That day I went as usual to the Council of Ministers. The clerk droned through the minutes of the last council. It was a sultry day. Nothing worth listening to, when an office servant came in and whispered to the President, Nubar Pasha, that Sir Evelyn Baring was in the anteroom and wished to see him. Nubar asked the Council to excuse him, and went quietly out of the room. He returned in about five minutes, sat down, and wrote a few words on scraps of paper, which he threw across the table to some of the Turkish ministers. There seemed some electricity in the air. What was it? The clerk continued drawling; at last Nubar got up, said "*Messieurs, Gordon est mort,*" and sat down in tears, his face covered by his hands. The Council dissolved, and the Government set about bringing the troops down the river again.

To Miss D. Albright

CAIRO.
February 15th, 1885.

Your godson is sitting at my feet (no, he has got up now and toddled off), and Meggy and the little babe in her arms are in the adjoining hall, and Lewie and Lucy are playing in a corner, and Edyth is upstairs, no doubt writing home; and bright shines the sun, and blue are the skies, and all things look cheerful and happy, as though the Mahdi flag weren't waving over Khartum, and Gordon's remains lying there; as though Cairo weren't filled with poor little wives, sick at heart with their husbands there on the march; as though England weren't entering probably on a long, costly, bloody campaign.

> Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds
> That warble in yon flowering thorn—

so sung the sad Burns, and so one must feel, and with nature so bright and other things so sad. . . .

I am as busy as usual. So are my officers. Our chiefest matter at present is bringing about the substitution of free paid labour in keeping the canals

in order for forced unpaid *corvée* labour: a species of serfdom to which the fellah has been used since Pharaoh's time. This is a very big economic question, and wants delicate handling. It would probably not have come in at all, had it not been for the burning zeal and energy of Will Willcocks, which never tires. Now I have to do the unpleasant task of drag, to hold him back, and throw cold water on his heat, and to insist on tempering zeal with judgment. But with God's blessing the thing will go on and succeed, and it will be the most important reform brought about by us yet.

Margaret Scott-Moncrieff to her parents

CAIRO.
Friday, February 6th, 1885.

. . . All last summer the General kept writing and writing that if they *must* stick to the Nile route, to let him take advantage of the High Nile and send up regiments in native boats; if they had allowed this Khartum would have been relieved in November or December; he told Colin he got into disfavour for his persistency; then they sent him leave in August, just when he heard the most favourable time was past; and then they have sent Wolseley at an enormous expense and flourish of trumpets, all to be too late!—their usual policy of "after." . . . Last year there was a great fancy ball on February 5th, when the news of Baker's defeat was whispered about, and confirmed the next day. To-night Lady Baring gives a great fancy ball. Of course there has been discussion as to whether it should be given up, but the General advised its taking place, as he did not think it would look well to acknowledge our defeat. . . .

C. C. S.-M. to Mr. Edmund Sturge

February 1885.

. . . Public affairs are sad enough. The Egyptian problem is tangled and difficult, but its solution is to my mind clear enough if one was only allowed to word it.

The Sudan problem is far darker. If England will realise that, past recall, she is involved in a long, costly, arduous campaign of doubtful issues, and if she will put forth her best thought and money, I do not fear that she can render the issue above doubt, but the feebleness of home Government does not make one sanguine.

I wrote a week ago to Mr. Forster, saying that I could only look on this Sudan War as one that could be justified if it was entered into and carried through with the determination, not to revenge, in pagan fashion, Gordon's death, but to achieve what he would have died for: the abolition of that accursed slave trade, and in rescuing Egypt from the Mahdi; if we determined to make our presence in Egypt a blessing.

That would be a fitting monument to Gordon's memory.

And I see people at home are crying for a monument of Gordon. No new cry this: to build the sepulchres of the prophets we have slain.

Through the deliberate action of the Government of her choice, England allowed her greatest hero to die abandoned; is it not mockery now to talk of a monument to him—some ugly statue of bronze or marble, I suppose!

If they will have a monument at home to him who hated all praise, and felt himself only an undutiful servant of his Captain, Christ, I would like to see something done which he would have approved of—something for the poor boys at Gravesend that he used to teach.

The good Sir Henry Lawrence's memory is commemorated by four or five excellent schools for the children of English soldiers; that would be the sort of monument for Gordon.

To Mrs. Bertram Hunt

CAIRO.
July 7th, 1885.

. . . Our Finance Department here say we shall be bankrupt in September, with no money to pay

salaries, etc. I shall not be sorry, if it forces Europe to take some decided action. For all this wrong to Egypt, I look on the late Government as *morally* responsible. They had no right to conquer the country in war, and to refuse to help it, all because it might have risked, not necessarily cost, some money, and that what a trifle compared with the millions spent in the Soudan!

. . . My Nile is rising, which is really a restful thought to me, and I am hopeful that, in spite of its having been a very low Nile, the cotton crop will exceed anything ever known before. . . .

The previous summer (1884) had been spent by Margaret Scott-Moncrieff and the children in England, where the second daughter, Margaret, was born in November. They all sailed for Egypt in December. Her mother writes of the little Margaret when she was three months old: "Even Colin spontaneously remarks that baby does not look at all stupid, and yesterday said he thought she would be a lady doctor"—a curiously true prophecy.

From the time of her return to Egypt, it became only too evident that Margaret was not regaining her health. She suffered from distressing attacks of breathlessness and weakness. Though the doctors almost to the last held out good hopes of her complete recovery, the weakness increased, and on March 23rd, at the early age of thirty-five, and at the height of her charm and social gifts, she died.

In the depth of his grief, her husband wrote to some of those nearest to her, as follows:

To Mrs. Edmund Sturge

Saturday, March 21st, 1885.

DEAREST MOTHER,

I pray God that when you receive this, I may be able to send you a telegram sending you comfort, but I feel I must begin writing at once. My dearest

Meggy is very, very ill. We had thought that the rest upstairs, and the remedies employed, were restoring her, and she seemed brighter when the Hunts came, and so glad to see them and to talk with Mrs. Hunt. A week ago she talked of Joanna still coming after all, and was very bright. But that is all changed. All are good and kind as possible. Only, Mother dear, the heart knows its own bitterness, and I have only to bow a stubborn will to loyal obedience to the Great Captain's orders. . . . Dearest Mother, I grieve to think what a sorrow this will be to you all at Charlbury. It seems natural that the young should mourn for the old, but for the old to mourn for the young is so different. . . .

March 23rd, 7 p.m.

The blow has fallen. My darling fell calmly asleep half an hour ago. . . . In the depth of sorrow I cannot forget you and your sorrow. I pray the God Almighty Whom you have so long served to comfort you now.

Your most loving son,
C. C. S.-M.

To Mrs. Hollings

March 27th, 1885.

Two days ago a long sisterly letter arrived from you for her who is no longer here to read it. I think you will have heard ere this the terrible loss we have sustained, and in any case you must hear of it from me. It seems strange to myself that I can calmly sit and write of it ; that I can do anything but mourn and mourn for the light of my very life removed, for the tender mother of my children, my joy and my pride. . . .

I can't tell you how touching it has been to me to see my dear boy Lewie's grief, and he has borne it so well, and been so gentle and sweet. My niece and nephew, Susie and Will Willcocks, took him off next day for a few days' visit. And I got at once to *work* —surely it is God's best tonic—this of hard, daily work.

To Miss D. Albright

April 6th.

I don't think my mind has taken in yet all the change that has passed over me. I go on mechanically with the day's routine : only at times a sort of irresistible flood sweeps over me : *never more, never more.* It is no new thing for her to be absent ; we were so often apart. But oh, what would I give to be able to write her a letter ! Life seemed so full, so many things pending, in progress ; so many threads suddenly cut.

To this heavy sorrow were added fears for the little Margaret, who seemed as if she was about to follow her mother. " She was so tiny when she left England, that you will hardly have realised her existence," wrote Edyth Lloyd, who during these sad weeks was the greatest help and comfort ; " nevertheless she is a very real entity in our lives, and we are all in a miserable tension of anxiety."

Mrs. Ballard came from Malta to console her dear brother, and to bring her experience to help the little ailing child, who gradually improved. When the hot weather came, the four children went to England in the charge of Edyth Lloyd, and settled down at Charlbury, in the home, opposite their grandparents', that their mother's sister Edith Hollings made for them with her own family. In 1886 Sir Colin was joined in Cairo by his nieces Margaret and Mary Scott-Moncrieff. From this time, until his marriage to Dora Albright, he had one or other of his nieces always with him, and he greatly enjoyed their society. Susie and Mary and Mabel Scott-Moncrieff in turn kept his house, entertained his guests, and devoted themselves to him for the next four years.

It is now time to turn to Sir Colin's professional work. He had his full share of the difficulties that

beset the little band of Englishmen who strove during the eighties to regenerate Egypt, despite constant vexation of spirit, and little or no encouragement from home.

Sir E. Baring and Mr. Vincent had lived through 1884 [tersely comments Sir Auckland Colvin]. Twice during that year they had been within £35,000 of insolvency. The pitiless pelting of that year of storms was in any case at an end. . . . The indemnities (Alexandrian) were paid; trade would revive; exports and imports would improve. The irrigation officers were hard at work, chosen and capable men full of zeal and resource. The new international settlement of the finances made it at last possible to carry on.[1]

Irrigation, indeed, was the base of the whole structure so laboriously being built up.

The only man [wrote Sir Charles Wilson in 1884] whose work thus far has had any effect on the country is Moncrieff, who has introduced many improvements in the irrigation, and has saved the country already several hundred thousand pounds. I told Lord Northbrook that he was the second Joseph who would pull Egypt out of her difficulties, and that any money given to him for irrigation would be money well spent.[2]

Sir Colin had, of course, his own anxieties. But his courage and decision, his persistence, his tact and friendliness, disarmed opposition. Lord Cromer has remarked somewhere that, in Cairo, unlike other capitals, there is no leading racial characteristic in the street crowd, so cosmopolitan is this meeting-ground of East and West. To soothe the irritation caused by the presence of all these foreign bodies, no

[1] *Makers of Modern Egypt*, p. 124.
[2] Quoted by Sir L. Jacob in the *Indiaman*, April 14th, 1916.

man was more naturally fitted than Sir Colin; and his success in this direction went far to ensure success in others.

Moreover [writes Sir G. K. Scott-Moncrieff], his engineering courage was as conspicuous as his tact. With the whole of the expert world of Europe against him, he went calmly but resolutely on, determined that he would make the Barrage do its work. When he succeeded in doing so, he gave all the credit to those under him who did the executive work, according to the chivalrous principle he always adopted: "Pass the praise, and stop the blame." Little wonder that men regarded him as an ideal chief to serve under.

Probably nothing connected with the success of the Barrage gave him greater pleasure than to hunt up its designer, Mougel Bey, then living almost forgotten and in great poverty. He brought to the old Frenchman the news that the Barrage had at last been repaired, and was holding up ten feet of water. "Ten feet!" Mougel repeated several times, deeply moved, and then cried out, "I knew that my design was sound! I knew it would be justified in the end!" It was arranged that, as a consulting engineer, he should be towed in a dahabieh down to the Barrage, which he had not seen for twenty years. He stayed there some weeks, going over the work, treated by all with the respect due to his age and abilities. Nor did Sir Colin rest until he had also secured for the old man a pension from Government, which cheered his last days.

On the subject of his work Sir Colin both wrote and lectured; and it may be of interest at this point to introduce some account of the Nile irrigation, drawn partly from a typical lecture of his (at Eton College) and partly from his Reminiscences.

In Egypt, irrigation holds a place of far greater importance than it does in India or in Southern Europe.

In these countries, unless there is a season of drought, a great deal of cultivation can be effected, merely by the rainfall, and by drawing on the supply in the wells. In Egypt there is no rainfall. It is a question of irrigation or desert. In all the world there is not such a river as the Nile for irrigation purposes, but, had the irrigation works been as perfect as was possible, it would have been impossible to irrigate the land satisfactorily, owing to the dishonesty and carelessness of the employés with whom the distribution of the water lay.

But the canals were anything but perfect in construction. During the flood, the river is highly charged with fertilising silt, and every effort should have been made to keep up the current so as to carry the silt out of the canals on to the fields, where it should have been deposited. The canals were, however, so badly aligned that the silt used to be deposited in the first few miles of the channels, where it was useless for fertilising, and from which it had to be removed with infinite labour. The canals were often twenty feet deep, with very steep side-slopes. Sometimes a depth of six feet had to be taken out of the canals during the season of low Nile, all to be deposited again when the Nile flood came down. How could a poor country bear this outlay? By the *corvée*, an Egyptian institution which had lasted since the days of the Pharaohs.

It was urged that it was essential to the cultivation of the fields to have this silt removed from the beds of the canals and drains, and to maintain the great embankments necessary for the control of the river when in flood. It was pointed out that the Egyptian fellah had no money to spend on all these works, but, once his fields were ploughed, and his seed sown, he had plenty of time on his hands. What better could he be doing than keeping in order the works on which he depended for his daily bread? Until the beginning of the last century there were some grounds for this

theory. The fields yielded but one crop in the year. After the wheat was sown in November till harvest in April, there was not much for the teeming population to do. But cotton and sugar-cane, far more valuable crops than cereals, began to be cultivated, and there was plenty of work for the fellah to do in sowing, weeding, manuring, etc., and the Egyptian solution to this problem was the *corvée*.

When I went to Egypt in 1883, I found an army of eighty-five thousand men employed during one hundred and sixty days in the year, dragged for many miles from their villages, supplying their own tools, unpaid, unfed, unlodged. The same man would not work all through these months, but it was the duty of the village sheikh to see that his village furnished its full quota, and a second *corvée* of wretched women and children were constantly going and coming, taking food to the workmen. This would have been bad enough had the burden been divided fairly among all, but it was most unequal.

The lands of the delta are divided about equally between the large properties of wealthy Pashas, Beys, and a few Europeans, and the small properties of the peasantry, three or four acres each.

Of course the large proprietors had a swarm of tenants and dependants, and in justice these should have borne their share of the common burden, but this they had long ceased to do. On the contrary, through their influence with corrupt officials and Pashas, they not unfrequently were allowed to employ the public *corvée* in doing their private work, so that the whole earth-work of the country was practically done by the serf labour of the poor, unprotected peasantry. The rich Pasha employed his dependants in weeding and cleaning his five hundred acres of fine cotton. He did not concern himself in clearing the canal that watered his lands. This was done for him by his poor neighbour, whose three or four acres yielded only half return, because, instead of weeding them, their owner was away clearing the rich man's canal. To carry out this system the *kurbásh* was freely used.

I must give the more cultivated Egyptians credit for this, that they recognised the mischief wrought by the *corvée* system; but what was to be done to stop it, for the revenue was barely enough to meet the wants of the country. It was out of the question laying on heavier taxation. The ordinary dull-headed village sheikh saw nothing wrong in the *corvée*. He had been used to it all his life. He never sent his son to the *corvée*, and it gave him a convenient way of paying off old scores, if he should send off his enemies to work on the *corvée* far away from his village, or, what was just as pleasant, he might get a bribe from his enemy to excuse his enemy's son.

It was evident that the cost of keeping in order the great system of banks and channels was a proper burden on the land, but there was no use in proposing anything so revolutionary as the raising of the land tax. My comrades from India objected as much as I did to employing what was practically slave labour. There was no use in trying to appeal to the humane feelings of the Pashas. Some other contrivance had to be found. I tried art. I told the leading proprietors that they need never expect to put their irrigation works in good order if they persisted in this abominable system of *corvée*. The silt clearances were carried out with total disregard to the bed-slopes of the canals. Perhaps two or three miles might be cleared, and a great block of silt left just down-stream which neutralised all the benefit of the clearance up-stream. Our first move was to get sanction to the *corvées* redeeming themselves, if they liked, by a payment of six shillings a head for the season. I never thought this was just, for, as I have said, I considered that the canals should have been cleared by a tax on the land, not on individuals; but still it was an improvement, and the proof of the popularity of this measure was shown when we found the fellah ready to pay in as redemption-money £116,535 in 1885.

With this sum, our next step was to enter into contracts with three dredging companies, which enabled us to have much of the earthwork done in the most satisfactory way by dredging machinery. This

met with a storm of opposition. We were assured that the fellah would not work unless he was forced to do so. Contractors were looked on with the greatest distrust. Every little failure was dwelt on with satisfaction. Even the late Khedive, our kind-hearted friendly supporter in difficulties, even he was afraid of this new-fangled notion of contractors.

Then Nubar Pasha, at that time President of the Council of Ministers, came to our help. He sent for me and asked what sum we could pay for all the earthwork, and so entirely dispense with the *corvée*. I told him we should require £400,000 a year. Then, in the face of all sorts of financial difficulties, he managed to find us £250,000, and Riaz Pasha, who succeeded him in 1888, found the remaining £150,000, and so the Egyptian *corvée* was killed, never I trust to revive. I wish I could say that I was sure the *corvée* is for ever dead. Were the strong hand of England removed from the Nile Valley, I do not like to think what abuses might not spring into life.

While we were fighting the battle of the *corvée*, we were studying what measure it was necessary to take to obtain entire control of the Nile.

Great rivers like the Nile pass through three stages. They take their rise in some mountains on which the rain falls fiercely. The soil is washed off the steep slopes, and carried along in the wild torrents that rush out of the valleys. The steeper the slopes, the faster rushes the water; and the faster it rushes, the more it scours out its bed and tanks, and this is the first stage. When it leaves the hills, it flows down a gentler slope; its current becomes less, so that it ceases to scour, and merely carries on the sediment it has brought from the hills. This is the second stage of the river's course, one of equilibrium. As it gets nearer the sea, the slope becomes less and less (that of the Nile is only about three inches in a mile), and there the current has no longer the force sufficient to carry on the sediment, and it begins to deposit it in the bed. This is the third, or deltaic, stage. The deposit, of course, raises the bed. A flood comes, and overflows right and left. New channels are formed;

old channels are filled up ; and the result is a labyrinth of channels and islands. There man steps in, and runs embankments along the edges of such channels as it is intended to utilise. The river rises in flood, cannot escape, but, being restrained, flows all the faster, picks up again the sediment in its bed, that is, it scours out its bed, and throws it into the sea. Thus a good navigable channel is formed, and minor channels get filled in and abandoned. In this way the Nile in Lower Egypt has now only two mouths, at Rosetta and Damietta. In ancient days there were several more. . . . Without the Nile Egypt would be absolutely a desert, but, with the Nile-water freely spread over the land, Egypt has been from all times the richest of plains. I have explained how rivers bring down sediment. This sediment is sometimes only fine sand without any fertilising properties. The Nile brings down the richest of alluvial matter, so that, when it is poured over the fields, this sediment sinks into the ground, and the soil is perpetually renewed, and goes on bearing crops without the help of any manure. The Nile not only serves as a splendid highway of communication, but it serves as rain to Egypt ; and it is fertilising rain ; and it has one rare advantage over rain, that it is almost certain in its seasons. . . . The Nile, as it flows through Egypt, is formed of two great rivers that meet at Khartum, 1,700 miles south of Cairo, the Blue Nile which comes down from the Abyssinian mountains, and the White Nile that drains the great plains of Central Africa, which embrace the Victoria Nyanza, a lake three times as big as all Egypt, and the Albert Nyanza, and a vast marshy tract to the north of these lakes. The whole distance by river from the Victoria Nyanza to the sea is about 3,500 miles. Standing on the bridge at Cairo, I used to reflect that I was just about half-way between the source of the Nile and the White Sea. Or, if we could suppose that the Thames should find its way out in the Euphrates and Persian Gulf, that river would be about as long as the Nile. Although there is almost no rain in Egypt, there is a season of very

heavy rain, known as the monsoon, in the upper waters of the Nile ; and this rainfall is always in May, June, and July. The Blue Nile comes down first from the mountains, bringing its priceless load of mud, with a force so imperious that the waters of the White Nile and its tributaries are held back for a month to let it pass. The Nile at Cairo changes colour and begins to rise about the end of June, and rises more and more rapidly throughout July and August. The Blue Nile has then nearly exhausted its floods, but in the meantime the White Nile has been rising slowly and steadily, filling up these great lakes, drenching the swamps ; and so, when the Blue Nile is going down, this fresh supply begins, and the flood is prolonged, and the supply maintained throughout the year. Year after year the river rises in June, attains its maximum in September, begins to diminish, first rapidly, then very slowly, until it gets to its lowest point in the following June. The amount of water that flows past Cairo the 1st of September is about thirty times as much as passes on the 1st of June. From the lowest to the highest the river rises about twenty-five feet generally. In exceptional years, such as happen about once in six years, the river rises three, or three and a half, feet higher, and this means peril to the delta. Once in modern times the river has risen only twenty feet, and the result was more terrible than too great a flood, as the water could not be got on to the land.

Ancient irrigation in Egypt, which made it the granary of the world, only dealt with the Nile in flood. A line of embankments was made along each edge of the river too high to be topped even in flood. At right angles to these, about five miles apart, other embankments were made going right across the valley and so dividing the country into a series of oblong areas. Short canals were cut from the river into each of these areas, or basins, as they are called. As the river rose, these canals filled, and the whole basins were flooded three or four feet deep. The still water parted with its mud and thoroughly soaked the ground. In October the river began to fall ; the

water was run back into it, and the basins emptied ; then, as soon as a man could walk across the mud with a pair of bullocks and a plough, or even the branch of a tree, the mud was turned over, and sown. So soaked was the soil that the wheat or barley at once sprung up, without a drop of rain or any further watering ; a fine crop was reaped in April, and then the field lay baking in the sun till next flood. Such was the ancient system, and it has come down from the time of the Pharaohs, and is the system to this day throughout the greater part of Upper Egypt. But in this century a change was introduced.

About 1843 that truly able ruler of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, saw that to control the Nile it would be necessary to throw a dam across the river on the principle of an ordinary mill-dam in England. This dam consisted of two bridges placed across the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the river at the point where they divided at the apex of the delta. The arches of these bridges were constructed to be fitted with gates, by dropping which the water could be held up and diverted into three main canals, the sources of irrigation to the whole of Lower Egypt. One canal was to irrigate the plain west of the Rosetta branch, one canal the plain between the two branches, and one was to irrigate the plain east of the Damietta branch. It was intended that when the river was low, and the gates were dropped, the water above the Barrage could be raised as much as 14 feet 9 inches. When the river was in flood, the gates would be raised, and every possible obstruction would be removed from the flow of the river. The arches were of five metres span. In the Rosetta branch there were to be sixty-one arches and in the Damietta branch seventy-one. On the flanks were locks for the passage of boats.

This great work had been placed in the hands of an accomplished French engineer, Mougel Bey. It had been finished in 1861, at a cost of £1,800,000, besides the unpaid labour of uncounted annual *corvées* and of whole battalions of soldiers. The gates had been fitted into the Rosetta Barrage, and

NILE BARRAGE, ROSETTA BRANCH

it was tried in 1863. Ominous cracks soon appeared. A serious settlement took place in 1867, and, after that, no serious effort seems to have been made to use this Barrage. I landed in Egypt in 1883, and my attention was at once called to the Barrage with the great crack across it. I was pressed to examine the Barrage, the local engineers (all French or Egyptians) all asserting that I had better have nothing to do with so unsound a work. It had been so long neglected that timbers were rotten, iron was rusted. There were no appliances or tools, and attached to it there was a large establishment of superannuated and incompetent men, who for years had done little besides drawing their pay, a duty which they performed with praiseworthy regularity. I had then not a single engineer on whom I could rely; but at the end of 1883 I was joined, as has been said, by Major Ross, R.E., Mr. Willcocks, Major Hanbury Brown, R.E., and Mr. E. P. Foster.

My companions and I felt, if we were to do any good, we must either put the Barrage right, or build a new one, for it was absolutely necessary to get control of the Nile water. So we resolved to see what the cracked dam was worth. When the gates were open, there was no more pressure on the Barrage than on an ordinary bridge; but when they were closed, the water above was calculated to rise as much as thirteen feet higher than the water below, creating a heavy pressure on the work, and, as it was founded only on sand and mud, the tendency of the water would be to work its way under the foundations, scouring out the soil, till at last the whole work might fall in.

We found on the Rosetta or West Branch Barrage (the only one in which gates had ever been fitted) tremendous cracks through two or three arches, but still we resolved to test the work. If it smashed, there was no very great harm; while if we could anyhow make it stand, the gain would be enormous.

On the other hand, there was a host of jealous foreigners delighted to see an English failure.

In January 1884 an excellent English engineer

took up his residence at the Barrage. The first thing to do was to put little patches of cement every here and there across the cracks, and these were all numbered. Then about £26,000 were spent in strengthening the rough stone protection below the bridge, and in replacing new timber for the old. All this time the river was slowly falling. We resolved after it fell to a certain point to begin to close the gates. Daily the river kept falling. Daily we closed another gate, and daily the English engineer went round all the little patches of cement. We feared that, as by closing the gates the water rose up-stream, the pressure would be too great for the work, and the cracks would open out afresh, in which case our little cement patches would crack too. So long as they showed no crack, so long we knew there was no fresh mischief at work. We had to proceed very carefully, and it was anxious work, but at last we had raised the water seven feet two inches ; and then I thought that enough for 1884. This made a tremendous difference to the cotton crop. I have said the water was intended to go into three main canals, but only one of these, the central one, had ever been properly finished. The eastern one had never been made at all. The western one was half full of desert sand. But the centre one this year contained seven feet of water more than it had ever done before in the hot, parching months of May and June. And the result was that the cotton crop, which had never before exceeded one hundred and thirty thousand tons, came this year to one hundred and sixty thousand ; and as each ton was worth about £35, these additional thirty thousand were worth £1,050,000, which was not a bad return for the £26,000 we had spent. This was so encouraging that, the following year, Lord Cromer, in spite of the low state the finances were in, managed to get a million sterling, which was made over to us to spend in putting right the irrigation works of the country. Then we knew we could repair the Barrage thoroughly.

The task was very difficult. We had to shut off a piece of the river, enclose it with a bank, pump out

all the water to the very bottom, then examine the state of the foundations, and do what was necessary to strengthen and repair it. We were not certain if we could lay bare the foundations like this. The falling flood would not let us begin before November, and the rising flood of the next year forced us to close at the end of June. In March 1886 we made our first earthen embankment round twenty arches at the west end, which was the part most badly cracked; we pumped out the water from within, and found that by keeping steam-pumps constantly at work we could keep the bed of the river quite dry, although the water was eighteen feet deep outside. The cracks looked worse than we had expected when we got right down to the floor, but it was a great thing to have got down. Soundings had told us that for more than two hundred feet deep there was no rock to be found below, only sand and mud. We were required to prevent water passing through this under the work, and yet it was impracticable to make a very deep foundation and to rest on firm rock. We resolved, therefore, to adopt an Indian plan, and to spread the foundation out very wide. We found that, from up-stream to down-stream, the width of cracked, badly-built flooring was one hundred and twelve feet. We just doubled it to two hundred and twenty-four feet. We covered the old flooring with a solid mass of concrete and stone-work four feet thick, and prolonged it up- and down-stream, while along the upper edge we drove a line of what is called sheet-filing, sixteen feet deep, *i.e.* wooden piles dove-tailing into each other so as to form a continuous wooden wall, so that the water would have to per-colate under this wall, and through two hundred and twenty-four feet of sand and mud, before it could get out on the down-stream face. That first year, 1886, was only a trial year. But we finished the flooring of some arches like this, placing just below the bridge heavy dressed blocks of hard stone which we got from the Alps.

At the end of November 1886 we began our pre-parations for next season. We could not close off

the whole of either branch of the river any one season, but we determined to do a half. And, as there were two branches, that meant four years' work. It took us till the middle of February to get our embankment round one-half of one of the Barrages. It took three weeks longer with twelve steam-pumps to get the water out of the enclosed space ; then, in March, we set to work, and went on day and night without a break, working at night by electric light, till the end of June.[1] I remember on July 1st, 1887, we had finished one-half of the Rosetta Barrage. We had daily reports of the progress of the floods, and got the last of our steam-pumps out of the bed that day. Before daylight next morning the flood was over the whole floor. The embankments, which had taken us three months to make and had cost about £10,000, were all washed away by the rising flood, and no work was possible till the middle of the following November, when we began new embankments, enclosed another half of the river, and did another hard season's work. We had sometimes as many as ten thousand men at work, Arabs, of course, chiefly, Maltese, Italians, Greeks, Syrians, a few Frenchmen. There were perpetually new difficulties meeting us ; sometimes, in the middle of a nice clean piece of stone flooring, a great spring of water would burst out and cover the whole with black mud, and rise deeper and deeper till it was staunched. But, by careful management, the English engineers in charge triumphed at last, and, on June 16th, 1890, they reported that all was finished up to water-surface line. We could take away the embankments then with safety. Since then no one has seen the dry bed of the Nile, nor, I trust, will see it for many a day to come. Altogether about £460,000 were spent on this work, and Egypt is yearly the richer by an increase in the cotton crop worth at least two and a half million sterling.

That has been the biggest, and, on the whole, the most difficult work the engineers have done in Egypt ;

[1] The electric lighting was arranged for by Frank Albright, Colin writing with satisfaction of getting his telegram from Cairo to Chelmsford answered within three hours.—M. D. S.-M.

NILE BARRAGE, DAMIETTA BRANCH

but there have been many others. The great canal at the east end of the Barrage has been constructed. That at the west has been remade. One curious bit of work was moving the Nile itself, about a quarter of a mile east, so as to get it to come straight on to the Barrage. This was done in about five years by building out stone groynes on the west side, and so forcing the current to turn eastward. Where these groynes were built, in water, sometimes forty feet deep, there are now fields of corn, and where there were fields, there is now deep water. As irrigation without drainage always tends to injure the soil, and as drainage had been quite neglected, it had to be taken in hand, and when I left Egypt two and a half years ago [1892], about one thousand miles of drain had been made.

The canals having been intended for irrigation only, the wants of navigation had been totally neglected. We had, therefore, to select certain useful navigation lines, and supply them with locks and swing bridges, to allow the Nile boats to sail freely through them.

Throughout the greater part of Upper Egypt, the old system is still employed of irrigating only during the floods. There is always at such a season plenty of water in the river, but unless it rises to a certain height it cannot flow over the land. This has been remedied now. About 385 miles of new canal have been made ; about three hundred more of old canals have been widened and deepened ; more than one hundred new masonry works have been made ; bridges, sluices, tunnels for passing one canal under another. All these have cost about £800,000, and now, however feeble the Nile floods may be in the future, it is sure to get on to the fields. You will see, then, that the state of the river at all seasons has been provided for. By means of the Barrage, the whole of the water, when the river is at its lowest in May and June, is poured on to the fields, and none escapes to the sea at all. While, by the measures adopted in Upper Egypt, however defective the annual flood may be, there is no fear of any part of the country not obtaining water.

CHAPTER VI

1885–1892

The exposing and eradicating numberless oppressions, which are as grievous to the poor as they are injurious to the Government, the displaying of those national principles of honour, faith, rectitude, and humility which should ever characterise the name of an Englishman, the impressing the lowest individual with those ideas and raising the heart of the ryot from oppression and despondency to security and joy, are the valuable results which must result to our nation from a prudent and wise behaviour on your part. . . . Great share of integrity, disinterestedness, assiduity, and watchfulness is necessary, not only for your own guidance, but as an example to all others.—*Instruction of Council of Calcutta to Supervisors*, 1769.

It has already been remarked that 1885 saw the turning-point in the fortunes of the British occupation in Egypt. Internationalism had been kept at bay; by the Declaration of March 17th, a European loan of £9,000,000 was sanctioned for the settlement of the financial situation; the Government was pledged to a considerable outlay upon irrigation; everywhere —though the struggle to make good was still incessant —there appeared growing signs of relief. Even the first patching-up of the Barrage had such a stimulating effect on the cotton crops as to call forth the following response from the delighted merchants of Alexandria:

(Translation)

To Colonel Scott-Moncrieff

Alexandria.
April 15th, 1885.

Sir,

The export trade, the interests of which are closely bound up with the prosperity of agriculture,

has followed with the greatest interest, and with sincere admiration, the great efforts you have constantly made to improve the irrigation resources of the country.

The cotton crop—the richest that Egypt has ever produced—being now complete, it is possible for commerce to measure the full extent of the immense results obtained by your efforts.

This conviction found expression in our committee meeting of April 7th. The proposal to testify to you "our great admiration and lively gratitude" was carried by acclamation.

We have, therefore, the honour to be the interpreters of the export trade in bringing to your notice the above resolution, and in reiterating our warm thanks for the immense services you have rendered to agriculture and consequently to commerce.

Receive the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

For the Alexandria General Produce Association,
THE PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENT, TREASURER,
AND FIFTY-ONE SIGNATURES OF MERCHANTS.

His characteristic reply is added:

CAIRO.
April 20th, 1885.

SIR,

I beg to express my grateful thanks for your letter of the 15th instant, bearing the signatures of so many respected names connected with the export trade of Alexandria, and testifying to their appreciation of my efforts to improve irrigation. It has been a great surprise to me, and a high honour and gratification. I must be permitted to take all the too flattering expressions used towards me as intended equally for those officers who have worked with me. For it is not by attending office in Cairo (which is all that I have done) that good irrigation is produced, but by daily inspections and perpetual travelling, by constant watchfulness over a large staff of subordinates, by total indifference to exposure to the sun, by the disregard of all personal comfort. This is

the life my officers have led, and it is no little satisfaction for me to know that the merchants of Alexandria appreciate their work.

The quotation which stands at the head of this chapter might, with the substitution of the single word " fellah " for " ryot," as well have been written for the guidance of the Egyptian Public Works Ministry in 1883 as for the Bengal Service over a century before. The language might perhaps be modernised ; but the tradition has passed unchanged from the Indian Civil Service to its Egyptian daughter. To its vitality, among other instances, the results of the abolition of the *corvée* are a living testimony.

The controversy over the abolition raged between 1885 and 1888. At its climax in 1887, Sir Colin's letters are full of the subject. This apparently innocent and benevolent measure, involving the formal appropriation of some £250,000 for the substitution of paid free labour for unpaid forced labour, excited the Powers, led by France and Russia, to heated opposition. When the struggle was at its height, Sir Colin sent in his resignation, but, at Lord Cromer's instance, he subsequently withdrew it.

Soon after, the Russian Chancellor, de Giers, was induced to procure the Tsar's good offices with the President of the Republic ; and the active hostility in Cairo began to subside. It is possible that some interesting light on this change of front is thrown by a transaction described in one of the following letters. Not, however, till 1889 was the formal consent of the Powers received. Nothing more clearly exhibits the position of the English in Egypt at this time than the spectacle of Great Britain, cap in hand to Europe, for leave to bestow upon the Egyptians what was plainly an unmixed benefit.

In the meanwhile [writes Lord Cromer] Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff and his coadjutors had been abolishing the *corvée* without awaiting the decision of the Powers. In July 1886 he reported that the £250,000 devoted to the reduction of the *corvée* had enabled the number of men called out to work for one hundred days to be reduced from 234,153 (the average of the previous three years) to 102,507, a reduction of 50 per cent. It appeared, therefore, that while the diplomatic agents had been discussing whether the £250,000 should be spent, the practical Scotchman had to a great extent solved the question by spending the money. The result, I remarked to Lord Rosebery, was most gratifying ; and an echo of satisfaction was at once wafted back from the Foreign Office.

While upon the subject of foreign, and particularly of French, hostility, it is interesting to recall the changes Sir Colin lived personally to experience in the relations between England and France. Trained as he was in the military lessons of the great campaigns forty years before, and influenced by the spirit of those times, his youthful verdicts upon the French nation are to be seen in his early letters. They are typical of the general attitude of the two peoples toward each other, which, long after all real causes of rivalry had vanished, survived to the latter end of the nineteenth century. Then, in the eighties, he was to find himself in Egypt at a period when fresh friction was being generated. But the determination of Lord Cromer, " with the support of all concerned, to contribute to the restoration of that good understanding . . . which the force of circumstances, rather than the intentions or ambitions on the part of the rulers or population of either country, had impaired," [1] slowly but steadily wrought a change. It was stiff, uphill work. Yet the French and English officials,

[1] Lord Cromer's farewell speech in Cairo, May 1907.

whose intercourse was closer perforce in Egypt than elsewhere, began to find each other not intolerable, though their Governments might remain in outer darkness to one another.

Insensibly there resulted improved relations at home. Then came a desire to settle outstanding local causes of disagreement, naturally developing in due course, under growing apprehension of Prussian designs, into the Anglo-French Convention of 1904, of which the Egyptian clauses form an important part. Though King Edward and M. Delcassé, Lord Lansdowne, and other statesmen may have been the godfathers of the Entente, it was cradled, like Moses, on the banks of the Nile. And Sir Colin, among those who had assisted at its birth, lived to see it unite his countrymen with their brothers-in-arms in these terrible yet great days.

But to return to Egyptian affairs in 1888. An independent professional opinion of the achievements of the Public Works Department may be quoted from an engineer, resident, but non-official, in Egypt.

If we have done nothing else, we have sent them [the Egyptians] Colonel Moncrieff to preside over the distribution of the water which is the source of everything in Egypt, and since the day when Joseph was Vizier of King Pharaoh, Egypt has never received so great a boon from abroad. . . . He [Colonel Moncrieff] has saved Egypt. He has permeated the land with his presence, and before his face and those of his highly trained officials, corruption and oppression flee away. The great work at the Barrage is being steadily pushed on. The *corvée* is abolished ; water is distributed without bribery. Every year fresh canals are being made, and old ones improved. Are you aware that the substitution of irrigation by gravitation instead of by pumps saves the fellaheen a clear million per annum ? If we had done nothing

else in Egypt beyond establishing Moncrieff and his staff, we should have done more to the country than has been done for its unfortunate peasants in the last thousand years.[1]

Public recognition of his work appeared when the Queen appointed him K.C.M.G. at the Jubilee of 1887.

Between 1889 and 1890 certain milestones mark the way, which may be briefly noticed before turning to the letters. As early as 1887, Egypt had been declared solvent; there was now no fear of any relapse. The Barrage was proving as immense a success as it had previously been declared a failure. The overthrow of the Khalifa's forces, with the loss of four-fifths of their numbers, at the battle of Toski, set at rest all anxiety about the southern frontier. The second period of the occupation was over, and victory was in sight.

To Mr. Edmund Sturge

CAIRO.
January 18th, 1885.

. . . My great news just now, however, is that I think we have really made an immense start in a question I have closely at heart, the abolition of the *corvée*. After a good deal of discussion, but really less than I expected, considering the immense revolution we are seeking to bring about, we have almost positively got permission for one-half of the largest province of Lower Egypt to redeem themselves for this year from forced labour by a rate on the land which will vary from 6½*d.* to 2*s.* per acre. My nephew Willcocks is the man who has done the thing, having got up a lot of figures to show the scandal of the present system. He has immense energy and enthusiasm, so that he has fairly carried others along with him. I send you a note I have drawn up on the subject when I was afraid from Nubar's timidity that we should be unable to carry it through; as a last

[1] *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 23rd, 1888.

resource I went to Baring, and he to Nubar and the Khedive. The interest of the latter was secured, and we shall get our wishes now, I think ; and such veteran warriors in the Anti-Slavery cause as you and mother will, I am sure, congratulate me on this success. If we carry it through it will be the best thing by far we English have yet done here. Mr. Forster, I am sure, would be pleased to hear of this. But for its financial difficulties Egypt would get on very well now, I think, nor have I any fear that with judicious administration we should be able to pay the bondholders to the last farthing.

To Miss Dora Albright

ALEXANDRIA.
Thursday, June 25th, 1885.

. . . To-morrow the Khedive has a big, stupid levee I am obliged to attend, and I am taking the opportunity of being here to do some useful business. Especially I am anxious about the sanitary conditions of this big city. Just one remove and no more above a tideless sea, it could never be a very easy question, and it has been aggravated by absolute neglect hitherto. Folks say things have gone on all right up to now ; why stir ? To which I say, if we English are to be here at all it must be in order to stir, to make the place somehow the better for our presence. So I got a commission of the best men I could to report on this drainage, and I have to meet them this p.m. and discuss the matter, and then to discuss where in the world we are to get the money to do what we resolve on ; some £100,000, I suppose—not very much in a large city, but the bulk of the population are Arabs, and care not one button about it, and the rest are composed of all the nations of Europe, and what the Italian proposes the Greek will negative, and the French will negative anything that they don't themselves propose, and a few Germans and some English are nearly the only honest, just people who think first of the common weal. These are some of my difficulties, and I can't get a municipality formed here which I have been urging, and the Central

Government has no money. But yet we'll plod on and get some good done, please God. Yesterday we had a telegram that is puzzling us, that Sir H. Drummond Wolff is coming out as H.M.'s envoy. I suppose to replace Baring. . . . I suspect he is a much better man than Sir H. Wolff. . . . I hope the telegram is all wrong; if it is true, I fear it means that Lord Salisbury is going to sacrifice Egypt to Turkey; and if so, farewell to all improvements. I shall soon be home in that case. But I do hope for better things. The late Government were, to my thinking (and to that of everyone I have talked to on the matter here), so extraordinarily wrong-headed on all Egyptian matters, that I hailed their discomfiture with satisfaction.

Lord Wolseley has been in Cairo for a long time, but I never went to call on him because I didn't want to be asked out to dinner. However, two nights ago I thought I must be polite enough to go and leave a card. I was escaping when he waylaid me, and talked Egyptian matters for more than half an hour. He certainly is a bright, pleasant, intelligent talker. . . .

To Miss Dora Albright

CAIRO,
August 9th, 1885.

. . . The Nile is rising splendidly. I am not very anxious about it, but very serious; the *cœur léger* is hardly possible when I know that there *may be* such a flood on its long course from the Victoria Nyanza as to cut through my defences and devastate rich provinces. I am not afraid, for our defences are pretty good, but one must be on guard. Last week Major Ross and I went up the river, studying a weak point. This week we go down, taking Mrs. R. with us and another engineer, Perry, in a comfortable steamer to see that all is right as far as Damietta, five or six days' trip. And the rich brown waters rush on in their strength, plunging and revolving and lashing, and cutting and lapping at the banks till one has to stop looking at them, or one gets nervous.

To Mrs. Bertram Hunt

CAIRO.
September 29th, 1885.

. . . And now I have got some new officers from India, and a million of money put at my disposal to improve the irrigation with, and please God we really shall do a great deal with that. We have had a successful season of it, and the Nile has been behaving well, and despite considerable worries such as one must expect (French factious opposition, etc., etc.), our hearts are cheered, I think, in our work. The most disheartening thing for us all is old W. E. G.'s last manifesto, full of all his insane old fallacies, and asserting that we must leave Egypt as soon as ever we can. Nothing is so discouraging to us few English workers here, who know full well that, if England leaves Egypt, all new improvements will go to the wind. So, unless I believed that, in spite of all W. E. G. says to the contrary, we shall stay and our work will be permanent, I for one should not care to go on with it. But not one word of encouragement or caring or interest has W. E. G. ever shown in anything on the Nile banks, from the great Gordon downwards. But I'm treating you to a grumble, which I didn't mean to do. I can honestly say with some knowledge of the subject that I don't believe the Egyptian masses were ever so well off as they are now. The army is so small there is practically no conscription, or very little. The taxes are not ruinous, and are collected tolerably fairly. We are, I trust, really getting rid of the *corvée*. There is *some* chance of the fellah getting justice in a court. There are some good policemen to keep order. Some few really good doctors to heal the sick. And nearly all this is due to our English rule, halting and spasmodic as it is. . . .

To Mrs. Robertson

HELUAN, NEAR CAIRO.
September 20th, 1885.

. . . Your autumn tints and the stubble fields will be about you, and the rustle of the fallen leaf as you

walk through the woods ; home surroundings that I like to conjure up with closed eyes. And to-day you are at church, and your husband is preaching. . . . And I look out on date trees, a stretch of sand, a stretch of green, a broad stretch of blue Nile and more date trees, above which, simmering in noonday sunshine, slumbers in its serene old age a great pyramid ; and below these dates, reverently buried in the alluvial deposit of cycles, slumbers the once mighty city of Memphis.

This is about twelve miles south of Cairo, where sulphurous springs and dry desert air have reared a little settlement and a good hotel. The Rosses and I have come out for four Muhammadan holidays while the faithful are celebrating the offering up, not of Isaac, but of his Bedouin brother Ismail. The air is perfect and it is quiet and restful and my Nile is behaving itself. . . .

To the same

CAIRO.
February 28th, 1886.

. . . I don't wonder at your hearing much politics in the Balfour circle, and I don't wonder at the Duke of Argyll's being low about public affairs. I'm glad I'm not in Parliament and responsible for a vote on this miserable Irish question. I pray God they may have wisdom to solve it right, and if it is rightly solved, not a penny care I whether it is Radical or Tory that does it. But I do heartily wish Gladstone were for ever out of the councils of the nation. I am amused at David's constant sunny optimism. A short time since he was full of Goschen, and of assurances that Scotland was in no sympathy with Chamberlain. Now that his demi-god W. E. G. is led by the nose by Chamberlain, David finds it all right, and is only furious with the London press for refusing to dance to whatever tune the Grand Old Man plays. The Tories certainly very decidedly improved the position here. Now I suppose things will all go back to the old shilly-shally state. I am very busy, and work gets on fairly well, but with a good many worries. . . .

In the summer he took a holiday, the first from Egypt for nearly two years. A cherished plan of his for securing a Scotch inn and filling it with kinsfolk and friends was realised at Weem, a very welcome and refreshing change from Egypt and its cares. After his return he writes :

To Miss Dora Albright

CAIRO.
Sunday, January 16th, 1887.

. . . Here is fun from the *Bosphore.* It tells its readers that the distinguished English Colonel who rules Public Works went the other day to the Finance Office with his Budget Estimate for 1887, threw it on the table, said, " I have no time to explain this, for my presence is required on the race-course. I beg you will pass it without delay." And the Finance people thereon passed it ! ! ! I wish I could copy the French. The fun is I have never once gone to the races since I have been in Cairo, and it is amusing to be represented as a racing character. . . .

To Mrs. Bertram Hunt

CAIRO.
January 8th, 1887.

The French Government are peculiarly irritating just now, and behave in, I think, the *meanest* way, but they don't affect me much, and though I do sometimes rather envy the butterfly tourists I see crowding round Shepheard's just now, people who do not feel as I daily do " the burden of Egypt," yet I know some good work is being done in the country, and if the lives of others are anyhow helped, we oughtn't to grudge work. . . .

To Miss Dora Albright

CAIRO.
Sunday p.m., January 23rd, 1887.

. . . The Prince of Naples, eldest son of the King of Italy, has been here most of the week, and last

night Susie and I went to a reception at the Italian Consul-General's to meet him, a delicate-looking little boy of seventeen. I shook hands with him and had a little talk. His English was excellent. There was a tremendous crush, of course. To-morrow night is the Khedive's ball, to which I suppose I must go. . . . So you see we have been gay. I don't care much for the gaiety, and all the time there has been heavy work and a good deal of worry. I have felt somewhat burdened by it, and put out with myself because I was burdened. For some burdens are self-imposed if I think ever about myself and not about the work. This morning I was at church and we had a very noble sermon from Mr. Maturin, a Cowley Brother I told you of before. He preached on our being the Light of the World, the Salt of the Earth. The two things distinct; the two Christian callings distinct; the light to stand out apart from the world, alone, devoted, ascetic, the solitary lighthouse; the salt to mingle and mix with all society, everywhere purifying; the freedom to go into all society, all gaiety, so long as we go as salt, so long as others are the better and we not the worse,—only so long. I wish you had heard what was a noble discourse.

To the same

Monday, January 31st, 1887.

I have been doing a very uncommon thing for me, lunching out with the Moneys, to meet Mr. Stanley and a Sir C. and Lady Macgregor (a distinguished Bengal officer—very, very ill, I fear). Stanley is a quiet, modest-looking man, who didn't the least care to hold forth about his travels. But it was interesting to meet him, and were I a free agent I should like right well to go with him. Oh, would I not! He hopes to be back in eighteen months, and told me, what I was surprised to hear, that in forty-five days a letter would get from London to within four hundred miles of Emin Pasha.

To the same

CAIRO.
Friday, February 4th, 1887.

. . . On Wednesday I dined at the Turkish Envoy's, Mukhtar Pasha—a very grand banquet—the Khedive's two brothers there, a hot room, far too much to eat and drink. After dinner I had some interesting conversation with an interesting man, he calls himself Osman Effendi, a secretary of Mukhtar ; he is really a Hungarian and, I suppose, a renegade, a man of learning, evidently, and who talks excellent English. He told me various things about Hungary, and said sadly their population was not increasing, and he thought, being a Turanian people, they were doomed to die out. He remarked too on the French not increasing, and thought in time there would be only two great families in Europe, the Teuton and the Slav.

Nubar was at Mukhtar's, and told me that night he thought the difficulty with the French and Russians about the *corvée*, that I told Rachey of, last mail, was settled, and that we might go on all happily. What, then, was my disgust, yesterday morning, to be informed that the French had decided not to consent to grant the money for the *corvée* abolition, and so there is nothing for it but to turn the *corvée* out. I confess I am very angry about it, and think the French behaving monstrously. It is all nonsense to say there are financial difficulties. These have been fully considered. It is only, I believe, the French wish to interfere with us in our reforms here, to injure us as best they can. And so about sixty thousand men will have to turn out and labour unpaid and unfed for one hundred days. I hope there will be a row about it at home, but I fear English statesmen on neither side care enough about the matter, or are plucky enough to say to the most mischievous Government in Europe, " We shall go our own way, and you beware how you interfere with it." . . . I daresay he [her brother Willie] doesn't get worried and bothered and impatient with little foolish things as I do, when I long to be done with this weary Egypt,

and envy the simple line officer attending to his company, and careless as to what happens to Egypt. I do get worried and weary, but it is all because I think too much about myself and too little about my work. . . .

Sunday, a.m.

I have just done a serious thing. The more I thought of this *corvée* business the more I felt it. For two years we have succeeded in greatly diminishing it. We have paid honestly for our labour in part, at least, and taken away much of the sting of the *corvée*. Now we are deliberately to undo all we have done and thrust the people back to this form of slavery. England is really responsible for Egypt and must really bear the blame of this. So, my dear, I have determined to be no party to such a cruel transaction, and have this morning resigned my post. I suppose it will make a row; I have a sort of wild hope it may do good, and stir Baring up to see what a blackguard business it is. If not, I shall have done my best. . . .

Monday, p.m.

I have had a kind and a sensible letter from Baring strongly urging me not to resign, and after consulting two sensible men here, and a long talk with him this morning, I have withdrawn my resignation. I don't think, however, it has done any harm. I've asked Baring to inform Lord Salisbury of the occurrence.

After all this, to-day Nubar told me he understood the French were giving in, and so I hope the *corvée* won't be required after all. The subject has given me much thought and worry, as you may suppose, and Baring, though just and honest, is as unsympathetic as a stone. . . .

To the same

CAIRO.
February 10th, 1887.

. . . The last few days have been disquieting, and this *corvée* affair has worried me more than any official matter since I have been in Egypt. I don't believe a great deal in the political necessity of our

holding Egypt. But I think, Here we are, we cannot without great wrong to the people leave Egypt. Baring wrote to me the English Government are not responsible for what the French do. I replied the English Government have been responsible for everything that has taken place in Egypt since Tel-el-Kebir, and it is their cowardly refusal to accept our responsibilities that makes our position here false and impossible. I think then our only justification for stopping on in the country is that we are doing good here. We have withdrawn our hand *entirely* from one of the greatest reforms necessary, that of the administration of justice. We boast (at least Government do) of our success in the irrigation work and this *corvée* suppression. The French refuse to authorise a sum to be spent because it may injure the bondholders. Baring and Vincent say it won't. If England really cared about Egypt, really realised the abominations of the *corvée*, she would say to France, " My Financial officers assure me the bondholders are all right—I'll be responsible for that ; so I beg you'll no longer interfere with this reform " ; and we should insist on this. But not a bit. We seem to me to wish to retain all the political advantages of the position, and to pay nothing for it, and foreign Europeans and natives are alike disgusted with us. All this has worried me, but I'm getting over it. And I believe the French and Russians may give in after all. Excuse my pouring out. The subject has been so much in my mind.

To the same

CAIRO.

Friday night, February 18th, 1887.

. . . On Wednesday I had a delightful holiday. You must know that twelve miles up the river at old Memphis lay, in a muddy hole, half underground, a colossal statue of Rameses II, somehow or other the property of the British Government. Long ago I represented to our dear General Sir F. Stephenson that it would be a suitable monument of our British occupation to get old Rameses out of the hole and

on his old legs on a proper pedestal, and that he with soldiers at command might do it. He warmly took up the idea, and after long delays work has been begun, and he asked me to come up the river with him and see how far they had got. We had a pleasant little party, and I was greatly interested in the work. The huge block, about forty feet long and one hundred and twenty tons weight, has been lifted horizontally up, so that I could go round under him. The statue is in splendid preservation, much finer than we expected. It was a nice day in the open air, and the General is always delightful. . . . Yesterday a.m., Baring wrote me that the *corvée* question was settled as I had hoped, that is, that I was to get the £250,000 to help its relief.[1] France has not given in. She said she wouldn't without requiring certain conditions which Egypt would not accept, and so England, I am delighted to say, has done what I wanted her to do at first, authorised Egypt to disregard France. They are furious, I hear, but it isn't a matter they would think of fighting on. Only I fear Egyptian finance is in a very bad way. . . .

To the same

CAIRO.

Saturday night, February 26th, 1887.

. . . It is near 11 p.m. and I have had really a busy day. At work at 8.30; to Shepheard's Hotel at 9.30 to talk with Lord Rosebery, President of a Committee on Railway Tariffs, from 10 to 12.30. Then to ordinary office business to 2.30. Home to lunch; then to discuss irrigation projects with Ross; at 5.45 to pay some calls with Susie; busy with a Coptic employé of the Finance Office discussing land revenue 6 to 7; great banquet at the palace to Lord and Lady Rosebery at 7.30. . . . Lord Fife

[1] A notification in the Official Journal stated that the abolition of the *corvée* having been made dependent by certain Powers on conditions unacceptable to Egypt (*e.g.* an increase of the army), arrangements had been made with the British Government. (In case of need, the payment to England of the interest on the Suez Canal shares, then due, was to be postponed.)

called on his way home from India, bringing an introduction from Mackenzie Wallace (the author on Russia, now private secretary to Lord Dufferin). He was very pleasant. Thursday was full of work, and that evening I was at a great dinner party given by the Barings to the Roseberys, who are also on their way home from India. On Friday I took Susie and Lord Fife in a steam launch down to the Barrage, which he was anxious to see. It was blowing a perfect gale, and the Nile had waves which made our little boat dance about. The Willcockses gave us lunch and we returned. He (Lord F.) is quite an intelligent man, very keen about India, from which he has just come. I wonder if he ever thinks of leaving his beautiful Braemar estates and being a Viceroy. I had only a short talk with Lord Rosebery this morning. He is forty, but looks much younger, but with a wise old look about him too ; very grave. . . . Our Egyptian politics are in rather a state of tension. I have got my £250,000 to help to do away with the *corvée*, but it has been directly against the approval of the French and with the published approval of England. This is a new departure. The French here are furious. What will follow, who knows? but Lord Rosebery hinted to me that a war between France and Germany was very likely, in which case the former would leave Egypt alone, and that our Government probably did not want to precipitate matters before then. Oh dear, why should these two big nations go to war? . . .

To Mrs. Robertson

CAIRO.

DEAREST BESSIE, *March 28th*, 1887.

It is long since I wrote to you, and yours of February 16th stares at me unanswered. But *you* don't seem to have got much further since then, for I hear of frost and snow like mid-winter. Truly if I were a bird I would insist on being a migratory one, and if I were a sparrow I would try to look like a swallow. . . . Tell James we are *not* going to retire from Egypt, and I was surprised to hear from Lord Rosebery the

other day that he thought Mr. Gladstone never intended to do so, any more than anyone else. Nor shall we withdraw our troops from Cairo, I believe, for some time to come, if ever. But there were more than necessary, and they have very properly reduced them.

I expect my friend Elliott to-morrow with his daughter, on their way home from India. You know whom I mean—son of the Rev. H. V. E. They have just made him a K.C.S.I. His daughter was a friend of my Violet's. They are to stay a few days with us. My guest-chamber has been full nearly all the season and I want a bigger house, but I don't suppose I'll change. Our establishment consists of an English butler, a German female cook, a Nubian male housemaid, and an Arab groom. . . .

To Miss Dora Albright

CAIRO.
April 3rd, 1887.

On Tuesday p.m. the Elliotts arrived, and since then I have been showing them about a good deal, taking them a great round of mosques, etc., on Wednesday; to the Barrage on Thursday; took him to lunch with Nubar on Friday; and yesterday evening we climbed the Pyramid. They go to-morrow. It is very pleasant having them, and he is interesting in many ways, for he is a man of great intellectual power. . . . He told me much of Bernard, whom he thinks the noblest of them all, a high-souled Christian paladin. He says he wishes B. could go about with a halo round his head that everyone might see that he was not like other men, instead of in shabby old clothes. . . .

To the same

S.S. "MANSOUREH," RED SEA.
April 18th, 1887.

. . . I occasionally get insights into such blackguard little things here, on the part of people one would suppose gentlemen, *e.g.* the Russian opposition to the *corvée* question being withdrawn after their member of the Public Debt Commission had got

given him a few hundred pounds which he had no right to, but which he rapaciously demanded. . . . There is a great row in Alexandria over a certain French judge in the International Court; convicted of dishonourable dealings in France, their Government nominated him to be their representative in Egypt!! He appears to be a swindler and a most corrupt judge. Now he has to go, but no Frenchman stands out to protest against him. . . . Last night I was at a dinner given to our dear old General Sir F. Stephenson, who goes home to-day on four months' leave. He has been here since May or June 1883, and has never had a day's leave, and he has had anxious times too, with the cholera first, and then the Gordon expedition, etc., and he has had to accept being passed over by Lord Wolseley coming out from home with all éclat and getting all he asked for, and then going home again. But he has always been the same good, straightforward gentleman, so simple and kindly in his manners, with a beautiful, loving face, and yet with no want of manly vigour and determination, a very loyal-hearted, high-minded soldier, who has done many a year's good work since he fought the Russians with the Guards up the slopes of the Alma. . . . Even the *Bosphore* can only say of him, "He is a *parfait gentilhomme*." I hope the Queen will be kind to him when he gets home. . . .

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

CAIRO.

MY DEAREST SUSIE, *June 24th*, 1887.

You two dear nieces and Will will like to hear that I was told last night they had made me a K.C.M.G. So Will will believe that I belong to the band of hope!! But tell him it won't make any difference, and I mean to continue quite haffable. He will understand the allusion. The proceedings here were a tremendous success from beginning to end; nothing had been seen like it in Cairo before. We began with a review, to which I took the Peakes, like what you saw on H.M. birthday. But the troops cheered! Then a *most impressive* religious

service in the church, which was brimful. We all sang "God save the Queen." The illuminations and fireworks were excellent; great crowds at the gates, but nothing excessive within; everyone pleased. They issued seven thousand free tickets, and began by charging five piastres for those that hadn't them, but ended by letting in all that looked at all respectable. At 12.30 this all ended by the united bands playing "God save the Queen." Then Luigi at Shepheard's invited about twenty of us to a most magnificent supper, and Peake and I got home at 3 a.m. . . .

[At this dinner *Sir* C. S.-M.'s health was drunk, and he received a most cordial ovation from the English representative men.—S. S.-M.]

To Mrs. Ballard

CAIRO.
December 16th, 1888.

You ask my opinion about *Robert Elsmere*, a big subject to write of. I think, then, it is beautifully written: fine descriptions of nature, some well-drawn characters—often one sees authors draw best their own sexes, Thackeray's women and George Eliot's men are their weaker conceptions. And I think in the same way Mrs. H. Ward draws women better than men—Catherine and Rose are natural, well-drawn women. I don't think R. Elsmere is natural, or that a man would have drawn him. He is represented as gifted with a fine intellect, full of the love of God, and with the enthusiasm of doing good to his fellow-men. Yet he at once, without a struggle, gives himself up to the pleasure of the society of a man whom he knew to be a heartless, selfish cynic. This is not natural. His religion is described as based very much on his emotions, the impressive services of Oxford, etc., and so, when brought to face the intellectual squire, he has nothing to fall back on. But is it natural to suppose that before throwing over his creed, before stabbing to the heart his devoted wife, before giving up the parish in which he found such pleasure, he would not have first turned for counsel to some one in the other camp? If he dared

not open his heart to Catherine, surely he would have done it to some men? Not a bit; he throws up the contest at once. This, I say, is not natural for a man such as R. E. is described, and therefore it is a literary blemish to the book. As to Mrs. H. W.'s theology, I think it is weak. And somehow I don't believe she is satisfied with it. Her best characters are the orthodox Catherine (quite a beautiful character) and the earnest, narrow-minded ritualist. Except Prof. Grey, what other good character is there on the agnostic side?—that heartless old squire, that profligate woman of fashion, that wretched, unmanly Langham. You know my friend Sir C. Elliott. I have always looked on him as the most intellectual man of my acquaintance. He told me that in India he had got into the way of thinking the game of Christianity was up, and agnosticism was the only attitude for reasonable folks; but when he got home he determined to read the other side of the question, and was very much surprised at finding how strong was the position of Christianity. I don't pretend to have studied either side at all deeply. Of course miracles are a great difficulty, and want very strong evidence. Mrs. H. Ward shows how easy it was in the Middle Ages for people to believe anything. I doubt if it was so easy at the time of the Christian era. The Jew Sadducee, the Greek philosopher, the agnostic Roman (like Lucretius) were not so very credulous. It would be easier for me to believe the record of a man raised from the dead than to believe that a man, and no more than a man, such as Jesus Christ ever lived. If He was not divine He was the greatest of all miracles. The man who taught as He did, and lived as He lived, it is not difficult for me to believe raised the dead, and rose Himself. St. Paul was no credulous enthusiast. If he was mad as Festus said, there was a method in his madness. Had the movement these men originated, that company of unlettered Galilean boatmen, that young Jew carpenter, had it failed and died out like other reformed creeds, one might have thought it only a beautiful story. But these unlettered men have

stirred the whole earth. How many knees bow at the name of Jesus! If He was wrong altogether, then I am quite ready to be wrong, too. To me it is easier to believe that this wonderful faith, preaching so high an ideal, swaying so many hearts, comforting, elevating, reforming so many weak, sinful men and women, has a divine rather than a merely human origin. Much of it I don't the least understand. The Athanasian Creed I greatly dislike. The doctrine of the Trinity and the Atonement are all to me wrapt in clouds. I look out on the night and see two stars which seem much alike. The astronomer tells me one is thousands of times bigger and more distant than the other. It may be so. All I know is that they are infinitely far away from me, infinitely greater than I am. My Creator won't be angry with me because I don't know which is the bigger and the less. And so with these great doctrines. I believe what I cannot prove, because it is easier for me to believe than not, and because when I feel my own poor heart at its poor best I feel I can believe easiest. So let us go on trying to do His will; the doctrine will come hereafter.

I wonder if there is really such a community in eastern London as Mrs. H. W. describes. For from all I know it is the orthodox Christians who do most good there; and that fine fellow Barnet, who has worked Whitechapel for so many years with his wife, is a Church of England parson, and a Broad Church one too, the party Mrs. H. W. is most severe upon. I have the greatest respect for the Comtists, but I don't fancy they work in the East End. What a lot I have written to you, dear, about this! Ah, if I could only live up to the creed! I turn with a sort of comfort to St. Paul's outburst in Romans vii. If he found himself a "wretched man," what can I expect? I wonder if I am too hard on Mrs. H. W. I hope not, for her book gave me great pleasure, and I should think she is a very good woman. Good-bye. Dear love to you, dearest, oldest friend.

Your ever attached brother,

C. C. S.-M.

To Mrs. Robertson

CAIRO.
Sunday, June 2nd, 1889.

. . . Mabel and I are getting on very well through the hot days. They *are* hot at times with the thermometer above 80° at sunrise, but I don't think Mabel is a bit the worse, any more than I am. The place is getting very empty, week after week carrying off some of our friends, and this will go on till August, when we get to about our minimum. My baby the Nile is *very* low, lower than it has been for years, and we are practically letting none of it go on to the sea. I get daily telegrams from our southern frontier garrison at Wadi Halfa (the second cataract about eight hundred miles south of this), and for the last three days I am glad to say the river is on the rise. Slowly the great majestic flood moves on. In four days it has not risen one and a half inches, but the tide has turned all the same, the waters are on their course from the Equator. We shall have a heavy struggle to keep the great cotton crop alive through June heat and drought, and then, please God, the rise will begin here, and it will be a case of clearing away obstructions and letting the floods go. If all goes well, at the end of August I'll try to get home. . . .

To Mr. David Scott-Moncrieff

CAIRO.
June 18th, 1889.

. . . Mabel is off this p.m. in a steam-launch with the Rosses and Peakes to the Barrage. I am obliged to stay here, and go in a short time to a commission I am sitting on, a sort of civil court-martial trying a very fine specimen of the Europeanised Turkish pasha, a man who talked excellent French, went every year to Paris, gave capital dinners. He has been Governor of Port Said and the Suez Canal for nearly six years, has lived on about four times his pay, and now it turns out that he has been robbing right and left, taking bribes, misappropriating public funds, etc. I hate trials of this kind. I have no training in

examining and appreciating evidence. But I must bear my share of the work of the country. . . .

As the praise is not due to me but to my officers, Willcocks, etc., I need not hesitate to say that the water distribution is being done extraordinarily well, so as to give universal satisfaction. This morning I saw Riaz (who has succeeded Nubar as head of affairs), and he told me there was the most marked change in public opinion, and in favour of our irrigation régime, which he thought about faultless. I feel there is a great change going on, an enormous stride in the material prosperity of the country in the last five years. And when I think of it, at times I feel as though in all honour I must stop on here, and guide Public Works as I have been doing; as though it would be wrong and a desertion of duty were I to go. And this feeling is strengthened by the kindly assurances I get from so many that I am of use here. On the other hand, when I think of my young people, of their childish days passing without my having any enjoyment from them, I feel inclined to throw over Egypt and go. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; I must stop here at least for another year; by then the Barrage will be finished, and I'll perhaps have something to guide me. . . .

P.S.—I must take half a sheet more, after all, to tell you how civil the Khedive had been to me the other day. He made his annual summer move to Alexandria some days ago, and the evening he got there sent me quite a long telegram to express his satisfaction at the state of the cotton crop, and of the water in the canals as he passed, and his thanks to me for the arrangements made.

I thought it very kindly on his part.

To Mrs. Ballard

RAMLEH.
Wednesday, June 26th, 1889.

. . . This is the anniversary of the Khedive's accession, and etiquette required me to go to a levee this morning, while I was nothing loth to come down

and breathe the fresh sea air. So we accepted Susie Willcocks's invitation, and got down to dinner last night, and before seven this morning were *all* in the sea together, where you can fancy little white arms round my neck and young voices skirling to Uncle Colin to know whether their owners were really out of their depths. Susie Willcocks and Mabel have gone into Alexandria this p.m. to pay their respects to the Vice-reine, and I am enjoying a regular idle day, which I have not had for some time. Do you know the luxury, the utter idleness, of an easy-chair in a big library, and just dipping into book after book, here to look at the pictures, there to turn up a story? That's what I have been doing. Susie has for the summer the house of a man with an unusually good private library, and I feel almost too idle to write this!

They are dear bairns, these little Willcockses, all of them, and they have all fallen in love with their fascinating new cousin Mabel, who has dropped among them and doesn't mind how they hang about her; they run after her in the dog-like fashion of children after a new hero. . . .

To Mrs. Bertram Hunt

CAIRO.
July 1st, 1889.

. . . In your letter you ponder over the mystery of our life, the grooves we are forced to run in, which don't always fit us, the impossibility of leaving them for others that we think would fit us.

> There's something in this world amiss,
> 'Twill be unravelled bye and bye.

I think perhaps as I get older I get more reconciled to not knowing. The light ahead is hazy enough at times, but surely it is infinitely better than darkness; and this revealed religion, puzzling, seemingly contradictory, unsatisfying to so many, working on so few throughout the ages, yet seems to me to contain the only solution. It is when I feel least unworthy

it seems easiest to bow before my Captain, Christ. . . . You allude to our Egyptian politics. Our enemies here are the French, worse than the Mahdists, or any other. We are all furious with them just now. As the result of five years' really very close surveillance of finance, Sir E. Vincent had been able to bring forward a scheme for converting a 5 per cent. Government debt into a 4 per cent. It does not the least affect England, but it would be a clear yearly saving of £160,000 to poor Egypt. All the Powers had to be consulted. Germany, Austria, Italy at once agreed; Russia after some demur; France positively refuses, unless we will state when we mean to take our army out of the country. It is illogical enough, for it is the presence of our army that has helped the public security and brought about this financial improvement. France cares nothing for that. She protests she is the friend of Egypt, and, to spite England, she deprives her poor friend of £160,000 a year. . . .

To Mrs. Robertson

CAIRO.
August 11th, 1889.

The Sudan Campaign has been a short one,[1] I am thankful to say. I do not anticipate perfect peace there for a good long time, but I trust for the present things will be quiet. . . .

It may have been noticed by some readers that many of the preceding letters are written to Margaret Scott-Moncrieff's intimate friend and cousin, Dora Albright. She had been in close touch with the whole family since the Indian tour seven years before. After Margaret's death, Sir Colin had grown accustomed to confide to her and her sister Rachel most of his interests and anxieties. About this time he and Dora decided to share the future together; and he was looking forward to their marriage in England at the end of December 1890.

[1] Battle of Toski.

On September 20th the following entry occurs in his diary :

Office as usual. A Russian, M. de Ranner, *attaché au dept. des Apanages Impériaux*, called on me this morning to ask if I would go myself, or let one of my officers go, to advise about irrigation at Merv—two months' trip. Rather excited over this, went to Portal about it and he wired to Lord Salisbury.

September 22nd.—Got news that Lord Salisbury would like me to go to Merv. I look on it then as nearly certain.

On September 30th he and Mr. de Ranner started on their mission, which came about for these reasons : The problem at Merv, for the irrigation engineer, closely resembles that in Egypt. Here also there was once a fertile territory dependent upon irrigation. Here also had been a great barrage, holding up the waters of a fertilising river and distributing them through two main canals. But since the destruction of the dam in 1784, after devastating wars, cultivation had languished and the population dwindled away.

The Russian Government having restored order, some attempts had been made to revive irrigation, until finally it was decided to rebuild the barrage of Sultan Bend, on the imperial domain, as a starting-point for developments, which, it was hoped, would cause the desert, from the Murghab to the Caspian, to blossom as the rose. It was to report on these works, then in course of construction, that Sir Colin and his French colleague, M. Cotard, were invited to visit Merv.

The journey, which lasted from September 30th to December 10th, was by way of Constantinople, the Crimea, Batum, Baku, Uzinada, Merv : Chargui on the Oxus, Bokhara, Samarkand, Merv, Tiflis, the Caucasus, Rostov, Griazi, Moscow, Petrograd, home.

LADY SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, LUCY, COLIN, AND MEGGIE

MISS M. D. ALBRIGHT

The letters from Russia are very cheerful reading, and show how his mental energy, spirits, and capacity for enjoyment had reasserted themselves after the domestic sorrow, hard work, difficulty, and discouragement of his first years in Cairo. His work in Egypt was prospering. The great decisions he had made there were being justified by results. He was enjoying an interesting journey, and feeling that his powers and experience were valued; and, above all, he had a happy future again before him. A friend wrote later of "his charming gift of youth." No boy could have looked forward more eagerly to this home-coming than he did. He was on the crest of the wave, and was "very thankful and happy."

To Miss D. Albright

R.S. "DAKABBEH," MEDITERRANEAN.
Wednesday, October 1st, 1890.

. . . After seeing Mary off, I went to office and wound up work and was pretty busy. I think I did one good stroke. Ten days ago Artin Pasha of the Railway Board talked to me of the benefit a railway-bridge would be across the Damietta branch of the Nile at Mansoura. I had often thought of it vaguely, but his figures convinced me it was good. I got it before my Railway Extension Committee, of which I am president, on Saturday p.m., got it passed through the Council of Ministers on Monday p.m., and I think and hope the contract will be given out ere I return to Egypt. This will be pretty quick work, and will gladden my heart. . . . Yesterday morning I left Cairo by express, along with my friend de Ranner—such a lot of people to see me off! On the road I got a telegram from Alexandria to say the Khedive desired me to go straight to the palace to lunch with him. So I had to get out my tarboosh and Stambouline coat in the train and put them on. He was really very kind and cordial, and chatted away with me for a long time after lunch. (He sent one

of his boats and an A.D.C. to take me off to the ship this morning.)

THERAPIA, BOSPHORUS.
Monday evening, October 6th, 1890.

. . . It is dark now, and I rise from this table to look out over the dark waters, just under the window, like a house in Venice, with the lights twinkling across in Asia, and here and there a caïque passing with a light in it, and there is the far-off bark of dogs, almost melodious over the waters—and the whistle of the steamers is blended and softened off. When I got here at five I went straight over to see Sir W. White, a bluff, rough sort of burly, simple man. I believe he began as a humble Consular clerk, and has now attained this envied post, in the most aristocratic of careers, the diplomatic. He was very hearty and genial (a man about seventy), and chatted for some time, till who should be introduced but the Russian Ambassador, Count Nelídoff (accent on second syllable), who had missed de Ranner. He knew all about me and was very polite. . . .

CONSTANTINOPLE.
Tuesday, p.m.

This morning I had a lovely walk at Therapia. It was beautiful. Then at 10 o'clock I went with a large party from the Embassy, including Sir W. and Lady White, Mrs. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, M.P. (*Daily Telegraph*), and several others in the Embassy launch in here. It was a charming excursion, and old Sir W. W. poured out one good story after another in the most amusing way. He had a great deal to say about the Sultan, whom he considers really a very clever man, but haunted with constant dread of assassination, so that he fears to leave his palace. He works incessantly, insists on signing every little thing himself, such as an order to see his Treasury, and so all big matters collapse. Shaw-Lefevre asked Sir W. W. what he thought of Ferdinand of Bulgaria. He said he had never met him, but had heard a good remark of his. Someone asked him how he liked his place. He said he did not mind being the flea sitting where no one could

scratch! . . . Sir W. W. was most friendly this morning, and full of interest in my mission. It was interesting to see a man whose whole time was occupied in watching other States, in smoothing difficulties, giving advice, pointing out dangers. Soldiers who wage successful wars get high praise. Too often, I suspect, is forgotten the action of the ambassador who succeeds in warding off war. Yet how far more valuable he is! Sir W. W. is full of distrust of Russia, I see. . . . Mrs. D. was very pleasant and nice, a great partisan for the Armenians, sure that England and Russia by the joint action of their fleets could force Turkey to give Armenia good government, such as there is in the Lebanon. I told her I thought that means nothing short of WAR; but she wouldn't have it, but said it was the only way to avoid war. Who is right I can't say. I dislike making up my mind on what I know very little about, and if there is a tangled web, it is the Eastern question. Mrs. D. was very contemptuous about Sir W. White, as a man only anxious to keep well with the Sultan. Perhaps so; again I know not. But he and the Radical M.P. seem quite agreed this morning that the Armenians have not in them the elements for autonomy like Bulgaria, and also, what I was surprised to hear, that there was no single district in Asia Minor where there were not more Turks than Armenians, while there is no Turkish town or district where they are not to be found, and Dr. Giragosian denied the first of these statements as to their numbers in Asia Minor. . . .

YALTA, CRIMEA.
Saturday morning, October 11th, 1890.

. . . The Crimean people whom I have seen are very nice-looking, women and men. I don't much admire the Russian physical type. De Ranner is nearly as deliberate as I find the rest of his countrymen (he was in bed till I woke him at 9 a.m. this morning), and I can't get him to come off on an excursion somewhere, while my absolute ignorance of Russian makes me powerless to move alone. How much one can do with very little of a foreign tongue,

and how helpless with none at all. I find it an entire mistake to suppose all Russians talk French. . . .

Sunday forenoon.

That Prince arrived at 3 a.m. and is now in this hotel asleep, and we are waiting till he chooses to awake. A steamer starts for Poti at 9 p.m. and I'm most impatient to go on, but de Ranner thinks the Prince is sure to wish to stay here longer. He says to me in his funny English, "Ach, my dear saar, you shall learn in my country how to spend your time without doing nozing," and verily they are good at it, and I must try to possess my soul in patience.

S.S. "POUSHKIN," OFF KERTCH, BLACK SEA.
Monday p.m., October 13th, 1890.

. . . I was interested in my Russian friends last night; they were Prince Wiasemsky, General Ber, and Mr. Wagánoff—all connected with the Emperor's estates, and you can fancy they require a large personnel, when one estate in North Russia consists of more than six millions of acres of pine forest—that is, the size of all Egypt. The Prince, de Ranner tells me, is one of their oldest and highest noblesse—a far older family, he said, than the Romanoffs, a very courteous and, I should say, intelligent man of the world, very much what Tolstoi paints. He mentioned casually he kept an English trainer, and he is, I suppose, a racing man—about forty, I should say. . . . They talked of Tolstoi, all with the greatest respect. The Prince said he had bought a number of his little books—tracts we would call them—such as *The Two Pilgrims*, and the other sweet little stories you kindly sent me, to give to the children in some school on his estate. The Government Inspector came round and said these books were interdicted by the Church as heterodox! Is it not sad to hear? They said Tolstoi is looked on as utterly a heretic by the Greek Church. The Prince had been a great personal friend of Tourguéneff, who, he said, was his ideal man, mentally, physically, morally. He said Tourguéneff always looked on Tolstoi as far greater than himself, but

never liked him, for in those days the latter was so full of ambition and so keen to earn renown alone. He must be greatly changed. The Prince said if I would go and see Tolstoi on my way to Moscow, he was sure he would be very glad to see me. I told him I shouldn't like to intrude on his privacy, but de Ranner is quite eager to go. . . .

BAKU.

Thursday night, October 16th, 1890.

. . . At daybreak this morning we seemed to be under Egyptian sky again, so clear and blue and rainless. We were running down about the middle of a valley some fifty miles wide, bounded on each side by splendid snowy hills. To the north towering up (like the Himalayas from Roorkee) the Daghestan Mountains. To the south the Caucasus about Erivan and Ararat. The flat plain looked very burnt, but evidently yielded some maize and corn crops. The handsome, dignified-looking Circassians now made way for the broad, flat-faced Tartars, not unlike the men we saw at Darjiling, wearing, instead of the becoming Astrakan cap, a huge round fur erection, like a gigantic sponge. The villages seemed few and far apart. The country nearly rainless—flocks and herds and the shaggy Bactrian camel, so different from the Indian one, browsing about. The mountains receded as we went eastward, till there was nothing to be seen but the broad flat steppe. In spring I can fancy it being very pretty with wild-flowers, of which even to-day there were a few. . . . I looked with great interest on the Circassians I saw at the railway-stations coming along, and they are certainly a very handsome race, rather Jewish-looking, oval faces, beautiful eyes, long, straight noses, and dress in the long, full, dressing-gown sort of coat, black or brown, going nearly to their ankles, long boots, belt generally ornamented round the waist, and a long, evil-looking dagger always, and a pistol as well, sometimes. I saw very few women; such as there were certainly pretty, with beautiful complexions; Caucasia being the place that has supplied Turkish harems from all time. I asked de Ranner whether

they were thought intelligent, as my Egyptian experience of Circassians is that they are horribly stupid. He said it was the same in Russia. There is a university at Tiflis, and he said the Russian joke was that the only thing they graduated in was riding and shooting. . . . We had a most interesting morning. A railway official with whom we travelled yesterday offered to take us out and show us the oil-wells and the whole operation of making kerosene oil, etc. The wells are about twelve miles off by train, and there are quantities of iron pipes lying along the ground, connecting different wells with the refineries in Baku. The oil flows along naturally. There are a great many wells, all on a few acres. We saw one spouting, that was throwing up a great column of oil and sand into the air. At other places there were flames quietly burning, the gas issuing from holes in the ground. About the most interesting thing to me was the now abandoned Hindu monastery of Fire-worshippers—a set of fakirs, who had built an enclosure and about twenty cells round an irregular court; in each cell was one of these small gas flames from the ground—now extinguished, I fancy, by the pumping in the vicinity. Over the gateway and over each cell was a Sanscrit inscription carved in stone, and evidently very old. Civilisation and the working of the wells had driven away devotees and had put out their flame, and I was glad to see the place looked after. . . .

IN THE TRAIN TO MERV.
Monday, October 20th, 1890.

. . . We started that evening (the 18th) to cross the Caspian, in a good little steamer with a full complement of passengers. The deck was packed just as tight as they could sit, with a curious company of beings, a few Russian moujiks with their wives and children emigrating, I fancy, to Samarkand. They had come down the Volga, sallow, flat-faced, grey-eyed, fair-haired (and very long-haired), good-natured looking, and curiously dirty, each with his little teapot and one or two tumblers. But the bulk

of the deck passengers were Persian pilgrims en route to Meshed in Khorassan. Their women with them, in loose baggy trousers, and tightly veiled. They pushed them about as though they were bundles, and how patiently they all sat, really hardly moving for the twenty hours' passage. How patient, I thought, are the poor! Of the quality on the quarter-deck, there were seven or eight Russian officers going back to their posts, two or three ladies, and a party of four ladies and six men from France, connected with woollen manufacture and invited by General Anénkoff (of whom more presently) to consider the wool supply of Central Asia. . . . General Anénkoff is the hero of the Transcaspian Railway, which he made with military labour in three years over the whole nine hundred and seven miles in Samarkand. . . . He was most courteous to me, and begged that I would come with him in his special train, which I was glad to do, as I wished to learn about this wonderful line. The General is a little white, bullet-headed, energetic man—certainly full of go—very much of the *galant homme* to the ladies. . . .

BAIRAM ALI, MERV.
Tuesday night, October 21st.

At last the end of my long journey—just three weeks from Cairo. I might have got quicker to Rangoon! It is curious to think that the nearest Englishman to me is probably among the good fellows to-night in garrison at Peshawar! And this place has an Indian look too, and this house I write from is not so unlike what you saw at Agra and Meerut, only there are no trees. . . . All yesterday p.m. and again for a long time this morning I was closeted with the General in his special carriage, until I was tired of talking, which is always rather fatiguing with the train in motion. He disclosed to me all sorts of ideas —a great vision of a Russo-Franco-Anglo Alliance, which is not at all to my taste. I told him plainly he could not expect us to be otherwise than suspicious of Russian intentions, as long as they maintained an army of fifty thousand soldiers east of the Caspian.

What were they there for?—certainly not to overawe Persia, or subjugate the entirely subject Turkomans. But all he said was very interesting. Russia is a young country, rather to be compared with America than with Europe, and it is most interesting to see how the Slavonic genius is working out its future in its own great strong way, and that such a different way from ours or the Americans'. My dear, my mind is full of new nebulous ideas. They will never get further, I daresay, than nebulæ.

The General is most keen to make the Trans-Siberia Railway to the Pacific. He says the whole thing is cut and dry, and he goes to St. Petersburg hoping to have it passed in December, and then he hopes to carry it out in three and a half years—four thousand three hundred miles from the Ural to the Pacific! That's a big job. He is a funny little man, with some palpable weaknesses, but great energy and power of organisation; and he was most courteous to me. . . .

To Miss Mary Scott-Moncrieff

CHARGUI ON OXUS.
November 3rd, 1890.

Merv is called an oasis. It has a river, and every sign of ancient population and wealth. The old town has ruins extending over an area of about twelve miles in diameter, and supposed to date from the time of Alexander. There are a few fine ruins among them, but they are not generally striking, being nearly all made of earth and sun-dried brick, the rainless climate making such a material to last for ages. Like every place else in Central Asia, Merv has been desolated by war after war, till at last the Bokhariots in 1784 destroyed the dam near the Murghab on which depended the irrigation of the oasis, and hence followed desolation. Except at Merv, I have seen nothing but desert the whole way from the Caspian, and this last part of the way the desert has consisted of moving sandhills whirled about by wild winds, and quite as likely as not to choose to sit down on the rails—a terrible enemy this, to a line. I think no reasonable person can doubt that the

country is much the better for being under the strong Russian Government. The extreme militarism is an offence to me ; but there is public security and order, and the wild Turkomans, the terror of their mild Persian neighbours,—man-stealers and ruffians of the worst type,—have settled down into respectable Russian subjects. This is surely for the good of mankind ; and it does not become an Englishman, with our turn for annexation, to object.

SULTAN BEND, MERV OASIS.
October 23rd, 1890.

. . . Started with de Ranner and a Russian engineer (in a trap drawn by four horses abreast over the most awful of roads) forty miles' drive out here, where the big work is in construction which is to be to the Merv oasis what the Barrage is to Lower Egypt. The engineer-in-charge is a certain Poklevski, a Pole of an extraordinary career. Trained in a Russian military school, he went as a civil engineer to Belgium and France—joined his countrymen in their rebellion of 1862, was caught, and, he told me, twice condemned to death. Exiled, he went back to France and engineered a railway, got somehow into their army, fought against the Germans as an officer, went back to Russia and got into grief, was sent to Siberia as a common soldier, and served four years as such, somehow found himself chief engineer of one of the remote eastern provinces, and then came here. His enemies say he got into favour by betraying some of his countrymen. I don't know how that may be, but certainly everyone has warned me against him as bad and false and mischief-making. So I came fully on my guard, and while on twenty-four hours' acquaintance I can pretend to know no more of the man than that he is a very clever talker (talks too much), still, facts are stubborn things, and for his great dam here and canal-head works I can only talk in the highest praise. They have been most difficult works, and all the more because they have been done in a great treeless, stoneless, unpeopled desert. He has trained these wild Tekke-Turkomans, he has made

his own bricks, his own cement, and has turned out as fine a work as I care to see. He knows nothing about irrigation I can see, and unfortunately he thinks he does. But this big bit of engineering is greatly to his credit.

Tuesday, 26th.

. . . Still at Sultan Bend. Yesterday we drove twenty-five miles on an awful road in a Russian tarantas, which is a very strong-built four-wheeled carriage that holds two, sitting tight, and a driver. It has no sort of springs. We drove "troika," that is, three horses abreast, and this seems the usual thing. They are capital drivers of very good rough, hardy horses of about fourteen hands. We went to see a primitive Turkoman dam on the river, certainly a very ingenious work. It is kept in life by a strong *corvée* of men and boys. They interested me, these jolly, wild, good-natured-looking Turkomans. The boys with rosy cheeks and blue eyes, a good deal like what Joey S.-M. was at Weem in 1886. They sang us such a curious long ballad song, about old Sultans and the White Czar who had come and conquered them. Of course I didn't understand a word, but I could see it was not Russian and was very like Turkish what they were singing. . . . The Prince came about 11 a.m. to-day. There was a guard going to the station to meet him, de Ranner in full evening dress. . . . The Prince brought with him M. Cotard, the French engineer I told you of—a very good sort of fellow. . . .

SULTAN BEND, MERV OASIS.
Wednesday p.m., October 29th, 1890.

. . . Prince Wiasemsky has really come to investigate some very serious points connected with this irrigation project. The Emperor's ukase said he would appropriate two hundred thousand acres of barren land in this oasis, and irrigate them, but he would not deprive the Turkomans of one drop of water they were entitled to, and only use what was to spare. On this understanding, and on M. Poklevski's assurance that there was lots of water for all, these

very fine engineering works were started, which are now nearly all finished, and some £120,000 has been spent (the work is very cheap). Now the Governor-General of this territory says that the Turkomans use up every drop of the water in the river, and that there will never be any for the Emperor's estate. Of course the Prince asked Poklevski what does all this mean, and I am bound to say he gives very lame replies, and the Prince has every right to be angry. We have had much long discussion to-day, and though I fear it won't clear Poklevski of great neglect (the neglect of important details which flighty, erratic geniuses are liable to), still I think we'll come to a tolerably favourable conclusion. . . . To show you what an ass I am at times, I was quite angry at Yalta when I heard this Frenchman was coming. Now he is come, I find him a very good, sensible fellow, a plain, common-sense, methodical French civil engineer, and he and I get on capitally, for he makes quite sensible proposals.

. . . General Kuropatkin, Governor-General East of the Caspian, has arrived this morning, a very big man indeed, and evidently tremendously looked up to as a brilliant soldier and a good man. He was very civil to me, and has now started off for Sultan Bend. You would have laughed last night. I was dining with seven Russians—two of them gorgeous Cossack officers—when suddenly de Ranner told me they wished to drink my health, so a great clinking of glasses, they all leaving their seats and running up to me to clink. The least I could do before the end of the dinner was to drink all their healths too—another getting up and clinking!

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

BAIRAM ALI, MERV.
October 31st, 1890.

I have met various queer folks east of the Caspian, perhaps the queerest a Colonel Ali Khanoff, whom I sat next at dinner a few nights ago (your father probably had a Khitmatghar or two called Ali Khan); this man, of Persian descent and a Mussulman, becomes

Russian and sticks "off" at the end of his name. Worked up to a colonel in the Russian service, getting all kinds of decorations; was tried by court martial for a horrible duel he was in, and degraded to the rank of private soldier, losing all decorations: won back his position and decorations, by one war service after another, till now he is a colonel again at forty-two; he carries a bullet in his knee and has had various wounds; full of pluck, resolute, clever, without a penny's worth of principle or scruple; a wild war-dog.

CHARGUI ON THE OXUS.
November 3rd, 1890.

. . . On Saturday a.m. de Ranner and I went on a fruitless search to see irrigation, but it is the wrong season of the year. We interviewed, however, a curious specimen—a young Turkoman Khan—a giant in height, looking most awkward and stupid. He lived inside a walled enclosure, containing several rather tidy-looking round Kibitkas, for his three wives, etc., and a mud-built house of two or three rooms where he entertained us. Planks supported by bricks and two of the commonest tables formed the furniture. But these were promptly covered by really beautiful carpets and Circassian silk covers. The Khan himself was dressed like a Cossack, and his clothes did not fit him. The samovar was brought in, and we had tea and departed.

Last night was a tremendous dinner party of Russian officers, and toasts and glass-clinking—and I had to make a little French speech—a very little one! Bek of Chargui was the chief guest, about whom you probably have not much knowledge. He is the local hereditary governor of the district under the Emir of Bokhara. For here we are not in Russian territory proper, Bokhara being a native state like Jodhpur, wedged in between the Russian territories of Merv and Samarkand. The Bek is an overgrown lad of about twenty, with large, gazelle-like eyes and a soft, inanimate face, dressed in a snow-white turban, and an enormous sort of dressing-gown of crimson velvet, covered with heaviest gold and silver em-

broidery, great massive patterns. It must be awfully heavy. We are to go and visit him this p.m. . . . I seem to be seeing all the magnates of these parts. On Monday the Governor-General of Turkestan, a Baron some one, with his staff and with a man I wished to see—Mr. Lessar—came up the Oxus to Chargui, and there was another big dinner at General A.'s, and then we got into our train, Lessar with us, and trained on to Bokhara, where we spent all yesterday. Lessar is at Bokhara what Powlett is at Jodhpur. He was the Russian delegate on that Commission which from 1885 to 1887 fixed the Afghan frontier with our English officers. He was, before that, two years, consul at Liverpool, and, in connection with the boundary question, ten months in London, where he knows lots of people, among others, Mr. Stead and Milner. Before that he was an engineer, and has travelled all over that terrible desert south of the Oxus, and is quite a geographical authority—I should say about thirty-five, gentle and courteous in manner with a soft sweet voice, most kind to me. I would like to know more about him, and whether he is *quite* a true man. I have no cause to think otherwise. The Emir of Bokhara insisted that the railway should not come within eight miles of his capital, so we had that distance to drive over a most awful road, country just like that about Agra. The town is built nearly entirely of mud houses, which gives it a mean look, but we passed through several covered bazaars like those of Damascus. The people, that is the men, dress in bright-coloured full dressing-gowns all bulging round them, and big turbans. The women are in very sober dresses, faces *entirely* covered with black *crêpe*. The men are very handsome, and there are sweet, jolly, little rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed children. The city has about one hundred and fifty thousand people. While we were passing through the streets, a clod of earth was thrown into Lessar's carriage. He stopped. It was impossible to say who had thrown the mud, so he ordered the owner of the house opposite which it happened to have six months' imprisonment! An iron hand under

the velvet glove. We don't do such things in India, thank God! Lessar lives in a very mean little native house, but his Government are building him a fine new one. Bokhara would be inferior to any great Indian city were it not for the very stately portals and domes of the college and great mosque. These were formerly covered with green, blue, and white enamel in graceful scrolls and arabesques. They are in wretched repair; we were told that they were of the ninth century. If so, they are older than any Saracen work in India, and as old as any in Egypt. But I doubt it.

In the p.m. we took a very long and very dusty drive to see the Emir's palace, he being absent. It was more barbaric and vulgar than Lucknow, bright painted walls, etc. What I did enjoy was that there was really a little bit of greenish sward, which I have not seen since the Caucasus. . . . Lessar told me much about the Jews, who, he says, are to them what the Chinese are to the Americans, a very great difficulty. He said when he was at Liverpool he had constant cases of Russian families coming to him, induced by Jew agents to pay them a certain sum which they assured them would take them to America. The Jews gave them glowing accounts of what they would gain by emigrating. They got away without getting the sanction of the Government as they should, arrived at Liverpool, and then found their tickets would take them no farther, and they were stranded paupers at Liverpool, afraid to return, and without the means of doing so. Lessar evidently detested the Jews. . . . Samarkand is a sort of Russian Meerut, but so different. There is no end of stately long avenues of poplars, really pretty, very broad roads, but without any life in them. No one moving. You remember the life at Meerut. Young officers going to their polo, girls riding, or at lawn tennis, carriages and dog-carts everywhere. Samarkand has nothing like that, and yet the garrison is bigger than Meerut. It appears that the native city was of the same nature as Bokhara, only much smaller. General Abramoff, the first Russian gover-

nor, loved broad roads, and hated narrow, twisty, poky, picturesque bazaars, so he told the people they must remodel their city on his lines. They refused and rebelled. He planted two cannons at the proper distance apart at the end of each street, and said, if the houses were not pulled down and the streets widened, they would batter down all that came between them! Needless to say, the streets widened! That is the way they do things in Russia! There are some *splendid* ruins there, as stately and grand as anything in India, though in terrible state, all covered with the remains of brilliant blue and green enamel. We saw the tomb of the great Tamerlane among other interesting monuments. The officer commanding the troops had asked us to dine, and a very stupid dinner it was to me, for everyone all through talked Russian, and I sat like a mute. I was disappointed in the shops at Samarkand, and only brought a few silk things, which you shall see. After dinner they proposed we should go and visit the jail. I think they were rather anxious to let me, an Englishman, see what their jails are like. I found everything as clean as possible, large rooms containing each five or six or eight prisoners, who seemed very comfortable. They showed me one man—a murderer—sentenced to only four and a half years' prison! The work seems very easy, and I can quite believe, what they assured me, that their criminal code is a very easy one. They have no capital punishment, and when I asked the Prince whether they did not send their worst criminals to the prisons I had heard of on the island of Saghalien, on the east coast of Siberia, he answered naïvely, "No; we only send political prisoners there," and he added that it was a standing joke in Russia that criminals were always escaping from Siberia and finding their way back. I don't think he really knew much about it. . . . Cotard is really a very nice fellow. He has told me some sad things about the French press. He was six years on the Suez Canal, and says that not one of Lesseps' old Suez Canal staff would go with him into the Panama pro-

ject. From the first he protested against it, and pointed out what had occurred—its hopeless collapse; but he cannot but think Lesseps and his colleagues were deliberately dishonest. Well, when things began to look bad, he wrote some articles on the subject, but found the whole press, Parisian and provincial, had been bought up by Lesseps. He had visited deputies in their Parliament, and Cotard says the misery that has arisen from the swallowing up of all the little savings of endless poor people has been a greater grief than the Franco-German War. They have spent one thousand four hundred million of francs (£56,000,000) and there is nothing to show for it, or ever will be. Cotard and a few of his friends managed to make a globe of fourteen metres' diameter with all the last things in science for the Paris Exhibition. It cost them a good deal of money—they arranged a charge of one franc to see it, and that, once their expenses had been paid, the balance should go to their Geographical Society for scientific purposes. He was waited on separately by the editors of the *Figaro*, the *Temps*, and the *Petit Journal*, who told him they highly approved of his globe, and if he would pay them twenty thousand francs each, they would praise it up, otherwise they would take no notice of it. He declined to bribe them. The press was silent about his globe, and they lost money by it. Afterwards the editors said to him, "You had better have paid us what we asked!" Cotard and I are very busy with our report to-day, and then my work is done. How sick I am of Russian militarism. It is rampant everywhere, and to me offensive. Turkestan has been annexed for twenty-two years. It is all under military law. In India we put new annexations under civil law in a year or less. . . .

IN THE TRAIN, ON THE STEPPES.
Thursday a.m., November 13th.

I wish I could picture to you the little scene I have just come from—in the restaurant-carriage of the train, round a long narrow table, taking our early coffee or tea. 1. Colonel Castelinsky, of course in

uniform. 2. A good honest-faced engineer, Samsonoff. 3. A secretary of the Prince's, five feet high, four feet thick, with little twinkling eyes, bristly beard and moustache, and the delightful name of Popoff. 4. Cotard, silent and contemplative. 5. Ranner, and I, 6. Little Popoff, his napkin well tucked into his chin, his tea tumbler in one hand, the tea-spoon in the other, with which he vigorously marks time, flourishes about his arm as he trolls out—and the other three Russians enthusiastically join him—a popular song, something about down the Volga river, they tell me. It was all very bright and cheery—and to our left we look out on the blue, clear-cut outline of the hills of Khorassan, and to our right the great flat, boundless steppes with mirage all along the horizon, and three or four Turkomans going along on *their* railway, their canals, all so silently. The Russians, I think, are very musical. They are always singing, soldiers as they march, workmen, all. I like it. I am in such good spirits with my face turned westwards. . . .

SULTAN BEND.
Sunday night, November 9th, 1890.

. . . I didn't tell you about my friend the Circassian Cossack. He joined us here to be of use, as he knows the Turkoman language—an honest-looking fellow—an officer, but I should think of no education, though I am sure a right good fellow to fight. He went with us to Samarkand, and during the four continuous nights we spent in the train going and coming, he insisted that I should use a big comfortable pillow that he had, and a great comfort it was. We parted two days ago, and I wanted to give him something, and did not know what, so I gave him a sovereign and asked him to bore a hole in it, and attach it to his watch-chain in memory of me, which he seemed quite pleased to do. Of course we could only talk to each other through Ranner.

November 12th.

The report is signed and given in. My things are nearly packed, and after dinner to-night we start in

the train; I am so glad. The Prince has told Ranner he would like him to come back here next year and work the Imperial estate. If the water question is settled satisfactorily, it ought to be an interesting enough charge, but it is a *vile* place, and I see the poor fellow is a little sad about bringing his wife and child here. But I encourage him all I can. After all, he is young and must make his career; and in many respects, climate, etc., it is a far better place than where we visited the Willcockses in India at Paricha.

TIFLIS.
Sunday evening, November 16th, 1890.

. . . Good old Cotard parted with us yesterday morning as he was going on direct to Batum and Constantinople. He was quite affectionate at parting, and kissed me on both cheeks, which, as far as I can recollect, only one man has ever done to me before since I was a boy, and that was Nubar Pasha. . . . I have bought three skins of Astrakhan fur, said to be very good, for £2 10*s*., enough to make things for the children. I have also bought a fur cap for myself, in which I think I look beautiful. I was disappointed in a silver jug I wanted to buy of very quaint design. We fought over the price, and I would not give in. I wish now I had! I also bought two photos. They are very dear here; so are little things—gloves, tooth-brushes, books, etc., etc.—effect of protection, I suppose.

SNOWED UP IN THE CAUCASUS.
Thursday, November 20th, 1890.

. . . Had we been two days sooner we should have got all right over the mountains, but the snow began on Tuesday and I wish I knew when it is going to stop. If it would only freeze, it would be all right, and they would get out the sledges quick enough, but the thermometer won't go below 42° and the snow never ceases to fall. I hope to be in St. Petersburg by the 29th (sixty-five miles more of road and one thousand six hundred and twenty miles of rail). The Prince, I hope, will join me there two or three days after, and I'll finish my business with the

Russian magnates. . . . The Russians have been very kind and friendly to me. Prince Wiasemsky is especially a nice, highly-educated, accomplished gentleman. . . .

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

GOUDAWAR, 7,600 FEET ABOVE THE SEA,
Saturday, November 22nd.

It snowed all Wednesday, and when we looked out yesterday morning it was twenty inches deep everywhere. We were told the road was quite impassable, and as we were in an excellent post-house (and this is a very superior one), we remained there all yesterday and started at 6.40 this morning—forty minutes before sunrise—a cloudless sky; the great solemn mountains looking as though hewn out of lovely white marble, and yet with a faint bluish tint which looked as though we could see through them. Then flashed the sunlight on one peak and another, the shadows seemed to deepen, and the day had sprung into life. We had a capital sledge and four good horses with which we rattled up here in two hours, but farther we cannot go. No post has come through for three days; there is still near one thousand feet to rise, but they hope to have opened the passage this p.m. The little house is full of travellers, storm-stayed like ourselves, at least four ladies among them, and I wonder how we shall all get horses to go on. The thermometer is about 20°, clear, dry, calm, cold, delightful to feel. But I am glad I bought a fur cap, and got a beautiful fur collar to my old great-coat at Tiflis. We are travelling with two very nice fellows, French barons both, and young Dragoon officers. We have met them at Merv, Samarkand, Tiflis, etc., and shall probably go on to St. Petersburg together.

KASBEK,
Sunday night, November 23rd.

Last night I slept on the table of the dining-room, and was glad to get it. At eleven this morning the news came that the road was open, and soon after we started, six or seven post office sledges and as

many others. A track had been cut just wide enough for a sledge to pass, the snow often five or six feet deep on each side. We have only been able to come on two stages, about twenty-two miles. We are in a good post-house about six thousand four hundred feet above the sea. My window looks out on a river down below, a broad black line across a sheet of snow; and apparently close opposite, though it must be miles away, filling up the whole window, lighted up by a brilliant moon set in the black-blue, star-pierced heaven, stands Kasbek, one of the highest of the Caucasus, sixteen thousand five hundred and forty-six feet high; about one thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc. It has been a cloudless day, and the sunset lights on the mountains a thing to remember. It is very cold, and my beard and moustache are set in icicles when I go out. . . .

VLADI KAVKAS.
November 24th.

We got on safely here to-day and are on the railway. I awoke at 3 a.m. and found the wildest wind-storm, which was fortunately in our favour during to-day. The sledge went splendidly over the snow, but we hear the wind has created such drifts that the road over the mountains we passed yesterday is closed again to-day. It has been a perfect day of clear, dry frost, and the mountain views have been superb. We came for about twelve miles through the Darial Pass, a tremendously wild gorge, with mountains soaring over it that reminded me much of Monte Cristallo that Mary and I saw near Cortina. Now we are out on the steppes, and there is not a hill from here to the White Sea. . . .

To Miss D. Albright

IN THE TRAIN, RUSSIA
Wednesday, November 26th.

. . . We have just had breakfast at Tcherkov, the capital of the Cossacks of the Don, a town which, like most of the other Russian towns I've seen, seems to consist of a number of cottages, for the Russian

loves very wide streets and each man in his own wooden cottage with often a thatched roof and generally green shutters. Prince Wiasemsky tells me 10 per cent. of these wooden cottages are burnt every summer. We are steaming slowly up the Don Valley, the river, winding among numerous islands, is away somewhere unseen to our right; the country is all tilled, rich blackish soil, but there are no trees, and apparently no villages—where the people all live is a puzzle. Here no one can possess land who is not a Cossack, and every Cossack is bound to render certain military service. Hence the Russians have always at their disposal a huge army of cavalry, which costs them very little. It is an interesting and curious administration. The sun is shining bright, the wind is cold. It is a slight frost—no snow here. The railway carriages are heated to an uncomfortable point. The windows are all double, and tightly screwed up, so that we can't open them. There are ventilators, but not very satisfactory. The Russians love being hot, and wear furs that would stifle me. . . . I forgot to tell you that this morning at Rostoff a colporteur came into the carriage, selling Bibles, an agent of the English Bible Society. One of my young French friends, Baron Le Laage, bought a French New Testament, and has been reading it ever since. I wonder if he ever read it before. How strange it would be to read the Gospels for the first time!

To Miss M. Scott-Moncrieff

GRIAZI, RUSSIA.
Friday, November 28th, 1890.

DEAREST MARY,

I fear you will think I have treated you but shabbily in the matter of letters, after the months of close daily intercourse that we had. To make up a little, I begin this letter from the house of a real live Prince and Princess, and in this most luxurious suite of rooms they have given me, and at this gorgeous writing-table; the big silver-mounted inkstand has a splendid crown on the top of it. So I hope you'll derive some reflected glory from that of your

ancient uncle. No parvenu Romanoffs these, that have only been common Czars for three centuries or so, but with the blood of Rurik first in their veins, and he lived, I take it, about the time of Ossian and Fingal. I wrote to Susie from the fort of the Caucasus. We left that at 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday, and travelled straight on by train till 4 p.m. yesterday (Thursday), nearly the whole day over a vast, treeless, seemingly roadless, and nearly villageless plain, the Steppes, but all more or less cultivated, with straggling villages near the railway-stations or any river we passed. The first day, to our left, was the splendid Caucasus range, through which we had come. . . . It wasn't very cold the first day, but since Wednesday morning the thermometer has never been up to zero (and there has been snow everywhere) and has been as low as 8°. They have thermometers, great big ones, at all the railway-stations, and in this lovely house there seems one in every room and outside many windows. I write this at 8 a.m. in a room warmed up to 56°, while outside it reads 1½°. They have all sorts of dodges for heating the rooms with hot air; double windows with cotton on list nailed round every joint. We got to Griazi station, as I said, about 4 p.m., and thence had a ten-mile drive in the moonlight across the steppe; our party, Prince Wiasemsky (Chief of Crown Lands), General Ber (an attaché to that department and a very nice fellow), Ranner and I. The Prince had three sledges and furs, and snow-boots innumerable. I never conceived such furs. I had on my big great-coat, which has now got a fur collar, but that was voted nothing. They gave me a huge coat, double fur within and without, a coat which, it seems, belongs to the Princess, and is worth £80; it was longer than my feet and higher than my head. They were all likewise provided, and then we started across the white plain, two and two; each sledge three horses abreast; *troika*; the baggage in the third sledge. It was great fun, but at first rushing through the biting air quite took my breath away till I got used to it. I believe we generally followed a road and we drove full pace over a frozen river which

had been flowing only three days before. Here they are most kind to me. The Princess, a tall, pleasant, easy-mannered lady, who has read and taken some sort of college degree even. There are three little boys and one little girl, dear bairns, who talk excellent English, for there is a nice old Englishwoman (the first countryman or woman I have seen since Constantinople) who was governess to the Princess, and now looks after her children ; and the Prince has an aunt, and that's the party. The Prince himself I have seen a great deal of these two months, and I have found him a very nice, well-educated man : he draws capitally, is musical, has distinguished himself as a soldier in the Turkish war, where he was terribly wounded, but his chief pleasure seems a country life. He breeds horses, and has endless medals for prize pigs, cows, and sheep. He is, if not as great a Radical as your father, yet perhaps as much as your father would have been had be been born a Russian Prince. . . . Ranner is very anxious we should make a little détour, which we can easily do, by Tula, and call on Tolstoi, but I refuse, for I have not the cheek to force myself upon him.

Moscow.
Sunday evening, November 30th.

We reached here yesterday forenoon and are putting up in a first-rate hotel, the " Slavensky Bazar "—there's a name for you. It is the quaintest place, this Moscow, said to be like Asia, but like nothing Asiatic I ever saw between Palestine and Burma, with its four hundred churches, gilded domes and cupolas, bright, fantastic, painted exteriors, old red-brick walls, and with a decided Byzantine tone about the public buildings, but I should call it simply Moscovite. I dined last night at the *English Club* which was a haunt of Peter. English Club, with an immense *table d'hôte* dinner, three long tables, at 5 p.m.! Except the governess and the stud groom at Griazi I had seen no countryman or woman since I entered Russia, and it was sweetly homelike this a.m. to see amidst all these old towers the familiar proportions of English

Gothic, and to find myself in a very handsome English church, with, I should say, one hundred and fifty worshippers following our English Liturgy.

To Miss D. Albright

. . . This p.m. we have been through the Kremlin —hall upon hall of prodigious splendour, worthy of the colossal country. Then we went into the old part, which was very quaint. Thence to a very splendid church built as a thanksgiving for the French retreat in 1812—a very gorgeous, costly building, more like a modern San Marco than anything I can think. It is clear and cold again this evening. The streets here are delightful. Sledges flying about everywhere —just room for a driver and two people sitting very close behind him. The silence of the traffic over the snow is so remarkable. . . .

ST. PETERSBURG, 12.20 A.M.
December 3rd, 1890.

. . . To a fine dinner at the Embassy; dined off silver (I prefer china), and sat between a Russian General and the French Chargé d'Affaires, who has just driven me home in his carriage. Then after dinner came in the *monde*, and I was introduced to all sorts of magnates, talked for some time with Count Giers, the Foreign Minister, and M. Vishniagradsky (I can't spell his name), the Finance Minister. The latter as well as Sir R. Morier insists that I must see the Emperor. In fact, I found myself quite a personage! for Merv is a far cry even from here, and when people said, "You have been there: was it long ago?" and I replied, "I have arrived from there to-day," it gave me, as you see, quite a fictitious interest. Sir R. Morier especially is cordial, and means to make political capital out of me, as he plainly told me . . . is apparently going to ram down their throats how awfully kind it was of our Government to let me go to advise them. My Russian General neighbour at dinner told me it had made a great excitement here, my being sent to Merv. . . . I was asked what pay I

wanted for this trip. As I don't think my opinion has been worth very much to them, and as they have paid every expense from Alexandria here, I said I wanted no more money; they might pay my expenses, that was all, and they will do so to London. Perhaps this was quixotic, but, for the honour of the beloved country, one must not look mercenary, and Ranner tells me the Prince was greatly struck by my saying this, and he is sure must have let the Czar know. Sir R. M., too, was pleased that I had acted thus. . . .

ST. PETERSBURG.
Thursday evening, December 4th, 1890.

. . . I told you I had called on the Countess Levaschoff, Princess Wiasemsky's mother. She insisted on arranging to show me herself over the Great Hermitage Museum. You would not gather it from its name, but the Hermitage is an enormous red palace facing the Neva, and connected with the Winter Palace, also an immense building, which used to be the chief town residence of the Emperor's, till the unfortunate last one, after being blown up, died there. The present Emperor won't live in it. The Hermitage is a magnificent collection of pictures, statues, objects of vertu, historical objects of interest, many connected with Peter the Great. I spent nearly two hours there, the Countess introducing me to all the heads of the sections, and showing me everything in the best way. She was in the palace with her mother on that terrible day (March 2nd, 1882) when the last Emperor was blown up. Her mother was something about court, an old lady. They heard the uproar, and the rumour that the Emperor was being brought in, wounded. She said she felt sure it was some exaggeration, and ran upstairs to inquire. She met a Cossack at the top of the stair covered with blood, and she naturally thought wounded. She asked him what was the matter. He said "*Nichevo,*" a common Russian phrase meaning " there is nothing the matter." She soon found it was the Emperor's blood, the soldier having

helped to carry the poor man home, with his legs blown to bits. Ranner was in the street that morning, waiting to see the Emperor pass; just under where he was standing there had been a tremendous mine of dynamite prepared, which would have blown the whole street into fragments. At the last moment the Emperor gave orders to go along the next street. It had not been mined, but a Nihilist in the crowd threw the fatal dynamite bomb, which killed him and a good many others. It was a horribly wicked thing, and has, I believe, put back all political reform in Russia for twenty-five years. At 1 p.m. the Countess drove me over to the English Embassy, where I had lunch and a long talk with the Ambassador. . . . Sir R. M. told a good story as to Beaconsfield's supposed love for primroses. After he died the Queen sent a wreath or basket of primroses to his funeral, with an inscription written in her own hand, "It was the flower He most loved" (big H, meaning Prince Albert). The Beaconsfield family thought she meant by *He* Lord Beaconsfield, whereas it was well known he cared absolutely nothing for primroses; and on this was founded the League. . . .

IN THE PALACE OF GATSCHINA.
Friday a.m., December 5th.

Behold me in a large, very comfortably furnished room with a big fire, pretty light wood furniture, three big pictures, a luxurious table I am writing at that I would like to carry off to Cairo, a neat little clock, and a great big inkstand. This is my room for the time being, where, I'm told, they will bring me *déjeuner* by and by, and where I stay till the Czar sends for me. Looking out of the window, I find I'm on the right wing of a—— *"Sa Majesté l'Impératrice vous attend,"* saith a splendid magnified flunkey, in scarlet and gold and black, and ostrich feathers in his hair. I was not prepared for this, and would have felt about as happy if up to my neck in the Neva. But I could not go on writing, and followed this beautiful vision along corridors, upstairs, downstairs, through hall and saloon, in one of which solemnly

marched up and down a soldier with fixed bayonet, at length to a door where two fantastically dressed negro servants were in waiting (a custom ever since Peter the Great), and there an intensely respectable-looking, clean-shaven gentleman-in-waiting greeted me, and we talked in low tones, with a kind of subdued air pervading, till a door opens and I'm told to walk in, to a nice, comfortable, simply furnished, darkish sitting-room (it is cloudy and snowy outside), and a gentle, kindly-faced little woman in a dark dress walks forward and holds out her hand, which I stoop down and kiss—and this is the Empress. She asks about Merv and Central Asia. About Baku she remarks, " I think it is like Hell with the lid off." She asks about the scenery in the Caucasus, which she had seen in autumn, I in winter, and about the Turkomans, and about Egypt—all in excellent English. " My son is in Egypt just now ; did you meet my sister when she was there ? I would like to go very much too." Sweet, gentle, little lady. Sir R. Morier says she can never get over her father-in-law's death, and the Nihilist plots that have been discovered two or three times against her husband, that she has always before her that she is standing on a mine. How heavy her burden, poor little Empress ! God bless her ! Then she held out her hand again, and I gave it another kiss, and backed out of the door, and was whisked off again through endless rooms to one in which a tall, taciturn A.D.C. was pacing up and down, and in came another courtly gentleman-in-waiting, and we paced up and down in what I found was the Czar's ante-room. He was busy with Mr. Vishniagradsky, the Minister of Finance, with whom I had had a long chat at the Ambassador's the other night, and who had most politely insisted on driving me to the station this morning, and taking me in his own private saloon from St. Petersburg and Gatschina (about one and a quarter hours), talking Egypt and irrigation and finance, and Jew usurers, etc., etc., all the way. Out he came at last, and I was ushered into H.M.'s big burly presence, over six feet high I should say, more than broad in pro-

portion. He shook hands in a friendly way and made me sit down. We talked French; he asked questions, not very clever questions, talked of Egypt and India, of my services, of my children in England, etc., etc., good-natured, unassuming, commonplace. And then we shook hands again and I disappeared (all this time I was in full evening dress with all my decorations on), and was carried back to the room whence I had been carried off when I began this, and here was an excellent *déjeuner* for me, and then a majestic attendant to walk before me to a court carriage waiting to drive me to the station, past many sentries and soldiers who all solemnly saluted me or my resplendent coachman (probably him), and so back to St. Petersburg. There are always ministers or royalties going along this line, and from end to end I noticed it was patrolled by soldiers. Out of the Emperor's ante-room window was a pretty view on to a garden, with what I was told were a number of lilac bushes. Even there were three ugly sentry-boxes, standing among the plots. . . .

Sir Colin left Russia on December 7th, reaching London three days later, "very thankful and happy," as his diary tells us. At Christmas time, when visiting his children at Charlbury, he writes:

To Miss M. A. Scott-Moncrieff

CHARLBURY.
Tuesday, December 23rd, 1890.

DEAREST OLD SISTER,

I have come in from *tobogganing* with my bairns in the snow to have a chat with you ere sweet Christmas morn. . . . On Thursday evening at Birmingham I got a telegram from Mr. Goschen inviting me to stay from Saturday to Monday with him at his place Seacox Heath, some fifteen miles on the London side of Hastings. I grudged three days away from the bairns, but it isn't every day I visit Chancellors

of the Exchequer, so I accepted and went; a very stately, large country house with a south aspect over sweet English landscape; dining- and drawing-rooms big enough for one hundred guests, a fine central hall round which there were galleries to the rooms above. Mr. and Mrs. Goschen, Sir R. Welby (Under-Secretary at the Treasury), Mr. Lidderdale (Governor of the Bank of England), a younger brother of Mr. Goschen and his wife, his private secretary and two or three daughters of the house—that was our party. Mr. and Mrs. Goschen were as kind and friendly as possible. She is a most perfect hostess, and I was amused ere I went away, when he apologised for not being able to take me about more, as he really had one or two things to do!

Mr. Lidderdale has been covering himself with glory in all this Baring crisis. He is very Scotch and very nice, full of humour. He said he came from no county or shire, but from the *Stewartry* of Kirkcudbright. Altogether I much enjoyed my little visit. They were a nice, well-conditioned family, the son reading the lessons, the daughter playing the organ in the village church. . . .

About the time of his arrival from Russia the Foreign Office forwarded a telegram from our Ambassador at Petrograd, containing the cryptic phrase, "Snuff-box to follow." The mystery was only partly cleared up when, on the voyage out to Egypt, M. de Ranner made his appearance at Brindisi, in charge of a great oak chest. At Cairo it was ceremoniously opened, and disclosed a magnificent punch-bowl from Alexander III, in recognition of Sir Colin's services. It is a splendid specimen of the rich Russian enamel work on silver-gilt, and is truly an imperial gift. But this is to anticipate. On December 30th, 1890, at the Friends' Meeting-house, Birmingham, Sir Colin was married to Mary Deborah Albright; and in January they left for Cairo.

Two letters from Lady Scott-Moncrieff describe the gaieties of the season soon after their arrival :

To her parents

February 1891.

. . . Nubar Pasha called. He was nice and friendly. C. had looked him up before, feeling sorry he should seem neglected now, being out of power.

When leaving, he took C. aside and said, " Is it true that you are thinking of leaving Egypt ? Don't do it. If you go, the *corvée* comes back ; many bad things come back, all goes back. If ever you must go, see that you send a man of heart ; mind not about his being a clever engineer ; that is work easily got, but, before all, send a man of heart." I don't know when I've seen Colin so much moved. He was hurrying off to the prize-giving, but had just to come and tell me. Then came the " grand dîner " at the palace ; fifty guests in honour of the Duke of Cambridge. We went through long suites to the reception-room where most people were come, and there the Khedive shook hands with us and then we waited a little, standing round till the Khedive took Lady Baring and the Duke took Mrs. General Walker and someone of the K.'s house took Lady Grenfell. . . . There was a wondrous display of great silver pieces (illustrating Fontaine's fables) and a perfect blaze of candles. I kept the menu card to send you, but have mislaid it. The train of couples back to the reception-room after dinner seemed to me a very stately scene. Then the Duke buttonholed Colin most of the time, ever since when C. can't resist mimicking his *short, gruff,* rapid, half-jolly way of asking questions and expressing his views. He put all kinds of short queries about people and things here—not exactly to get answers. Meanwhile the Khedive talked to a Mrs. Sandwith here, just passing the time until H.R.H. the D. of C. turned on his heel and seemed ready to go. All rose ; he bowed around ; the K. conducted him through some of the rooms and then returned to us ; he came across and asked me how I liked Egypt and chatted in English with the ladies by me

about the Nile trip and his children, and various things, in a bright, perfectly easy way. . . .

. . . The Khedive's ball. There were supposed to be one thousand two hundred people there. It was a little after the style of the Lord Mayor's ball, because of the extraordinary mixture of people there, and because most of the interest consisted in looking at all the strange " gets up " of each other. Pashas, Italians, Greeks, Syrians innumerable, besides the Anglo-Egyptian (*i.e.* the English in fezes) and the Egyptian-Anglicised. Far the most dignified dresses were those of the genuine Pasha—big merchants, I suppose, who wore their long, soft-coloured, plain robes of broad cloth (perhaps edged with fur) and big white turbans. There were several of these, very tall, who paced about in a stately way in couples amongst all the gaudy, insignificant Western figures. The first thing was, of course, the reception by the Khedive. He is so pleasant. " Well," he said, " and do you like Cairo *still*? " After this occasion, when all the people stood round watching each other arrive, we just went about as in any ordinary conversazione. . . . The rooms are extremely well laid out and arranged, so that the large number circulated easily. . . . The Khedivia's rooms communicated with the others, and it was understood that she would receive ladies. So I went, and found the usual gaudiness, almost tawdriness, of salon and dresses looking wonderfully brilliant in the blaze of lights. She has a very handsome, expressive face, and dresses beautifully, and quite commands the occasion, although she is not very fluent with French. . . . An oil painting of the Khedive was hanging over her chair, and others, at the sides, of their two sons (of about sixteen and eighteen), and all these lit up with several electric lamps. After sitting a little while and drinking the coffee brought by the Circassian slaves, and passing a few remarks with the Mesdames Consuls-General, I came away and joined the others who were waiting outside. . . . The German Consul-General was told off for me for supper, and he was

gentle and courteous, and we went and rested in the state-room where all the chief couples, such as the Khedive and the Countess de la Sala, the Duke of C. and Countess Landberg, Lady Grenfell and a Consul-General, the General and suite resorted after supper (Colin did not get his proper lady and so took Miss Ash), and after quite a pleasant talk, much more English than German, Colin came and thought we might go; just then the Khedive came across the room, and when I said I had been enjoying the fine rooms, "Have you been enjoying *yourself*?" said he—"that is the thing to do"; and then I mentioned his sons' portraits and he began telling us about his youngest son's school achievements, cricket, riding, tennis, with a great ambition for polo, and the lessons getting on also. I think he said he was at school at Alexandria. I had more chance of seeing how little the K.'s English really amounts to, and how cleverly he uses it. And then we took leave, and came away driving, as usual, in an open arabeeyah in the mild, clear night air. . . .

The summer holiday was spent in Arran. It was the first of many such enjoyed by Sir Colin and his family and friends in his beloved Scotland. The germ of the idea of a gathering of kinsfolk is to be found in a letter from Madras, dated October 1878, to his sister Mrs. Robertson, in which he says:

If all goes well for another year, I should like to take a big country house, big enough to hold many kith and kin—nieces and nephews—young and old—and to get you or Mary to manage it for me—Violet is too young, I fear! There's an idea for you—something like Yair, with a river or lake, that one can get for three or four months; then a big wagonette and a pair of horses, and an effort to keep all the rooms full. Will you look out for the house? There would be Indian bairns to be asked with their parents here, and a tremendous porridge-pot would be required.

The idea first took shape at Comrie in 1880, and the happiness of his guests on this occasion is recalled by his niece, Mrs. Pearson, writing in 1914:

BRIDGEND HOTEL, COMRIE, PERTHSHIRE.
March 28th.

MY DEAR UNCLE COLIN,

I have to write to you from here because you are so much the central figure of that very, very happy summer we spent here about thirty-four years ago. Whenever you appeared on the scene it meant absolute happiness for the children of the family, and I know that that Comrie summer was the happiest time of my childhood. . . . Of all the good things you have done in your life the happiness you have given to young people is not one of the least. I heard from father to-day; he knows we are to be here and I am sure he is feeling quite envious, and asks me if I remember that summer. I could not forget it, I am thankful to say. Just to think of the names of our wonderful steeds, the "Muley" of Comrie House, and our "Rufus," and such rides! So many who were with us then are gone, I know, but how good to remember how happy we were together. . . .

It would be hard [writes his sister-in-law Mrs. Wilson King] to describe the zest with which he entered on this and other Scotch holidays. He would begin with large-scale maps, and very soon would have some big expeditions planned to show his guests some commanding height, or some lovely lake, and, like a general, would discover the means of getting there, marshal his forces, and help the weak and the laggard, when he would himself have easily been in the forefront of the expedition. Of these holidays it would be difficult to say too much: the story of them in detail is told in various family "logs" kept year after year: but the delight is hard to reproduce in words. They were always in beautiful scenery: nephews, nieces, great-nephews and nieces met under these pleasant auspices, and these times did much

to make the family better known to its scattered members. These days carried on the large, hospitable, genial traditions of Dalkeith and Yair; they combined old and young, and indeed played an important part in the lives of many.

The localities chosen, ranged from Comrie, Elie, Fossaway and Lumphanan to Arran, and from the northern Gairloch, Aviemore, Strathspey, and Loch Laggan, to Tweedside. Sir Walter Scott's old home, "Ashiestiel," overhanging the Tweed and adjacent to Yair, was taken for the last of these special holidays. In this rambling, roomy old house and garden as many as fifty guests stayed with them that summer; on car and cycle, on horseback and on foot, the ancient haunts of the neighbourhood were shared with the young and revisited by the old.

After the delightful Arran holiday, Sir Colin returned to Egypt in October. He writes of his journey and affairs in Cairo to his wife, who was unable to join him for some weeks:

PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
HYDASPES, BRINDISI.
Monday, October 12th, 1891.

MY BELOVED,

I did not expect to be writing to you again from Europe, but an accident has kept us back this morning, and I know you like to hear from me. Our Captain Hazelwood has hardly appeared since Venice, as he has been suffering from acute rheumatism. He is one of the best and most popular captains in the P. & O. service. About 5 p.m. yesterday I saw him at his door, and he told me in confidence that an accident had happened to the special train bringing the passengers from England (the train we went by last year), but he had no details. He said he was suffering acutely. I told him I would go off to the station and bring him news; went, and found a smash had happened twenty miles off, but only one person was slightly hurt. I went back and told the captain, and we had some chat, and he promised to take great care of you on his next voyage. At

8 o'clock the passengers of the special train, who had been transferred to another, arrived, and I was sitting with Lady Baring (who had come by the special train) and Lady Grenfell, chatting just outside the captain's cabin, Lady Baring telling us about the accident, and I noticed they were opening and shutting shutters, etc., within, and Caillard told me the captain was very ill. The first thing I heard this morning was that he had died there, close to us, while we were sitting laughing. It seemed that Caillard and Morice Pasha were with him, knowing him very intimately. It was someone's birthday and they were drinking a health. The captain, lying on the top of his bed, put the glass to his lips, sank back with his head on little Mrs. C.'s shoulder, and expired. It is very sad, and there is naturally a gloom over the ship. The rheumatism apparently had seized his heart. . . .

CAIRO.
Sunday night, October 26th, 1891.

. . . I have just come back from dining with the Barings. There were Wissman, the African explorer, von Leyden, Kitchener, and myself. And it was quite a pleasant evening. Wissman I found very much changed from what he was three or four years ago when I met him, here, and fined down and improved. The Barings were very friendly and pleasant. I was amused, on some remark that diplomatists were very hard, matter-of-fact people, by Lady Baring saying, with her eyes full of belief, that "Evelyn is really full of sentiment."

Early in the New Year of 1892 a serious blow befell Egypt in the death of the Khedive. Sir Colin writes of him:

To Mr. Edmund Sturge

CAIRO.
January 10th.

MY DEAR FATHER,

The papers will have told you two days ago of the irreparable loss that has fallen upon Egypt in the unexpected death of the Khedive.

I last saw him on December 26th, when he sent for me to say how pleased he was to hear that I had consented to stop a year longer in Egypt.

As I entered the hall, he came up so kindly to meet me, and said, as he kept holding my hand in his : "Sir Evelyn has brought me good news to-day," and then he made me sit down beside him, and we had a long talk in which he was so very kind and friendly. Two or three days after we heard that he had influenza at his new palace at Helouan, some twelve miles out of Cairo, but no one thought anything of it. He had two Arab doctors attending him, and two incompetent pashas, and they made light of it, till, on the morning of the 7th, they called in two leading doctors, a Greek and a Swiss, and they pronounced it a very bad case of pneumonia with constant fever, with mischief at the heart and other bad symptoms ; but no one knew of this.

At 5 p.m. I was just starting for the usual Thursday meetings of the Council when I got a hurried request to go at once to Helouan. I thought the Khedive was perhaps better, and wanted to talk business, but when I got there, I found all the Ministers, Consuls-General, etc., anxiously awaiting the news coming out from time to time. At 7 p.m. it was all over.

The Greek doctor says, "Had we been called in a day or two before, it might have been quite easy to have saved him, but the Egyptian doctors had utterly mismanaged the case" ; of course there is great indignation against them.

And so we have lost the best Turk I have ever met ; the best man in his dominions ; not a bit clever or enlightened, with little education, and very conservative in his views, but a loyal, truthful man, of pure moral life, most kind-hearted and simple, serving the Almighty faithfully, according to his light, and with a single wish to do good to his country.

How he could have become all that is wonderful ; the son of a false, selfish, profligate father, and of a nest of scheming intriguers. How truly does it verify that "Man proposes and God disposes"!

We have thought over all possible things that

might happen politically here; of Turkish intrigues and French spite and Radical wrong-headedness. None of us had thought that this would happen; he was not quite forty years old.

This week we shall have to meet our new lord, Khedive Abbas, a boy of eighteen, now on his way home from Austria.

I hope he will prove like his father, but he has a bad chance.

Sir Colin has also described how, on his returning to the palace early in the day after the Khedive's death, the place seemed deserted, save for the hammering at a great wooden box being made at the front door. It was the Khedive's coffin! "Such," he adds, "is Egypt!"

That country had held him to work much longer than he expected when he had consented to do what he could there, and the idea of a home in England with his children appealed to him so strongly that, while spending the holiday of 1892 at Caer Sair near Machynleth (Wales), he gladly accepted an offer from Lord Lothian to become Under-Secretary for Scotland, and made a flying visit to Egypt to wind up things there.

To his wife

SCOTTISH OFFICE, WHITEHALL, S.W.
Monday evening, August 15th, 1892.

MY BELOVED,

Do you approve of this new paper? Here am I ensconced in the most delightful room, with the western light pouring in on it. I have been reading hard at papers, talking for a long time with Lord Lothian's private secretary, Mr. Simpson; had a pleasant call from my next-room neighbour, Sir Charles Pearson, the Lord Advocate. . . . My title is "Under-Secretary for Scotland"—not Under-Secretary *of State*, for the Secretary for Scotland is not "one of H.M.'s Principal Secretaries of State."

To the same

S.S. "SUTLEJ," OFF CRETE.
Tuesday, October 18th, 1892.

. . . Reached Cairo about six; the last part of the way under that bright golden deepening into purple and opalesque after-glow. You know it well. Then the usual rush at the station and many hand-shakes to kind friends. The dear Dean, of course, with whom I went home to tea, and then to send your telegram; then home; Zahir, etc.: very beaming. The Sais had got some money out of Miss Allen, left the horses and bolted! Garstin had put in another man. I went back and dined with the Dean and Scott. They were truly pleasant, and we had such a nice evening. But I am sorry to hear things are going very badly. Palace intrigues against the English rampant. The Nile flood has been tremendous and the country has only been saved from destruction by the hard work of the irrigation people, and instead of thanks they are getting only snubs. . . . The cry is for Lord Cromer's return, and I daresay he will soon put things right. Had I been here I don't know whether I could have guided things right or not. . . .

To the same

CAIRO.
Sunday a.m., October 23rd, 1892.

. . . Now I am off (12 o'clock) to call on more Ministers; not seen the Khedive yet, but do so to-morrow. Oddly enough, people are all talking about the dinner to be given to me on Monday, but I myself have not been invited yet! It is in Hardinge's hands. My late colleagues' under-secretaries are going to give me a writing-case made in the Boulac School of Arts. . . . I hear more of Palace intrigues this morning, and the cry is, Would that Baring would come! . . . It is the old, old story of an Eastern court. Rehoboam cares not for his father's friends, but picks up young blades like himself. It shows how skin-deep is all our civilisation introduced

here. I found poor Mustafa Fehmi quite distressed the other day, and earnestly hoping the English would not go. . . .

October 24th.

After waiting an hour I had my farewell visit to the Khedive this morning. He was quite courteous and civil, but that was all. I told him I found the irrigation officers all much vexed by the way they were being treated. I had a call from Artin while I was at breakfast this morning. He was complaining of the Khedive as much as any Englishman.

To the same

CAIRO.
1892.

. . . Visited the Slave Home, and have to dress and go to Scott's dinner in the Club . . . Scott, Walker, Kitchener, Garstin, the Dean, Rogers, Gorst, Palmer, and self. It was a very pleasant little party, and all wished me luck. . . .

The next letter is from Leila Chérif, niece of Chérif Pasha, who had been Prime Minister of Egypt at the beginning of the British occupation. Her article on harem life, introduced by Sir Colin, had been accepted by the *Nineteenth Century*. The letter is also interesting on account of the writer's attitude, as a Turkish woman, to foreign reforms.

To Sir C. Scott-Moncrieff

DEAR SIR,

I cannot permit you to leave Cairo without first telling you how grateful I am for the kindness which you have shown me. I really cannot thank you enough, as, though I have long wished to write a description of our life, I was too afraid to spoil such a good subject to have ever tried if you had not been so kind as to encourage me to begin.

I am afraid that I have not even now said all that could be written on our subject, nor that the little I have told is well said. In fact it is very difficult for me to write in English, as I know that language hardly well enough to permit me to utter in it all I

think. However, I can but persevere, hoping that in time I will write better. In the paper I have taken out the part about the abolishment of slavery and only said some words upon the Circassian part of it; the truth is that I thought the subject over and found that the most of the dislike I felt to the police work was from the fact that it was not established by us. I frankly own that I am Turk enough to resent any intrusion from without in our harems, and to feel instantly an antipathy for an arrangement which took the law thus utterly out of our hands. But, for the Circassian, I repeat that it will be very difficult for you to do anything without our help, though perhaps here again I am a little prejudiced. Still, I think not, for, as I have tried to explain in my paper, the Circassians are more at home in our harems than ourselves, and it will be very difficult to show them that slavery is a shame. Of course, however, you will do what you can for them, and perhaps at the end your efforts will be successful.

Hoping, Sir, that you will soon return to Cairo,
I remain,
Yours gratefully,
LEILA CHÉRIF.

The following letter from Sir Arthur Cotton, dated in the next year, is an acknowledgment of a copy of the first among Sir Colin's many lectures upon his Egyptian work. At the end Sir Arthur mounts his well-known hobby, with which it must be confessed that Sir Colin's own views would certainly have prompted him to join issue. With this appreciation from the great Indian veteran, then ninety years old, this chapter may fittingly close.

WOODCOT, DORKING, SURREY.
August 28th, 1893.

MY DEAR SIR COLIN,

My hearty thanks for your kind present. I am so glad you have prepared these lectures giving an account of your invaluable work in Egypt. . . . I

wish you could have ended your lectures by pointing out how by these works you had been the means of laying the foundation of the whole renovation of Egypt by setting the finances to rights, without which nothing could be effected, and this in spite of the utter ruin that had been brought on the land by the former Khedive. It delights me to think of Egypt being inoculated with the spirit of our Indian operations. How you and your helpers must have astonished the old Turkish school. I have no doubt your influence in this way has extended far beyond your own department. . . . One thing especially pleased me in your works which I was not aware of, that is the complete and effective system of internal navigation that you have established.

This is *the* want of India. Had fifty of the two hundred millions spent on railways been expended on main lines of navigation like yours, they would have saved the country a sum far exceeding the whole taxation. . . .

CHAPTER VII

1892–1905

A bad day at home is better than a good day abroad.—*C. C. S.-M.*

"The stranger, on leaving King's Road behind him, is swept into a quiet intimacy that has nothing of any town about it: he is refreshed as he might be were he to leave the noisy train behind him and plunge into the dark scented hedgerows and see before him the twinkling lights of some friendly inn."—*Hugh Walpole on Chelsea* ("*Fortitude*").

By the end of 1892 Colin Scott-Moncrieff was already installed at the Scottish Office under Sir George Trevelyan; and between them, notwithstanding difference in temperament, there prevailed strong mutual appreciation. Later, Lord Balfour of Burleigh became his chief, with whom the warmest relations existed. It was a satisfaction to Colin to be in a position to serve his native country, and he was never sorry when business took him to the office in Edinburgh, where, after travelling all night, he would work all day, the second morning finding him once more at Whitehall.

He writes:

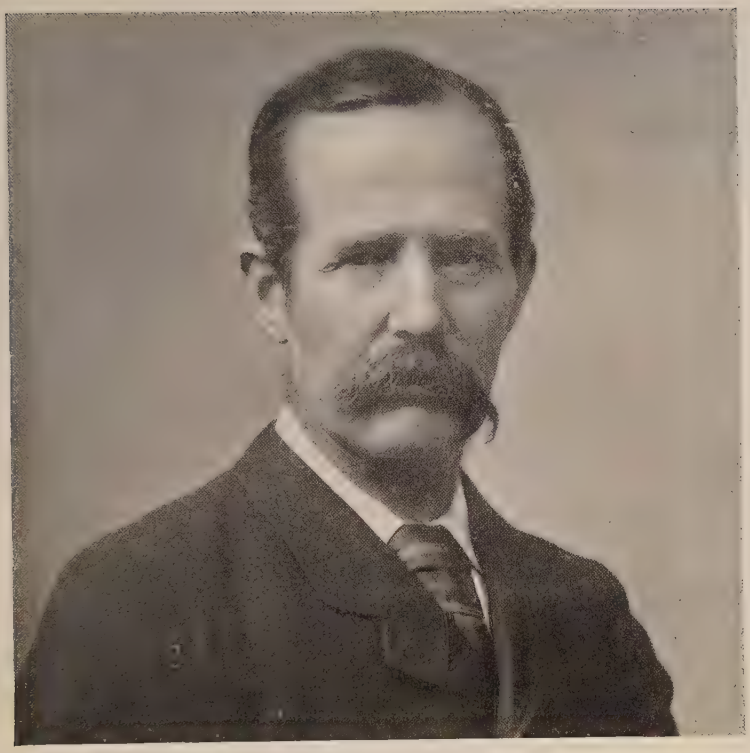
I have been very busy since I came down, or at least very fully occupied, for I'm not sure that the out-turn of work is very great. I have inspected three great prisons, and the big Morningside Asylum—talked fisheries, sheriffs' courts, destitution in Shetland, small-pox, etc., etc.

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

April 9th, 1893.

Dearest Susie,

I got back to London this morning, and for the first time in my life am living in my own house.



5th. Before the above works are completed it is certain that some floods will pass down. Watch closely their effect from Athy downwards, & if as I believe flooding will be occasioned sluices must be provided in the weirs, & the river channel & the bridges must be enlarged to the extent requisite.

SIR COLIN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF AND SPECIMEN OF HANDWRITING

It is far from being finished or properly furnished yet, but quite enough for us to encamp in for the present. To-morrow my sister-in-law Katie and Edyth Lloyd join me, and I hope Dora will be here on Wednesday.[1]

During the three days I was at Stornaway I drove about one hundred and twenty miles, and saw a lot of people, so I really worked hard to learn what should be done for these poor crofters. They are a very difficult set to manage. Four years ago Government paid for the emigration of forty families, of whom eight came from the Lewis. They went to N.W. Canada, where each had a grant of one hundred and twenty acres of land—six of the eight are back in the Lewis! Isn't it disgusting? And they are such nice-looking people withal, especially the women, who come clean and tidy and comely out of hovels not one bit better than what the Egyptian fellah lives in—I never saw Christian abodes so wretched.

Of the scope and character of his work at the Scottish Office, his successor and friend Sir James Miller Dodds writes:

Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff was Under-Secretary for Scotland from 1892 to 1902, when he retired. He was appointed to that office just before the accession to power of Mr. Gladstone's last administration, in which, for the second time, Sir George Trevelyan served as Secretary for Scotland with a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone retired in the spring of 1894 and Lord Rosebery's administration followed, to fall in 1895 on the famous cordite vote. Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister; and the Conservative Government, which was the result of the elections of 1895, retained power after the further elections of 1900, and was still in office when Sir Colin retired in 1902. During the whole period 1895–1902, Lord Balfour of Burleigh was Secretary for Scotland, with a seat in the Cabinet.

These were stirring years in the political and

[1] M. D. S.-M had been summoned to Biarritz, where her parents were ill.

external history of the United Kingdom. The Irish Home Rule controversy occupied public attention during the greater part of Mr. Gladstone's administration ; and after the Bill for an Irish Parliament had been rejected by the Lords, democratic sympathies were invoked in the struggle which resulted in the passing of the Parish Councils Act at the end of the long session 1893–1894. A similar measure for Scotland, and Sir William Harcourt's Death Duties Act, followed in 1894. The main events of the subsequent eight years may be briefly summarised. The Jameson Raid took place at the end of 1895 ; the Diamond Jubilee in 1897 ; Omdurman and Fashoda in 1898 ; the Bloemfontein Conference and the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899 ; the annexation of the Transvaal in 1900 ; a general election in the same year ; and the death of Queen Victoria in January 1901.

These are the events which bulked largely in the public eye, and disturbed the quiet course of Scottish administration. The political activity of the years 1892 to 1895 was felt in the Scottish Office as elsewhere : more especially the hotly contested Parish Councils Bill of 1894 brought a very heavy burden of work upon the office. The subsequent years from 1895 onward were calmer politically ; they were years (for Scotland) of busy administration, with occasional important legislative action such as the passing of the Agricultural Rates (Scotland) Act in 1896, the Public Health (Scotland) Act and the Congested Districts (Scotland) Act in 1897, the Private Legislation Procedure (Scotland) Act in 1899, and some other measures.

In the early nineties of the last century, it should be remembered, the Scottish Secretary and his Department were recent innovations, the product of a sentiment which demanded a more visible recognition of Scotland in the Imperial system of government than the practice which up to 1885 left the main conduct of Scottish affairs to the Home Office, aided by the able succession of Lords Advocate whose assistance was at the disposal of the Home Secretary.

The office was founded by a statute of 1885 which transferred specific duties to the Scottish Secretary; a further statute of 1887 placed in his hands all the former powers and duties of the Home Secretary in regard to Scotland, with certain exceptions; and from 1887 onwards the powers and position of the Secretary for Scotland have steadily progressed, so that the new generation regards his office as an essential link in the departmental chain, whose revolutions, ponderous and not unduly hasty, turn the mill of government.

The present writer joined the office in 1889 when Lord Lothian was Scottish Secretary, in time to see the foundation laid of the new system of local government and local taxation grants which has played such an important part in the recent internal history of Scotland. In 1891 the Western Highlands and Islands Works Act, the fruit of an important Royal Commission, made provision for the construction of roads, piers, and other useful works in the more backward areas of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and the expediency of developing those areas by a more active policy, involving the execution of many engineering works, had doubtless its due weight when in 1892 an engineer of Sir Colin's eminence was selected as Under-Secretary for Scotland to succeed the late Mr. R. W. Cochran-Patrick, a man whose interest in Scottish history and antiquities is recorded in writings of lasting value, and whose kindliness and charm of manner enshrine his memory in the hearts of many friends.

Sir Colin came to Dover House with a great reputation as a hard worker, a good and economical administrator, and a man who, in more than one sphere, had displayed unusual powers. His work in Egypt was known to the world at large; and was known to be the crown of a long and useful Indian career. He seemed to have had in Egypt a pretty free hand, including ample supplies of money for the engineering works on account of which his name will live. It speaks well for his adaptability that, notwithstanding his almost exclusively Eastern training, he found

himself able after some experience to deal with the vastly different conditions, including more particularly the all-pervading influence of Parliamentary control existing in Great Britain. It was a new experience to him to have to reflect at every turn how such and such a course would be justified in Parliament—he had had no Parliament in the East. How would the Treasury look at this or that proposed allocation of public money, every penny of which would have to be voted by Parliament, while its expenditure would be subject to careful scrutiny and (it might be) to Parliamentary and press criticism? He once appeared before a Committee of Inquiry (shortly after his appointment), and in giving evidence expressed his opinion with some freedom in regard to a particular class of the community whose case was under consideration. The result was that he was shortly afterwards burnt in effigy. He forgot, he said, that what he was saying to his courteous questioners was being taken down and would be published. In India or Egypt publication was apparently a matter of indifference: but it is otherwise here. It did not take long for him to acquire, in some measure, the caution which becomes instinctive in the old Parliamentary or Civil Service hand; though he was generally inclined to the more audacious course.

It is difficult in this country to lay much public stress on the part played by a high civil servant of the Crown in administration. The virtuous official, like the virtuous Athenian wife, is little in the public eye, his activities are merged in those of the Minister round whose star he revolves. With him he may agree or disagree politically; to copy a remark of Macaulay's, his politics are those of a sensible man: what they are, the sensible man does not say, and to ask him is like asking a lady her age. His chief may be a great man and a powerful administrator, or he may be a "transient and embarrassed phantom"; in either case it is the duty of the permanent head of the department to suppress the personal note and to lend his assistance or support, as the case may require, with a single eye to the policy and needs of

the moment. His success in his profession depends on the extent to which he can bring a trained and flexible mind and an energetic will to bear on the problems confronting his chief, from his chief's standpoint, with the weight derived from a large experience of men and affairs. He is generally imagined as swathed in red tape, writing hard all day, and mainly engaged in the contemplation of his own wisdom. As a matter of fact, the higher he rises, the less, if he be wise, he puts on paper, the less value he attaches to the form and the more to the substance, and the more willing he is to listen to other people's views: for life has taught him how little wisdom it takes to *mis*govern, and how much to escape misgovernment. He finds his reward, if he deserves it, in the respect of his chiefs, in the loyalty and affection of his subordinates, and in the exercise of an activity which if his work is congenial, and his influence is wisely used, brings its own satisfaction. Fame is not his portion, but his light is not entirely hid under a bushel; and his deeds, are they not written in the Book of Minutes, whence some adventurous historian may extract succulent truth long after his bones are dry as dust?

Let it not be thought I have wandered from my subject, for in imagining the ideal civil servant I have kept in mind the real Sir Colin.

It follows that I cannot go into detail as to what he did, and can only jot down some impressions as to what mainly interested him in his work, and other people in him. The qualities which were most visible in his character, I should say, were a high degree of practical wisdom, energy, decision, promptitude, discernment as to what he should do himself, and what he should leave to other people, and to whom he should leave it; and a transparent kindliness, loyalty, and sincerity. He could and did put his shoulder to the wheel, and he did not shirk work on detail when it was necessary, as it frequently was, that he should himself deal with it; but he rightly regarded his main duty as being that of keeping the machine running smoothly and preventing so far as

he could the exasperating delays which can only be avoided in Government work by the exercise of a strong will, determined to accept something short of the ideal if the ideal is months or years ahead, and to override the idealist.

Out of the extraordinarily varied mass of work which comes under the cognisance of the Scottish Office I think he took a particular interest (apart from his own engineering specialities) in the development of the Highlands and Islands, in the prison and criminal administration (including dealings with the infinity of problems arising out of excessive drinking and habitual crime), and in the disciplinary and other staff questions attendant on the supervision of a number of Government departments. As a member of the Congested Districts (Scotland) Board, set up in 1897 and now merged in the Scottish Board of Agriculture, he had a share in much useful work for the benefit of the more backward (and not the least attractive) parts of Scotland. As a member of the Local Government Board for Scotland, established in 1894, he had to advise on matters affecting the application of the Poor Laws referred from Edinburgh for decision, and to keep in touch with the growing problems of housing and the public health. In consultation with his friend and brother-engineer, Colonel (now Sir Alexander) McHardy, and his colleagues on the Scottish Prison Commission, he had much to do with prison government and he showed great interest in and sympathy with that class, too large in Scotland, whose upbringing and surroundings are such that prison and the poor-house seem their predestined fate. He took much trouble as a member of a committee which dealt with those questions and whose report is still the best source of guidance regarding them. In dealing with prisoners' petitions, and with staff and disciplinary questions, his sympathetic outlook was tempered by an insight into life and character and an experience of many men in many lands which often made his minutes interesting reading. If he had a kind heart, he had a horror of slackness, inefficiency, and self-indulgence which, combined with his military

training, inclined him to the rigorous view. I remember a case in which the question of dismissing a man for drinking arose, and in which a note was made that it did not appear whether he had a wife or children: on which his comment was, "Nor does it matter." The public interest was always his first concern; with perhaps a little pardonable weakness where the Royal Engineers were concerned. "I have no *esprit de bureau*," he once wrote, in a matter where he thought that quality was being shown to excess. His subordinates felt that he could not (and would not) have said he had no *esprit de corps*, and that if the latter quality was good, the former might sometimes have its recommendations.

He had less to do with Parliamentary work, leaving Bills and the multifarious details which link a political department with the two Houses to those whose training had been more in that direction. His kindness and consideration in personal intercourse with the Scottish Office staff and with his official colleagues in Scotland was constant, and is not forgotten. He showed great tact and shrewdness in negotiations with other departments.

In closing this necessarily hurried and imperfect sketch, written in a time of stress that seems ages removed from those happier days, when peace and plenty reigned, which I have been recalling, I can think of nothing better to say than that through the years in which I was privileged to be in close association with Sir Colin, I can never remember his saying anything, or doing anything which, had I said or done it myself, I should have regretted, while he was constantly saying and doing things which I should have wished to say or do had I possessed the ability or the opportunity. This is, of course, a judgment from a humble and personal standpoint, but it will serve to show the sort of impression that Sir Colin made upon those who served with him; and it is, I am sure, one the sincerity of which he would have appreciated, and on which he would have set some value.

The house in Cheyne Walk, which was to become well known and beloved by a large circle of friends and relations, was the discovery of many hours of house-hunting. When Chelsea was considered, Alfred Milner, as he then was, said, " You might as well go to China or Japan " : notwithstanding which, the charms of No. 11 Cheyne Walk prevailed over those of the many other houses prospected. Chelsea is still remote enough from the rest of London for neighbours to be neighbourly ; for quaint survivals to confront the wayfarer among new streets and fast-rising blocks of flats ; while the infinite variety of the river seen from its noble embankment brings almost the zest of the sea-coast to the wanderer along its water-side. Sir Colin enjoyed taking his guests across into Battersea Park by one bridge and back by the other, or visiting with them the Carlyle house, or exploring the dark little church which enshrines the memory of More. He rejoiced in the possession of his own house, and in the restful harmonies of its pleasant, spacious rooms, where the hospitality of host and hostess gathered together kith and kin from both sides of the family. The social life of London now opened before them. Old friends welcomed his advent, and new ones discovered his genial feeling, ripe experience, and quick response in intercourse. So passed through 11 Cheyne Walk during twenty-three years an interesting succession of guests, British, American, and Continental, among whom were artists, writers, scientific men, lawyers, politicians, and men of affairs, beside brothers and sisters, nieces, nephews, and cousins, who were often staying in the house and enlarged the company.

Of course there was also much going out to dine, and right heartily he enjoyed it—his kindly presence, ready talk, knowledge of various countries, and quick

interest in the lives and thoughts of others, made him a cheerful and stimulating companion. He had a fund of stories; and even in the very last months, old ones, which were still new to his family, would come forth.

Always there was some special book on hand—biography or travel, perhaps, mostly in favour, and pictures he loved. In the diary "pictures—pictures," keep coming. His taste was fairly eclectic, though it never went so far as the Cubists or extreme Impressionists.

To this little sketch of the family life one word may be added of the gladness felt by their friends that, after his long wanderings and heavy sorrows, he and his wife Dora should have had nearly twenty-five happy years given them in their English home, walking together with equal step.

Having always hoped to do public work, he was glad to help with the Duxhurst Homes for Inebriates, with the Chelsea Hospital for Children (where the "Violet Cot" bears the name of his dear child), and, later, with the Chelsea Polytechnic, the Anti-Slavery Society, the Public-house Trust, the Apprenticeship and Colonial Nursing Associations.

He was much gratified to receive, in 1891, the honorary degree of the LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh.

Soon after coming to London he was elected a member of the Athenæum Club, which was always a pleasure. The Royal Geographical Society was a constant interest. He frequently attended the lectures, and after it was moved to Kensington he liked to take friends to see its fine new quarters. He took an active part in securing the admission of women to membership.

He was invited to join the Dilettanti Society, and during about fifteen years he enjoyed its monthly

dinners and often spoke of the historic interest of belonging to it.

From 1893 onwards, beginning with a series of three lectures at Chatham and one at Toynbee Hall, written in a fine frenzy of haste, on "The Nile and what it is to Egypt," he was called upon to address meetings on the subject at Eton and Harrow, Edinburgh Academy, Cambridge, Birmingham, the Royal Institution, "The Old Vic.," and Elstead Village. His lectures always opened with an attempt to get the subject in perspective. He would compare with something known to the audience, and at all times when speaking, this method of putting things into a right relation with other things was one of his interests. It prevented vagueness and gave at the outset life to the picture.

The years between 1892 and 1898 passed with the comparative uneventfulness that is a common experience of happy family life. In May 1894, however, Colin was called upon to part with his elder sister, Mary Anne, who from her twentieth year had been looked up to almost as a mother by her brothers and sisters.

Some general ideas of his daily life may be gained from entries in the diary:

In 1895 the diary says: "Began the year in 11 Cheyne Walk with my dearest Dora, Lewie, and the three children. Cold, frosty weather, warm fires, warm hearts. Worked hard at office all day." The diary shows that in his busy life of work and society, the children were never forgotten. There are many entries concerning "my dear little Meg," "my dear little Col," of their comings and goings, how they did when at home in the holidays ("my dear little Meg walking so well"), and mention of "my dearest Lucy," and visits to her at school.

On April 30th, 1897, he says: "Took Col to Marlborough to begin his public-school life: he is in the house of an excellent fellow, Richardson, with whom I dined and spent the night, leaving the dear boy at night—God bless him!"

In July 1895 is the entry: "Recorded my vote for the first time in a Parliamentary election."

In the autumn he took nine bicycle lessons, and soon learned to enjoy this independent way of travel.

In February 1896 he writes: "Crossing Whitehall I slipped in the greasy mud of the road and was run over by a hansom, the wheel going over my right side. Thank God no great harm was done, but I am awfully stiff and sore." Time just allowed of his keeping a dinner-party engagement, and this happened to be with his surgeon-friend Sir R. Godlee, who reassured him.

The Scottish Corporation annual dinner he attended first this year (as often later), and, making a speech, quoted "dear old Thackeray's" lines (Thackeray was ever a beloved writer):

> I'd say we suffer and we strive
> Not less, nor more, as men than boys,
> With grizzled beards at forty-five,
> As erst at twelve, in corduroys.
> But if, in time of sacred youth,
> We learned at home to love and pray,
> Grant Heaven that early love and truth
> May never wholly pass away.

On May 2nd, 1897, he writes to Mrs. Robertson:

Now as to the Eastern question. I think the "European concert" a most feeble and unsatisfactory performance, but it has this great merit, that while it lasts there is peace.[1] I believe Lord Salisbury has done excellently on it, and if we had been off it,

[1] That is, there is no general European war.

it would have been much worse for Greece. The Blue Book recently published shows clearly enough that Crete would have been quite contented with the autonomy proposed for it, but Greek intrigue kept stirring up difficulties and preventing a peaceable solution of the question. I think the Powers made a mistake in ever allowing Colonel Vassos and his Greeks to land in Crete at all. But if the Greeks had only shown patience, the question would have been solved all right, and while the Powers were in Crete there was at least no Turkish oppression to complain of. The Greeks evidently wanted to extend their possessions, which though perfectly natural is not always permissible. Granted that they are both plucky and patriotic, yet I never knew a soldier express any other than the conviction that the Turks must hopelessly defeat them. Now it has come, and instead of accepting the fact that they have been well licked, like the French they shout that they are *trahi*, and abuse the Ministry and the royal family. I think they have ruined their own cause. It is surely not the time to add to their territory in Crete or Epirus, by taking land from the victors and giving it to the conquered.

On May 26th appears this entry:

Kept as the Queen's birthday in London. Usual crowd came to see the Trooping of the Colours from my office verandah. Official dinner at Lord Balfour's. Uniform coat and trousers (from Chatham days) very tight. Dora picked me up and we went on to the Foreign Office party: usual brilliant crush.

May 28th.—Dined with Lady Colville and went to the State Concert at Buckingham Palace: all very gorgeous. Home near 2 a.m. Heavy office work.

June 16th.—Hard at work arranging tickets and seats for seeing the Jubilee Procession from my office. London upside-down with arrangements.

21st.—Our house is overflowing; everything connected with the Diamond Jubilee went off without a hitch or flaw. The procession was very splendid;

crowds enormous ; our large party of thirty-one saw everything excellently. Illuminations in evening.

26th.—Started with Dora and Mabel and Lydia Hall for Southampton by 8 o'clock train to see the great Naval Review—a lovely day, and a most magnificent sight, which we thoroughly enjoyed. We were on board the *Paramatta*, a big P. and O. s.s. taken by the Admiralty for the Civil Service.

July 14th.—At a very charming dinner given by one hundred ladies to one hundred gentlemen at the Grafton Gallery : each lady bringing in a guest. Dora was one of the hundred, Sir Francis Mowatt her guest ; I was taken in by Mrs. Leonard Darwin. Speeches by Miss Kingsley and Mrs. Steel. The whole thing a great success.

In August and September Clury above Grantown was taken, and greatly enjoyed, the walks reaching to the summits of the rather distant Grampians.[1]

December 24th (at Birmingham).—In evening Lucy, Col, and Meg represented the Old Year, Christmas, and New Year, and repeated some clever lines of Dora's to a large party of former servants in the billiard-room at Mariemont.

December 30th.—At night at a great gathering at Wyddrington[2] : over one hundred there, and people very friendly and kind. So peacefully ends 1897.

No Life of Colin would be complete that did not bring out the place he took in his wife's old home. Through the previous relationship by marriage, he was, from the beginning, no stranger to the large family of her brothers and sisters, but he (and his children) quickly became an intrinsic part of it, loving and much beloved.

[1] This was the last time that his wife's parents were both able to join the holiday gathering.

[2] The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilson.

A glimpse of Colin chatting with his mother-in-law as he held her wool for knitting has left with a passing onlooker an impression of their pleasant intimacy.

He made real friends, not only within the walls of Mariemont, but amongst the other families comprising the cousinhood (of Lloyds, Wilsons, Staceys, Sturges, Hodgkins, Foxes, etc.). This mutual warmth of feeling finds example in notes from Lady Moncrieff's aunt Mrs. Wilson, beginning " My beloved nephew " ; while Colin, on his side, writes, " What would we *not* do for our dear Rachel and Wilson ? "

It was customary, both at Christmas and other times, to assemble in large companies, both of young and old, for very happy intercourse at the different family centres, Mariemont, Wyddrington, Farm, etc., giving opportunity for intimate acquaintance. These gatherings were a great pleasure to him, and he on his side, as may be imagined, brought much fresh interest.

The summer holiday of 1898 was spent in Sweden.

This year [wrote Sir Colin in the family " log "] we were without the presence of one who has always accompanied us hitherto, whose society has been a constant pleasure to us, who has shared lovingly in all our holiday interests, and whose bright pen and brighter pencil have been the very life of our holiday log. I don't know how we can carry it out at all without dear Amy Sturge to help us.

To Mrs. Robertson

ARLARYD, SWEDEN.
August 19th, 1898.

We crossed the Sound to Sweden, and stayed the night at a little old university town (a kind of Swedish St. Andrews), Lund, where there is a little cathedral. Next morning, 10th, we were off before eight, and travelled till 3.30 to a place Kalmar on the coast, whence we took steamer and arrived at five next

morning at Wisby in the island of Gotland, a very large island in the Baltic. Wisby is a most interesting and very ancient town, surrounded by high walls, and containing the ruins of several very fine old Gothic churches. Here we spent five charming sunny days—taking walks, exploring ruins, bathing in the sea, etc. On Monday night, 15th, we crossed from Wisby to the mainland. This place is a little settlement of pretty, wooden chalet-like villas, situated amidst birch, oak, and Scotch fir, with everywhere lovely views over the fiord or branch of the sea on which is built Stockholm. We are here the guests of some very dear and old friends of the Albrights, Mr. and Mrs. Beckman. . . . Altogether the Swedes impress us most favourably—I have not seen a beggar in the country. Their honesty is almost comical. They are said to drink, like our people, but I have not seen it. Industrious, courteous, well-to-do folks.

The sequel to this visit was a return journey in August 1900 for Lewis Sturge's wedding with Annie Beckman. This gave a delightful holiday and very pleasant days with the Beckmans, ending with a tour in Norway as far north as Trondhjem. The diary says:

We steamed down the Fiord to Molde, through the most noble and varied scenery. Molde has a most exquisite outlook—surely one of the loveliest spots on God's earth.

They returned through Germany, visiting Lübeck on the way.

In 1899 the Boer War had broken out.

To Mrs. Robertson

11, CHEYNE WALK.
December 10th, 1899.

We had Dora's father here for sixteen days. He is feeble, and had two nurses to look after him, but withal the old man was full of vitality, taking a keen

interest in the war, and in all else that was going on : reading and being read to—hearing and seeing as well as I can—and with his memory clear. He actually went to see the Lord Mayor's procession.[1]

I have no fear as to the issue of this war, but I fear many good lives will be lost ere it is over, and I don't envy anyone who feels lighthearted about it.

We find it, here in London, a little painful meeting friends who are bitterly opposed and conscientiously grieved about this war, and some houses we often call at we rather avoid. I'll tell you a little Irish story before I close. It seems that in front of Trinity College, Dublin, is a statue of William III, which all true Nationalists execrate. Our genial Irish friend Lady Lawrence saw it the other day decorated with wreaths, etc., and asked in amazement what had happened to make William of Orange popular. "Sure, wasn't he a Boer?" was the answer.

To the Rev. James and Mrs. Robertson

11, CHEYNE WALK.
January 5th, 1900.

Of course with us all the war is the one topic of interest—there has been nothing like it in the land since the darker days of the Indian Mutiny. I think myself the evidence sufficiently strong that, after the weak way we gave in to the Boers in 1881, they formed the scheme of a free Dutch Republic for South Africa, and that, when the gold-mines poured forth wealth into the land, they saw the means of carrying out their end ; and that this wish on the part of the Boers was very naturally quickened by the wretched Jameson Raid. I don't think we need greatly blame them for this ambitious scheme. Unfortunately it ran counter to us. I think our Government, and especially Chamberlain, made a very serious mistake in not visiting the perpetrators of that rascally raid far more severely than they did. Had it not been for

[1] During a visit to Cheyne Walk in the following year Arthur Albright suddenly passed away. His wife, Rachel Albright, had died in March 1899, and in the previous September their golden wedding had been celebrated at Mariemont.

that raid, I think possibly the Boers might not have gone to war with us so soon, and possibly, if Kruger had died, the war might never have come off. But, after finding how thoroughly they had equipped themselves for the field, I think it more probable that, sooner or later, they would have attacked us, seizing the opportunity of so doing when we had some other country on our hands. As to the conduct of the war since it began, I think we must try to suspend judgment, or to keep our minds in full consciousness that the next move may change our opinions. Nephew Bill is pretty sure to be in the thick of it. The 2nd Battalion of Colin B.'s regiment is on its way out. I should not wonder if he gets leave to throw up his staff employ out there and join it, and I hope he will. In writing to Dora I have bewailed that I am too old myself to get sent to the front, and have not a son old enough to send!

The spirit in the country and throughout our colonies is satisfactory in the extreme. That must be put down in the great account as a distinct advantage gained from the war—so much on that topic. I am still very hopeful that the war will not last long, and I have no sort of doubt as to the final issue.

Soon after his return to England, Sir Colin had written to a friend that he should be well content never to leave his native land again. This was a natural expression of satisfaction at settling down after so many years of roving, and he probably never led a more peaceful and undisturbed existence than during the six years between 1892 and 1898. Then his inborn love of travel and of change reasserted itself, and fourteen times during the next twelve years he left England—for the Continent, for Egypt, India, Japan, America, South Africa. He certainly, however, looked forward as keenly to the return journey as to the outward journey, and was generally equally ready to welcome the land of his arrival or to speed from that of his departure.

In March 1898, at the invitation of Sir Benjamin Baker, Sir Colin had become one of the three directors of the great dam at Assuan designed by Sir William Willcocks. In 1901 he paid a flying visit to Egypt to inspect this work and also to give his opinion about a land scheme. He writes as follows :

To his wife

S.S. "Isis."
January 21st, 1901.

Away here in these familiar seas the love of travel which I have studiously repressed since 1892 kindles up in me. Only I want you. If God spares us all, I'll hope to bring you and the girls this road some day. We reached Port Said by sunrise, a real Egyptian sun with clear fresh air. We got off at 8.45, away through such familiar scenes and sounds. It seemed a kind of dream. Did not reach Cairo till 4.45. So many to meet us. Willcockses, Garstin, Foster, Brown, Rogers, Trevethick, etc., etc. There we had the news confirmed, which was rumoured at Port Said, of the Queen's death—a stupendous fact, that seems to shake us all loose from all our national moorings -the greatest woman of history, I think. I *can't* write about it any more than I can get myself to talk of the King.

Susie W. took me home in her trap and gave me tea, and then W. W. took me a drive about Cairo—first to the cemetery, where *her* remains have lain so long under the palm tree. Then about streets—the place is greatly changed.

The Butchers, Sandwiths, Careys, and Colbeck came to dinner, and they were all so kind. Well may I say goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. My eyes get dim as I think of it and humbly thank the Eternal.

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

Cairo.
February 2nd, 1901.

I have greatly enjoyed this little run to Egypt; and what I have enjoyed most of all has been the

very kindly, cordial greeting I have had on all sides. Cairo is immensely changed. I really hardly knew it again, and looked in vain for familiar landmarks. All that bare ugly desert space just above the bridge is now covered with nice houses and gardens, the Willcockses, Sandwiths, Browns, Carys, Colbeck, etc., all live there, and Lord Cromer's big house dominates them. Then there are houses and streets nearly all the way out to Old Cairo, and the trees are grown, and there are new hotels and shops and everywhere wonderful signs of wealth and prosperity.

I said farewell to my good friend Mustafa Pasha Fahmi. He kissed me on both cheeks, and told me all the world was now content with the English rule. I asked him to call one of the canals in Upper Egypt after dear old Justin Ross, and he promised to do it.

We had a most interesting day at the big dam at Assuan, a magnificent work. Sir Benjamin Baker and Sir John Aird were both here and went with us. It will be finished in two years, and I shall surely manage to see it again if I live so long.

Mustafa suggested that I should keep a house in Cairo and come out every winter, but I can hardly rise to that!

On his return to England, work of an entirely novel kind opened up as a by-product of Scottish business. On this subject, Dr. Hugh Mill, the head of the Government Meteorological Department, contributes the following note on the International Council for the Study of the Sea:

In 1899 the Swedish Government, on the initiative of a Swedish Commission for the investigation of the sea bordering that country, called together an international conference at Stockholm, to which delegates were appointed by the British, German, Russian, Danish, Dutch, and Belgian Governments.

The principal British representative on that occasion was Sir John Murray, the naturalist of the famous *Challenger* Expedition, and the leading oceanographer of the world.

A programme for international co-operation in the study of the Baltic and the North Sea, with special reference to the improvement of fisheries, was arrived at, subject to the approval of the respective Governments. Two years later the Norwegian Government convened a second conference to complete the scheme, and on this occasion Sir John Murray did not take part. This placed British interests in a difficult position, as Sir John Murray's world-wide reputation would undoubtedly have led to his appointment as President of the international body, and his absence created a danger that the British point of view might not have the weight that the overwhelming supremacy of British interests in the fisheries of the northern seas demanded.

The fisheries of Scotland had, for more than a century, been organised under a special Fishery Board appointed by Government and sitting in Edinburgh, but the English fisheries at the beginning of the twentieth century were still comparatively undeveloped, and, so far as they came under Government regulations, were dealt with by a small department of the Board of Trade mainly concerned with harbours and statistics.

In the circumstances Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, who, as Under-Secretary for Scotland, was fully informed of the activities of the Fishery Board for Scotland, was appointed first British delegate to the Conference, with Professor D'Arcy W. Thompson, of Dundee, the scientific member of the Scottish Fishery Board, as second delegate, and of Mr. W. Garstang, of the Marine Biological Association, and Dr. H. R. Mill as experts to advise on technical matters.

The meeting took place in Christiania in May 1901, and Sir Colin took part in the deliberations with such tact and kindliness that he succeeded in overcoming all difficulties, and formed the most friendly relations with all the foreign delegates.

True, the President of the International Council arranged for at the conference was to be a German, but the headquarters were to be in Copenhagen, and the secretary was to be a Dutchman, with an English colleague on the permanent staff.

In July 1902 the first meeting of the new International Council for the Study of the Sea took place at Copenhagen, and Sir Colin was again the chief British delegate. His services in securing a satisfactory constitution for the scheme of co-operation were much appreciated by the members. The work of the International Council was divided into two classes. The first was the study of the physical conditions of the sea, including the temperature and salinity of the water, the currents, and the small floating organisms known as plankton which constitute the most important fish food ; this work was to be carried on by cruises every three months of the special ships provided by each of the participating countries. The second class of work consisted of observations on the life-history and migrations of fish, and the conditions favouring a successful fishing industry, which were carried out at shore laboratories and by the special ships during the intervals between the quarterly trips.

As the result of the establishment of the international researches there had been an immense increase in our knowledge of the sea and of fishes. One of the lines of investigation was the marking by means of a numbered disc of multitudes of fish which, after being measured, were returned to the sea. More than a third of these marked fish have been recovered, and returned by the fishermen to the various national laboratories. Here they were measured again, and the rate of growth ascertained. The point of recapture was compared with the place where they were marked, and the distance and direction of their migration were thus discovered. As one result it was shown that plaice grew far more rapidly on the Dogger Bank in the middle of the North Sea than in water of the same depth near shore.

This is merely an example of the useful facts which have been ascertained, and the new knowledge will, when the war is over, form a sure basis for the promotion of fisheries.

Very busy [notes the diary in April 1901]

planning in connection with my going as a delegate to the Fishery Commission.

May 6th.—Christiania.—Sat down with nine wine-glasses in front of each at the grand dinner party given us by the municipality.

(He was away from May 3rd to 14th, and had much interest in spending an afternoon with Nansen the Arctic explorer.)

July 24th, 1902.—Put on full evening clothes and decorations before breakfast. Began work at 9 a.m., and at 11 all went to be introduced to King Christian, who received us very politely. A wonderful old man of eighty-four. All dined with the Prime Minister.

In the same year, with the permission of his chief, Lord Balfour, he agreed to become chairman of the Ichthyological Commission under the Board of Trade.

Years after, Dr. Hugh Mill, in April 1916, described as follows the impression made by Sir Colin at the meetings of the International Council :

HILL CREST, DORMANS PARK, SURREY.
April 1916.

I never met any other man like Sir Colin. His kindness and charm made everyone love him, and I feel immeasurably poorer for his loss. I can never forget how his wise judgment and sympathetic manner smoothed all the difficulties of the first International Council for the Study of the Sea at Christiania, and how he won all hearts, in spite of the strong prejudice against the British Army that was felt on the Continent after the Boer War. To this day I receive from my neutral continental friends inquiries as to his health, and I know that in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Holland, those who met him at the Council meetings will feel that they have lost a dear friend. The little episode in the mosque at Cairo, when we were blocked in the canal in 1905, showed how Egyptians looked to him as benefactor, and I

am sure that the same feeling prevails in every place where he has been. Few lives have had so many opportunities of doing good to the world, and I know of no other who took so full an advantage of every opportunity. He is surely one of those men who might be counted happy when he dies.

To Mrs. Robertson

June 25th, 1901.

You doubtless heard that I was near a week in Christiania on Fishery matters. Since then I have had a good deal of correspondence and talk with the Board of Trade, and the result is that I expect to-day to be appointed member of a Parliamentary Committee on the subject, and that your friend Mr. Gerald Balfour wishes me appointed delegate to represent the interests of Great Britain at an International Fishery Council likely to be formed for five years. This does not mean money but interesting work, and it is complimentary to me. You'll say it is a far cry from deep-sea fisheries in the North Sea to irrigation work in India, but so it is that, last Thursday, when I was very busy with the former, in came a letter from Lord G. Hamilton, the Secretary for India, to say that the Viceroy had just written home that he was going to appoint a commission to go into the whole question of irrigation in India, and that he positively required me to be sent out as Chairman. This was rather taking my breath away, for I should tell you that I am sixty-five on August 3rd, on which date I should be superannuated, but, just two days before hearing about India, Lord Balfour had got special sanction for me to stop in the Scottish Office.

It is very pleasant and gratifying for me to be called back to India like this, and it will be full of interest to revisit the land where I spent more than twenty of my best years, and to finish my public service where I began it forty-three years ago. Albeit I shall find the land full of ghosts, ghosts of departed days and of beloved ones gone on into a world of light. I wanted to give up the Scottish Office altogether on

going to India, but Lord Balfour insists that I shall come back from April to August next year.

Reference to the Indian Irrigation Commission has been forestalled in a previous letter. In July (1901) came full instructions, and Sir Colin's appointment as President.

On October 3rd he and his wife and Mr. (afterwards Sir Denzil) Ibbetson (another member of the Commission) started for India. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson King, their niece, and Catherine Albright, who were leaving for a tour in India, were on the same ship. It was an exhilarating time for Colin's companions. The joy he felt in returning to the familiar land, with the hope of accomplishing much to bless its material needs, communicated itself to those who were travelling with him. They were ignorant of it all ; and to them he gave of its history and customs and language in rich measure.

To Mrs. Robertson

POONA.
January 2nd, 1902.

We reached Bombay on October 19th. Since then we have taken very few holidays. We have travelled about five thousand four hundred miles, and have spent long days examining witnesses, reading reports, and generally trying to master this very big problem of how to protect India from famine, so far as it can be done by irrigation. We first went straight to Simla, where I had a long talk with the Viceroy. Then to Lahore, Jhelum, Mooltan (where we saw nephew W. E. S.-M. and his nice little wife), Sindh, back to Lahore, Delhi, Allahabad, Agra, Jaipur, Ajmir, Mount Abu, Kathiawar, and through the Bombay districts. To-day we start for the south—shall be near the far end of Madras by the end of the month—then north again through Madras and the Central Provinces, reaching Calcutta, I hope, about March 20th, and

leaving Bombay for home on April 5th. The work won't be done, and I must come out again in September or October. I have two first-rate colleagues: one, Mr. Ibbetson, the Viceroy told me he thought the ablest man in the Civil Service; the other, Mr. Higham, the Inspector-General of Irrigation, and a very able man.

We travel very luxuriously, generally in special trains, and always with ample accommodation, so that we regularly go to bed every night. We have a cook and kitchen on the train, and can get our meals when we want them. Everywhere we are most hospitably entertained in the generous old Indian fashion. It is most interesting to me to come back after an absence of nearly nineteen years to the land where I spent so many chequered days. I find very few old acquaintances left. Most Indian officials are obliged to retire at fifty-five, and I am sixty-five, so you can fancy what a venerable senior I appear. I don't think since I came to the country I have found anyone as old as myself.

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

MYSORE.
January 19th, 1902.

. . . This is pretty hard work; listening to witnesses and asking questions for six hours is, I can assure you, rather fatiguing, especially if one has been travelling all the previous night. Then we have endless reports to read, and the most contrary statements to sift and examine. We are both in excellent health. I was never better.

To his daughter Lucy

HYDERABAD.
Sunday, February 23rd, 1902.

. . . Hyderabad is a great city of about four hundred thousand people, the capital of the Nizam, whose ancestors were feudatories and viceroys of the Moguls at Delhi. The present Nizam is quite the biggest and most important of the native rulers under us in India. He has a country about as big as Eng-

land and Scotland, over which he has sway, always tempered by the fact that there is an English Resident at his capital, who does not interfere with him so long as all is well, but could at once interfere if occasion arose ; and to keep this big city in some sense of being overawed, the largest garrison in India, English and native troops, are in barracks a few miles outside ; and so Bill's regiment, the 1st Middlesex, is here now.

We arrived on Thursday, and went straight to the Resident's house, or palace, we might call the immense building, standing in wide grounds and lawns, but there is always the sense of being " on guard." There is a great outside wall ; an escort of troops at the gates ; the big house itself provided with iron doors and other appliances to enable it to stand a siege if the many ill-conditioned Muhammadans in the city were to get nasty. They don't look like it at present, but are very civil to us. Our first night we were at a great public dinner given to us by the minister, a Hindu, who took mother in, and presided at the feast, but on account of caste rules did not eat a mouthful himself.

The dinner was in a great open pavilion, looking on to a garden with fountains and fireworks. The city is really picturesque and one meets many elephants in the streets. To-morrow morning we go on early, and when you get this we should be half through our work in the Central Provinces. That is the last place we visit, and by March 20th or so I think we should be at Pachmari, a little hill-station where we propose to write up our notes before separating. It is such a pleasure to me to think of getting home to you all soon, and that we shall actually be on our voyage in six weeks. . . .

They reached London on Saturday, April 19th (" very thankful to be home again "), and on the next Monday Sir Colin was at the Scottish Office, " busy all day." His retirement in the following August was marked by a little ceremony of farewell. " T. R. Clark, Lord Advocate's Secretary," he notes

in the diary on August 8th, " gave a dinner to me in the Wyndham Club—asked the Office—fourteen of us in all, including Lord Balfour of Burleigh. It was all very friendly and nice. I had to make a little speech"; and, on the 14th: " Bade farewell to the Scottish Office, where I have worked for ten years. Very sorry to part with the clerks and messengers."

Of his work during these years Lord Balfour wrote :

I never had the pleasure of knowing Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff till I went to the Scottish Office in the summer of 1895. But from this time till his retirement in 1902 we were in constant association, and the acquaintance soon ripened into a warm personal friendship which lasted till his death.

It was impossible to work with Sir Colin without becoming impressed with his zeal for public service, and his singleminded devotion to duty. These qualities endeared him to all with whom he was brought in contact, and were coupled with much thought and great tact in dealing with all with whom he was associated. He knew by instinct how to manage men, and his unfailing good temper made him many friends.

Sir Colin had a keen sense of humour, and great insight into character, and these qualities, coupled with a long experience of public work in many lands, and under most diverse conditions, made him an ideal head of the staff of such an office as that domiciled in Dover House.

Very soon he and I got on to the most intimate terms of friendship, and over it I cannot recall the passage of a single cloud.

One incident is fresh in my memory, and will serve as an illustration of what I have tried to convey. We were discussing some difficulties that had arisen in the internal working of one of the administrative departments associated with us. The capabilities and character of the chief of the department in question were under review, on account of some internal diffi-

culties, and I said something reflecting on the tact and capacity of the man. I well remember Sir Colin deprecating hostile criticism, and standing up for him, and, in his defence, adding, "The one defect he has is that in dealing with subordinates he never sufficiently realises the difference between *you will* and *will you.*"

Mr. Anderson, Stornaway, wrote on the same subject to Lady Scott-Moncrieff:

SCOTTISH LIBERAL CLUB, EDINBURGH.
April 12th, 1916.

. . . I knew Sir Colin when Under-Secretary for Scotland, and none before, and no one since, in my view, has fulfilled the duties in that important office so well, wisely, and usefully as he had done. As a member and Chairman (for twenty years) of the Lewis District Committee of Ross and Cromarty County Council, Scotland, I came a good deal in touch with your late lamented husband, and can appreciate the way he put aside technicalities and approached matters from a common-sense point of view. He helped me very much to carry through a lot of proposals I submitted for the benefit of Lewis and its people. . . .

The summer holiday was spent at Fossaway, where Lady Moncrieff was detained with a bad cold at the time of the Coronation, of which he writes:

CHELSEA.
Saturday p.m., August 9th.

I awoke very early this morning; bright and fine, but it has been a coldish grey day with rain rarely, not much. . . . I got to the Abbey before 9. Down the centre of the nave was left not a very wide corridor, and the two sides were banked up thus: galleries above, very steep, with seven rows, and seats below, some six or seven rows. I was in the third row below and saw excellently; next to me were the Craiks, so I was in good company. The seats very simple, narrow wooden benches with a bar for the back. . . . And

all the time I was there, five and a half hours, I didn't see one lady or man leave their seat! . . . The ceremony began, long before the Procession entered, by the choir, a very full one, headed by choristers blowing silver trumpets, and the sweet voices singing the familiar old hymn, "O God, our help in ages past." I thought this very impressive. . . . Before the chaplains and prebendaries swept up a long procession of Royalties, male and female, with the most delightful little boys, sometimes tiny children, in picturesque pages' clothes, holding up trains or carrying coronets; they looked such nice little chaps.

After the Queen's regalia she came herself, looking very handsome. . . . Then came the King's regalia —swords, sceptre, spurs, orb, crown, etc.—a very brilliant affair; then the King, with a bishop on each side. He looked rather pale and tottery, I thought, with a curious soft velvet cap on, like a Holbein picture. . . . For some two hours the service went on; they left out the whole of the Litany, and the sermon, and yet it was past two before they came out, first the Queen and then the King crowned. Afterwards the Prince and the Princess of Wales. It was good to hear the loud, strong cheers as they passed, quite spontaneous. The peers and peeresses did not put on their coronets till the monarchs had been crowned. Lady Craik and I marvelled how the peeresses, who generally had great tiaras of diamonds, managed to make their little coronets stick on the top of them, for they had to put them on themselves sitting in the Abbey. The peers had honest big coronets coming down to their ears, looking in their purple robes for all the world like the pictures in *Alice in Wonderland*. . . . I only wished for you once, darling, and that was from beginning to end. . . . I'll tell you more when we meet. . . .

To Mrs. Robertson

FOSSAWAY LODGE.
August 28th, 1902.

. . . Your letter found us all here, and a pretty large party. . . . Eleven and, I think, five servants.

I hadn't really stayed here for any time since 1867, when Lucy and I came from India, and Joanna with three of her young folks, and of course you and your dear mother, and our father and I don't know how many others were here. . . . I had forgotten how very pretty this place is. The trees which I remember our father planting are so tall and big now.

The plantations certainly want thinning out. . . . But all round I seem to see our father's presence and loving thought in every tree that he planted. It is strange to think that William was laird even longer than he, but I was so little here that I can't identify anything about the place with his reign.

The autumn found them on the return journey to India, which they reached on October 11th.

To Mrs. Ballard

BENARES.
November 18th, 1902.

. . . We have been here for three days, having done the whole of Bengal, and being about to begin what used to be called the N.W.P. and now the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. . . . Benares has, of course, to any of us a mournful interest, and Dora and I soon found the plain stone tomb that holds the dust of

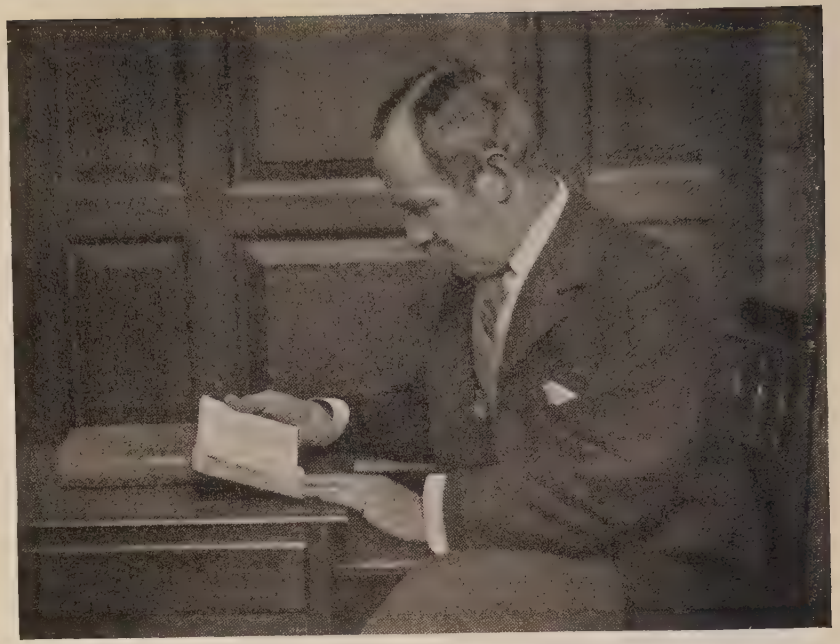
MAJOR A. P. S.-M.

BENGAL STAFF CORPS, ETC., ETC.

AGED 38.

He would have been seventy-six now, had he lived. How young he died ! I go along the roads and wonder which bungalow he lived in, with his warm heart and cheery laugh. You know Benares, I think. It was long since I had been here, and I had forgotten the deep human interest of this great ancient city, wholly given to idolatry. We dropped slowly down the river in a boat two mornings ago, past a succession of temples, some graceful, all interesting. Now and then red-daubed figures of Shiva or Durga or Hanumàn ; below all, along the river's edge, crowds and

SIR COLIN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
From a photograph by L. S. Hollings



SIR COLIN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

crowds of bathers, both sexes, all ages. Some laughing and chatting, some zealously and accurately performing their ritual, repeating their *Shastr*, dropping their flowers in the water. Others, not a few, in fakir's dress, with earnest far-away eyes, battling out the quest after the unknown God. It is very, very human. And away two or three miles downstream, spanning the sacred river with stone piers and steel girders, rivets, and flanges, and rails, the great railway-bridge, the sign of the presence of the great Western Conqueror. I would not like to say that this bridge represented our race, as these mystic dreamers by the sacred Ganges represented the philosophy of the East; and yet side by side here they suggested the comparison. . . .

To Mrs. Bertram Hunt

LUCKNOW.
February 1st, 1903.

. . . Your last letter found us at Agra, very nearly done with our wanderings and very much thinking about Delhi in the future. From Agra we went one hundred and thirty miles to Meerut, about forty-five miles north of Delhi, where we had our last examination of witnesses; our enquiries were then over, and it only remained to grapple with a lot of statistics and write our report. We were invited to join the Viceroy's camp at Delhi on the 27th, but we had no particular place to go for Christmas, and the railways were so congested I doubted how we should ever get to Delhi with a lot of luggage. We were very glad, then, when one of the irrigation officers whose evidence we had been taking, and whom I had started in work twenty-six years ago, a Mr. Atkinson, and his wife, asked us to spend Christmas in their camp at the head of one of the big irrigation canals, only twelve miles from Delhi. It was a place I had known, before it was made! so to speak, and the trees had grown up, and it was pretty and quiet and peaceful "beside the still waters." There were two older men, with their wives, and two nice youngsters from Cooper's Hill, and two sisters. The tents were under

the big trees. The talk was what I used to talk and hear thirty or forty years ago, "in life's morning march when my bosom was young." They were all very kind to me, an old gentleman among them. And you can fancy how it brought back old memories, and how pleasant it was. Thence on the 27th we drove easily into the Viceroy's Camp at Delhi. It was a wonderful white canvas city, divided into three great portions: the camps of the Viceroy; the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors; the Commander-in-Chief, etc.; streets upon streets of broad avenues; shrubs in tubs; flower-beds, etc. Then there was an immense number of camps of different native princes and chiefs, some very splendid, such as the great reception-tent in the Kashmir Camp, entirely lined with Kashmir shawls and with silver-plated tent-poles. There were mountain Thibetans from the Pamirs over the snows in the north. There was the Maharajah of Travancore from the extreme south, groaning over the cold. There were wild-looking Baluchis, with Jewish faces, and long curly hair, from the confines of Persia, bigoted Muhammadans. There were quaint-looking, smiling Burmans and Shans, devout Buddhists from the borders of China. In each camp were two or three tents where the English Resident lived, and guided and directed his curious flock. Then, beyond all this, over a vast plain, as far as you could see, were lines of small simple tents, all laid out with the extremest regularity, where, from morning to night, there were bugles and trumpets blowing, and bagpipes *skirling* and bands playing, an army of thirty-seven thousand men—seven thousand cavalry alone—and one hundred and twenty guns. Put all this under a blue sky and bright sunlight, and you will admit there were the elements of fine scenic effects, especially when in the background were the splendid Moghul buildings of Shah Jehan's great city, all in red sandstone and white marble. You have probably read in the papers quite as much as you care of all the succession of splendid pageants, day after day; all done in princely style and without a hitch. The Viceroy and his lovely wife had some

one hundred and forty guests, all most comfortably looked after. He sent me the kindest little note on New Year's morning, announcing that I was to have a second knighthood, that of the Star of India. It has pleased me, for it is to India, and not to Egypt, that I have given most of my years, and my best ones. . . .

To Mrs. Ballard

VICEROY'S CAMP, DELHI.
January 4th, 1903.

DEAREST JOANNA,

The year is four days old, and I don't think I have written any real letters to anyone, so intensely busy have I been in *frivoling*. . . . We are very aristocratic, you will be glad to hear. Besides our royalties, the Connaughts and Grand Duke of Hesse, we have two dukes and duchesses. Earls and countesses, lords and ladies; mere baronets and knights we don't count! And it is a strange *mélange*—all these very smart people, M.P.s, etc., and along with them your matter-of-fact Indian officials. Our smart friends have never heard of the officials (though the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal rules over seventy millions of people), and they talk London Society and Court life, while our Indian ladies compare notes as to the dursi's wages, and the last news of little Tommy at home. . . . The installation of Knights and Companions of the Star of India and Indian Empire took place at night in the Dewan-i-Amm, the great council-hall of the Moghul Emperors in the palace here. It was a most elaborate Court ceremonial. The Viceroy seated in the throne of the Moghuls; a vast hall of red stone pillars and arches full of brilliantly dressed men and women of all colours.

On Sunday forenoon was the State service—in the open air, the troops all in line. Three or four bishops officiated, and the Bishop of Calcutta gave a very excellent little sermon, reminding us of the goodness of the Almighty from Whom all things come, and of our duty among alien peoples to live unto Him—"lest we forget, lest we forget."

One night there was a splendid display of fire-

works, which I fancy delighted the natives more than anything else. There is a most excellent and beautiful exhibition of Indian art, which also delights the natives far more than I expected. They crowd in and pay their rupee for entrance—a large sum, you know, for a native. . . .

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

LUCKNOW.
February 10*th*, 1903.

. . . We have finished all our travelling and taking evidence, and came here direct from Delhi a month ago, during which I have been working *hard* at our report. It is a big job. Five of us to make up our minds to the same effect, on subject after subject. We each write a chapter, and get a proof sheet, and then send it round for additions or corrections ; then we meet and talk ; but the finished work is long of coming out. Dora and I share a funny old native palace (the Moti Mahal) and garden, which figured largely in the Mutiny time, with a very nice couple, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. He is secretary to our Commission. We mount our bicycles and ride from 7.45 to 9 every morning, bathe, dress, breakfast, *work*, an evening walk or drive, and a little reading aloud after dinner. So the days fly fast. This is a very large and very popular station. To us its only interest is the Mutiny. I wonder if you have heard that Lucy and Hilda Seebohm are on their voyage out with Alice S.-M. and are due in Bombay in ten days. . . . We are much excited over it.

The labours of the Commission were now over. The following interesting summary of its scope and achievement is communicated by Sir Lionel Jacob :

Lord Curzon's term of office as Viceroy of India was marked by many administrative reforms, but in no direction was his clearsightedness more apparent than in that of irrigation ; and the Government of India Resolution of September 1901 took the important

step of referring to a Special Commission the question of the irrigation of the country as a protection against famine. The terms of the reference were to ascertain the utility of irrigation ; the extent to which irrigation work had been already provided and the results ascertained ; and to determine the scope for further extension of State works. But it was at the same time specially mentioned that " In considering proposals for new irrigation works the Commission will understand that greater importance may often be attached to the extent and reliability of the protection that will be afforded, than to the merits of the schemes regarded as financial investments."

Of this Commission Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff was appointed the President, and on his arrival from England the first public meeting was held at Lahore on October 28th, 1901. The work was of a kind which appealed to Sir Colin's heart. The best years of his life had been spent in irrigation service ; that alone was an attraction, but, in addition, there was his wide sympathy with the poor. . . . The fact that the work of the Commission was so largely connected with questions of famine protection was therefore of very forcible appeal.

No Commission has ever done better work in India : the report, the outward and visible sign of its labours, is a monument of patient and exhaustive investigation ; it is extraordinarily complete, and the recommendations, characterised by so much sound judgment and good sense, are expressed in the most lucid of language. Sir Colin and his colleagues pursued their enquiries during two cold-weather seasons ; they visited every part of India where irrigation was possible, and the report was published in 1903. They recommended an expenditure of forty-four crores of rupees, or nearly thirty million sterling, distributed over twenty years, at an annual rate of expenditure of one and a half millions sterling ; and to spend this amount meant the employment of two hundred and eighty thousand work-people for two hundred and fifty days in each of the twenty years.

The recommendations were approved ; and irriga-

tion work in India received an impetus on sound constructive lines that it had never previously possessed. Productive public works the country had before, and the Commission suggested others; but it was mainly in the direction of the more purely protective, and less lucrative, schemes that the labours of the Commission proved so valuable. In the Central Provinces, in the Bundelkund portion of the United Provinces, in the Bombay-Deccan, and elsewhere, wherever districts had suffered the terrors and miseries of scarcity and famine, a large number of irrigation works sprang into existence where they had previously been almost unknown, and had stood little chance of sanction. There have been, of course, many deviations in the programme, owing to the new information acquired by the extensive hydrographical surveys instituted at the time; but, in the main, the recommendations have been followed, and the result has been an enormous improvement in the security of tracts of country which have suffered so severely in the past. . . .

Mr. W. B. Gordon to Lady Scott-Moncrieff

GIESENSKRAAL, BRITSTOWN, C.P., S. AFRICA.
December 21st, 1916.

. . . You asked me for a few lines about the Indian Irrigation Commission, its objects and results, and the part Sir Colin took in it, and I promised to send them. That is longer ago than I like to think, but in these days few hands make busy time for all of us. . . . As Lord Curzon told Sir Colin in a semi-official letter, for some time past, in the minds of many people in England, there appeared to be a doubt that, in the matter of irrigation, we had not done, and were not doing, for India all that was possible. In certain newspapers and magazines there had been of late rather frequent reference to the undeniable fact that, while failure of the rainfall was causing intense misery to the people in some parts of India, in other parts the waters of a surplus rainfall were running to useless waste in the sea. Why, it was sometimes asked, can we not use the surplus of one tract to make

up the deficiency of another, or, if this is impossible, why not store the surplus of wet years in readiness for a year of drought? More often than not, however, there was no query at all in the matter, and it was roundly asserted as a fact admitting of no contradiction that, so long as surplus water was allowed to run to waste, the Government of India was criminally responsible for all the misery and deaths caused by famine in any part of India. Lord Curzon, therefore, gave it as a private instruction to the Commission that the conditions limiting the use of the surplus drainage of the country should be clearly explained in their report. . . . I have no doubt that, in his selection of a President for the Commission, he looked, not only for a man with a wide reputation, and great and varied experience as an irrigation engineer and administrator, whose name would carry weight wherever the report of the Commission was read, but also for one who loved India and its people, and who had lived with them and fought for them, through a long period of severe famine, one whose personal experience and character would lead him to attach paramount importance to the vital question of protection. In the whole Empire there was just one man who possessed all these qualifications, and, in selecting him, Lord Curzon only showed his usual discrimination.

Sir Colin had, no doubt, reached an age at which many men would have hesitated to undertake such heavy and responsible work in a tropical climate. He had already done nearly fifty years of service in various parts of the Empire, but fortunately he was still wonderfully active, both physically and mentally, and he was the last one to cry off while he or others thought that he could be usefully employed.

The Commission in its report tells its own tale or all the official part of it. We travelled through every British province that was at all liable to famine, or could be benefited by irrigation. In all, our enquiries covered an area of a million and a quarter square miles. Our report did all that it was asked to do. Lord Curzon said so, and he should know, and he

described it "as more interesting than a novel." We showed that, out of two hundred and twenty-six million acres annually under crop in British India, forty-four million acres were irrigated annually, or about 20 per cent.; while, in the more important native States, out of seventy-one million acres sown annually, only about eight million acres, or 11 per cent., were under irrigation. In the whole of India, fifty-three million acres were being irrigated annually, and of these about twenty million acres received water from works constructed by Government, at a cost of twenty-six millions sterling. We gave for every province a programme of possible new works. These would cost about thirty millions sterling and water an additional six and a half million acres. Some of them would be sound financial investments, but many of them would be worked at an annual loss. A part of the loss would, however, be covered by a reduction of the cost of famine relief and other indirect benefits. Our programme, we pointed out, was not exhaustive, but it at least indicated how much might be done in the next twenty years. The real test of a Commission's report is, however, not what it says, but what it achieves. And in this respect we need have no misgivings. When, after three years' absence at the Cape, I returned to India, I was surprised and gratified at the energy with which the design and construction of irrigation work was being pushed on all over India. All the more important of our proposals had been adopted, and many large works which we had recommended were already in hand. As one high official remarked to me: "There was never a Commission report that has led to such immediate, important, and widespread results as that of the Irrigation Commission."

As to Sir Colin's part in the work of the Commission, needless to say it was a very large part; how large, I was in the best position to judge. All details he wisely left to men like Sir Denzil Ibbetson[1] and Sir

[1] When Sir Denzil became member of the Viceroy's Council, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Muir Mackenzie succeeded him on the Commission.

Thomas Higham, who were better acquainted with the then conditions of the various provinces and native States. There had been many changes since Sir Colin had left India for Egypt nearly twenty years before. But all big questions were fully noted and discussed, and amongst the numerous notes by members which it fell to me as Secretary to collect and embody in the report during our summer recess, there were many by Sir Colin himself. It was again almost entirely owing to him that the report was unanimous, and that I was handed no note of dissent to be appended to it. There was, I remember, when our subject was Madras, one particularly anxious time. Feeling had grown very strong, and anything like unanimity seemed to be the last thing to hope for. Everyone was overstrung by overwork. Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, Sir Colin announced that he was going away for a week's change, and strongly advised others to follow his example. They did, and, on their return, wondered what all their dispute had been about, and without a murmur adopted the draft that Sir Colin had approved.

But it was not only as an official leader and guide that he did so much for us. Socially he was a host in himself, and the evident pleasure with which you and he joined in all social functions went a long way to gain for us a popularity that greatly facilitated our work. Do you remember that long drive to a picnic dinner somewhere in Madras when among the illuminated mottoes that lighted our road " Water is best " was the most frequent ; and the laughter at Sir Colin's remark, in his after-dinner speech, that the serious doubts he could not help feeling on his journey out, as to the nature of the hospitality he was about to receive, had all been most effectually dispelled ? With natives, too, he had a wonderfully sympathetic way with him, and many, especially in Bengal, who came to him effervescing with some real or imaginary grievance, went away blessing him and the British Raj. They felt, as indeed we all did : in the language of India, he was a real Sahib.

From Lord Curzon

VICEROY'S CAMP, REWA STATE.
April 2nd, 1903.

MY DEAR SIR COLIN,

I am waiting in camp for news of a tiger, but as it does not appear to be forthcoming, I cannot better occupy myself than by acknowledging your pleasant letter of last week from Lucknow. I congratulate you most heartily upon the approaching completion of your labours. It has been a long, responsible, and laborious task. But my confidence in the results was throughout based chiefly upon confidence in the President: and I feel certain that in your long and distinguished career you will never have rendered a greater public sevice than in assisting the Government of India to frame an irrigation policy based upon broad and scientific lines. . . .

Wishing you a happy return home, and thanking you most warmly on behalf of the Government, as well as myself, for your unremitting and invaluable labours, I am, dear Sir Colin,

Yours sincerely,
CURZON.

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP CO.),
S.S. "HONGKONG MARU," PACIFIC.
June 17th, 1903.

. . . We signed the report on the evening of May 11th; started the long railway journey to Calcutta early in the morning of the 12th, and steamed down the Hooghly on the morning of the 15th. The reports will be a big fat Blue Book. I pity the poor man who has to read it all! This is the twenty-eighth day we have been at sea since Calcutta. . . . In spite of the large proportion of sea, we seem to have seen many strange lands, and first, one after another, three beautiful ideally tropical British islands, Penang, Singapore, and Hongkong, ever green, ever moist, the same nearly all the year, steamy and limp. Hongkong with its strong garrison and its big English

men-of-war, a kind of eastern Gibraltar, is a place to be proud of. . . .

To Mr. Wilson King

S.S. "ARATOON APEAR," CHINA SEA.
April 26th, 1903.

. . . We have paid a most interesting visit to Canton, an enormous hive full of one and a half millions of the busiest bees ; all busy ; no loafers. It is like a dozen squalid Venices put together ; streets six to eight feet wide ; no horses, no carts ; endless boats in which I believe all spend their lives. I never saw so extraordinary a place. . . .

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

June 17th, 1903.

. . . At Hongkong we changed ships ; in four days were at Shanghai, and in two days more in Japan. There we have spent a very charming month, and, as we have constantly travelled, we have seen a good deal.

We had expected a great deal, and I don't think any of us were disappointed, either in the place or the people. It is a lovely country, very broken and irregular ; beautiful peeps on the blue sea and islands floating on it when we least expected ; a sea coast with cliffs, and beach, and trees and grass, to the water's edge. The fields were golden with ripe wheat crops. The landscape was never without hills, sometimes even mountains, standing up with snowy crests thirteen thousand feet high. I think I was most of all struck with the splendid trees, the finest I have ever seen. The people are cheery, merry little folks that seem to think life a capital joke, and they are such clever people, with such a real love for beauty, and such a refined taste in all their arts and industries. In the humblest, barest hut one would see a bright azalea or iris in a graceful blue vase. . . .

After memorable welcome and entertainment in Honolulu, the travellers looked forward to San Francisco, and there Mr. and Mrs. Wilson King were on

the quay expecting them, having planned to journey together in the States. The very cordial hospitality of Mr. King's American relations and many friends made a great feature of this time, and was renewed on a subsequent visit. Old friends of the Albright family are also gratefully remembered as kind hosts.

To Mrs. Robertson

R.M.S. "TEUTONIC," ATLANTIC OCEAN.
Sunday, September 6th, 1903.

. . . To-day we are just about half-way across this great ocean—a pond compared to the Pacific—and I must say it has behaved to us most handsomely. Even Dora has generally been present at meals, while Lucy and Hilda Seebohm have been most flourishing.

We had nearly ten weeks in America ; three weeks in Canada, and seven in the U.S. More interesting weeks I never spent ; not the interest of old churches and fine paintings, such as one can take in with the eyes in Italy, nor of sublime scenery such as I have enjoyed in Switzerland or the Himalayas, though the Yosemite Valley in California, the Rocky Mountains, and Niagara formed three memorable pictures which I have nowhere seen excelled ; but the chief, all-absorbing interests in America, setting the brains at work over problems which my brains at least could not solve, were those connected with this great people, whether American or Canadian, it matters little, talking our own tongue, looking at things much from our point of view, subduing this great continent. I was impressed with the ever-present sense of wealth and multitude and power and energy. Their difficulties ahead and the great probems they *must* solve are tremendous. This very sudden rush of wealth is far from unmixed good. They have to fight a whole army of political and municipal dishonesty strengthened by all this wealth. They have great questions to settle between Capital and Labour ; they have eleven millions of uneducated negroes in the south, not to be neglected ; not a thoughtful American whom I spoke to was not uneasy about the future of

the Philippine Islands, a white man's burden that they took all too lightly on their shoulders. Yet, with all this, I think their hearts are in the right place, and that as a nation they mean to govern and to live justly and righteously, and that God's blessing will go with them. In which case I believe they will one day form the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. I am tired, however, of fresh scenes and impressions, and am longing to be at home again.

In the autumn of 1903 Sir Colin was persuaded to join the Directorate of the Bank of Egypt, to whom his knowledge of the country was considered likely to be useful, though he always said he was neither banker nor financier. Had his warnings been acted upon in regard to certain conditions in Egypt, and to certain agents of the Company, the deplorable fate which overtook the Bank might have been averted. At this time other new work came to him in conducting arbitrations for the Board of Trade, which took him to Birmingham, Exeter, Lincoln, and the Humber.

After Christmas, spent in Birmingham, he had, early in the New Year of 1904, to undergo an operation in London, which, though not serious, was troublesome; and it was quite a new experience to him to be kept in bed. As soon as he had recovered, there was a full time socially, which was broken at Easter by a little tour to Germany to fetch his daughter Meggie from Dresden. Except for a passing day, this was his first acquaintance with Germany.[1] He often said how he regretted being unable to speak German. For the Germans as a nation he felt a goodwill rather markedly in contrast with his attitude—at all events in earlier years—towards the French.

[1] They went as far as Bohemia and visited Prague.

CHAPTER VIII

1905–1916

If the very law of life is a law of change—let us have a genial welcome for vicissitudes and make quiet friends with loss and death. Through storm and calm, fresh be our courage and quick our eye for the various service that may await us. And then, when for us, too, death closes the great series of mortal changes—tranquil and fearless, we shall resign ourselves to God to conduct us through that ancient and invisible way, which has been sanctified by the feet of all the faithful and illumined by the passage of the Man of Grief.—*James Martineau.*

In 1905 came a long-desired journey to Egypt. He had always wished to show his daughters that weird and wonderful land; and the completion of the Assuan dam made a visit at that time very appropriate. So a dahabieh, named the *Safa*, was secured, of which, with a tug lent by the Public Works Department, he was jocularly hailed as "The Admiral." Relations joined them for the voyage, and it was a cheery party of nine that filled the *Safa*. With maps and guides he planned the days. He was ever ready to satisfy enquiring minds with information about the country's history, and he overcame all the usual emergencies and difficulties. At Assuan he met Sir Benjamin Baker on the great new dam; and at Khartum he saw, for the first time, the junction of the Blue and White Niles, and became acquainted with another stretch of the river which he had so long regarded as his "ward." When Minister of Public Works, he had taken a great interest in Egyptian antiquities and

their maintenance. He had concluded an agreement with Thomas Cook & Son that every tourist going up the Nile should contribute the sum of £1 towards the upkeep and guardianship of the ancient monuments. His name was on the printed statements, and in that way was known to many who had little acquaintance with his other work for Egypt. He was, therefore, an old colleague of M. (afterwards Sir Gaston) Maspero, and when, on this journey, they met at Luxor, just after a great "find" at Deir el Bahari, they had much to recall and compare together. Colin enjoyed the story M. Maspero told, in his Franco-English speech, of his assistants, "some of whom had to be a little pŭlled, and some a little pŭshed."[1]

The journey to Khartum, only seven years after the reconquest of the Sudan, was a comparative novelty, and Mrs. Wilson King's impressions of a condition of affairs which were in the course of transition from the savagery and devastation of the Mahdi's tyranny to the ordered rule of the Pax Britannica, are full of interest.

Mrs. Wilson King to friends

WADI HALFA.
February 22nd, 1905.

We sped away into the starlight and moonlight, into the great silent desert. There are two hundred and thirty miles of it—nine stopping-places—some with wells—some with reservoirs and some for coaling. These are just huts in the desert where soldiers live to take charge of the stations—and even in these forlorn places there was generally a tiny enclosure with one or two plants rescued from the desert. The only towns we pass are Berber (which is a large mud village with many empty houses, the people having been killed by the Mahdi) and Shendi, which has quite a bustling aspect relatively. At

[1] The "u" sound as in "culled" and "rushed."

midnight the train stops at Khartum North—but we are all in our berths till daylight next morning, when we begin to emerge into the simple station. It seems the Governor-General's launch has been sent, and that of the Bank of Egypt also, to take Colin's party over the Blue Nile to the city proper. In the fifteen minutes' voyage we have time to see the palm-fringed bank of the Nile, with the red-brick Gordon College opposite the station—then the white stately palace, and farther down, other houses and the hotel. In the early morning light it is a pretty scene. . . .

Mr. Bonham Carter's lunch was a good deal in the Indian style—and the table was placed in a hall with doors open wide at each end, giving a through current of air, which was very pleasant. Bonham Carter is head of the Legal Department, and seems to have it well in hand, and is one of the oldest residents now—but, when he arrived, the palace was not complete, and he had to live in the Khalifa's house in Omdurman, as nowhere in Khartum was ready. He has many interesting things to tell—and he seems to feel the great need of the Sudan is more population, about 75 per cent. having been killed off by the Mahdi. He thinks ten or fifteen years will make a wonderful advance in development and prosperity. He told me that when he was on the Nile, near Dongola, the people, knowing that he was there, would tie their clothes on their heads and swim down the river to him, coming ashore to present petitions.

Next morning we went off in the Bank of Egypt launch down the river at 7.30, past where the White Nile brings in its flood, to the low bank of Omdurman, where we scrambled on to donkeys, and rode off into the scattered streets, with their mud houses and narrow bazaars. We saw the Khalifa's house, the only two-storied building formerly (now the Mudir, Captain Young, has one close by), the Armoury, where stacks of old weapons, leather and basket shields, and strange caps made in cotton, all taken from the Dervishes, are stored for sale as remnants of the great

battle. It would be hard to describe the crafts going on, quite unaffected by European wants or ideas, and the strange wild people, with hair in tiny plaits, or shaved, and with tufts only, on top; the stately-looking Arabs with great white turbans; people wearing only fringes round their waists; the camel market; the women's bazaar, where palm-leaf matting, cotton cloth, beads, grain, etc., were being made or traded, and where quickly we were surrounded by a large good-natured crowd pressing various things on us for sale.

At midday, shade and rest were quite a boon, and at a quarter to four we were again at the Gordon College, and went over the Burroughs & Wellcome Laboratory, seeing tsetse flies and mosquitos, and what is being done to circumvent their poisons. Khartum is said now to be almost free from mosquitos by the oiling of the wells—and I certainly saw none. In the engineering part of the College was a pleasant, ruddy-faced Yorkshireman from Leeds, teaching the boys how to make engines, etc., and full of enthusiasm for his work.

Then we went off to the palace to tea in the garden, in a tent under a group of palms. The palace faces the Nile: in form, three sides of a square and the garden on the inside—and a scene of enchantment it is, with stately date palms, beautiful lawns, and banks of flowers, bougainvillea throwing its gorgeous festoons about the tree stems, and beaumantia, a glorious scented white trumpet-flower, also round the stems.

Just at the back of the garden is the statue of Gordon on the camel, looking away to the desert, into which a road, laid out, but not made, leads. The palace stands on the site and includes part of Gordon's house where he was killed.

There is a fine set of Englishmen at Khartum—most earnest, conscientious, interested people they seemed to us, trying to help the country on its own lines.

We looked in at the Sirdar's office—a great shady room in the palace, where all relating to the nine provinces of the Sudan goes on—a table with the

mail-bags to and from each place—some by steamer —one by train—and most by camel. One of the A.D.C.s had been twelve months at Rosaires in charge there, five hundred miles S.E. on the Blue Nile, and had knocked up and was still badly. Several men we met had been governing in up-country stations where they would be months without seeing another white man. At first you think it delightful, and then you begin to find it monotonous, and at last almost unendurable.

I feel I have written a great deal, and yet I fear not conveyed what was the interest and surprise to me—viz. to find that the place where Gordon was killed is now being well governed: peace reigns; a good deal of education is going on; in fact, England has it well in hand and is doing her best to make the "desert blossom"; and the companionship of these people who are living in the tropics for this end seemed very stimulating and interesting.

Not long after the party returned to England, Lucy became engaged to Maurice Sheldon Amos. This important announcement overtook her parents already on their way to South Africa, where Sir Colin was to preside over the Engineering Section at the meeting of the British Association. Before the proceedings began, a week's visiting of various irrigation interests in the new country had been arranged by Mr. Gordon, formerly secretary to the Indian Irrigation Commission, and the welcome the visitors received from Mr. and Mrs. Gordon added great glow to the occasion. Throughout the travel which the meetings entailed, the kindness shown everywhere was deeply felt and never forgotten.

The address met with an excellent reception. "My subject is water," said the President—"living, life-giving water. It can surely never be a dry subject; but we all know that, with the best text to preach on, the preacher may be as dry as dust." After reviewing

various primitive means of raising water, he passed to the consideration of wells, canals, and reservoirs: recommended Italy for the study of high-class irrigation, and India for that of irrigation on a grand scale, and devoted a more detailed examination to Egypt—the centre of the whole discourse. Then, glancing at experiments in America, he entered into the questions of methods of water distribution—Italy again coming in for special commendation—and drew to a close on the theme of State versus private enterprise in undertakings of magnitude.

The meeting over, they, with a contingent of the Association, stayed in Egypt on the way back.

We found Lucy beaming with happiness when we got home [writes Sir Colin]. We had seen her fiancé at Cairo on our return journey, and of course we knew him before. They have been pressing us to take Lucy out to Egypt in January to be married there, but we can't quite consent to that, and hope they will wait patiently till he can come home in June.[1]

Allusions to the coming separation from his daughter and to their greatly-enjoyed South African tour occur in the following letters.

To Mrs. J. E. Sturge

November 24th, 1905.

Yes—Lucy's home is likely to be far away, and I should gladly have it otherwise. It seems more natural for sons to go to the ends of the earth than for daughters, but we Scots are naturally rovers. Of my father's large family of eleven, three sons and two daughters found their way to India; with a younger generation the Nile has taken the place of the Ganges. Besides my girl and boy, I have a nephew in Cairo, and my niece Susie Willcocks has two

[1] The wedding took place on July 11th, at St. Luke's, Chelsea.

married daughters each with three children (my great-grand-nephew and nieces), all in Egypt. We had a delightful and most interesting time in S. Africa. Pleasant companions and daily objects of interest, and big problems to ponder over. I left S. Africa the richer for knowing that I knew nothing of these Colonies.

To Mrs. Bertram Hunt

September 25th, 1905.

We have had a most wonderful tour. We had only forty-one days from landing at Cape Town to embarking at the Portuguese Port of Beira, East Africa. During that time we visited Cape Town, Durban, Maritzburg, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, Bulawayo, the Great Victorian Falls of the Zambesi, Salisbury, Umtali, Beira, and Mombasa. Of course this was going much too fast. But it was exceedingly interesting. We travelled by rail: some three thousand miles. We had not a single hitch or accident—and considering that there were more than four hundred of us in three long trains, I think that it was very creditable to the local people. We were fêted and entertained in princely fashion wherever we went, in the kindest way. The actual work of the Association and its ten lectures was got through at Cape Town, Pietermaritzburg, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, and Johannesburg, and there were some very able papers read and some good discussions. After that there were lectures given at several places. Our company has contained some very pleasant people—mostly professors or savants—Cambridge and Oxford are largely represented.

Professor Davis, whose acquaintance Sir Colin had made at the British Association, was the means of his being invited to give the Lowell Lectures in Boston. The subject was left to him, and he chose as the title, "The English in India and Egypt." With his wife and daughter Meggie he started for America in January 1907: they were kindly received

in New York by Major and Mrs. Riker, and the month passed in Boston was crowded with social pleasures, such as few cities, if any, can more fully offer. According to the Boston papers, the lectures had "a record audience," and "fact after fact was presented in lucid style, without ostentation, and in a masterly manner."

To Mrs. Ballard

February 9th, 1907.

You will like to have tidings of us over the water. We came here from New York eight days ago, and two or three days after were favoured with such a snow-storm as Boston has not seen for several years. It fell more than a foot deep, and of course the wind blew it about in great mounds and drifts—I have seen nothing like it since I was snowed up in the Caucasus sixteen years ago. It was very beautiful. Boston seemed to know how to meet it. Next morning the papers announced: "Wanted, a thousand men to clear away the snow." The broad Charles River (called after one of the kings), and really an estuary of the sea a mile wide, is a great sheet of dazzling white. This is a very fine city, with some splendid buildings. There is nothing in London finer than the white marble Public Library, with its walls and corridors with frescoes by Abbey and Sargent. Boston proper is about as big as Liverpool, but it is surrounded by suburbs practically belonging to it, and with a total population of about one and a half millions. Across the Charles rises Cambridge—quite a large town, and containing the great American University of Harvard. I think it gives a fine leaven to both the business folks of the great port of Boston and the professors and doctors of Harvard to mix the one with the other. The hospitality of the people of Boston seems simply boundless. A stream of callers pour in—I have been made an honorary member of seven clubs—we are invited to lunch, to tea, to dinner, to supper. Nothing seems too good for us! I like this place (so far as I have

got) very much better than New York, where there is a rush and a noise and a whirl that may be very charming to young folks, but is rather too much for three score and ten.

I have delivered two of my lectures, and the audience each time has been great—very quiet and attentive. Boston has a passion for being lectured to. All through the winter at one hall or another lectures, mostly free, are going on—and on these bitter nights people, apparently of a poorer middle class, come in long miles on the tram-cars to hear lectures. In some way it resembles Edinburgh, going in for culture, plain living and high thinking.

After visiting Pittsburgh, the party of three (accompanied by a friend, Miss Gertrude Pim) went on to Mexico. He writes to his brother-in-law Mr. Wilson King.

MEXICO CITY.
March 30th, 1907.

MY DEAR WILSON,

Being idly disposed this afternoon, I feel inclined to inflict my meditations on you, and to tell you my experiences of Mexico, as far as I've got. The rail journey through Kansas was dull and dreary enough, but the soil seemed to me good, and that there was a great future before its thinly-peopled plains. I could not say the same for the dreary desert miles of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, all of which we touched. I cannot believe there is the water to turn these wastes into fields. The Cañon is indeed grand beyond words, and it seemed the grander the longer I looked at it. Wonderful, dazzling, majestic. I think it is worth crossing the Continent to see, but I put it a long way after that Yosemite valley, beautiful enough to go anywhere to see.

This city has some three hundred thousand people—fine, broad, clean streets, tidy-looking houses, endless churches. The air is perfect. Lat. 19° with an elevation of seven thousand five hundred feet makes, I think, as delicious a climate as I can imagine. It

is said that the rarity of the air at this elevation brings on a sense of tiredness, and I daresay there is something in it. We are in what is said to be the best hotel here (St. Francis), and it is about equal to a third-class Indian hotel. Rooms poor, and arranged as far as possible to exclude all fresh air ; food very poor, and very badly served. Attendance almost nil.

I have kept this letter back till we had returned from a most interesting and pleasant expedition. We started on the 31st by a 7 a.m. train for about a five hours' rail across the plateau on which this city stands to the edge whence the country falls very rapidly from an elevation of seven thousand feet to about sea-level. From the beginning of the slope the country is a mass of very wild, steep, volcanic mountains, mostly clothed with forest, or something like the ghats above Bombay. The drop in level is very sudden, and this makes the scenery beautiful. A Canadian company has got a concession for the use of the rivers in a large district. By a series of canals, tunnels, dams, and reservoirs they have trained the rivers so as to get a drop of nearly one thousand five hundred vertical feet, and the power thus acquired gives them the command of about two hundred thousand horse-power. With electric energy thus gained they light the city, run the tram-cars, etc., and they are working mines at a place two hundred miles from the source of power. This, I fancy, is the farthest distance to which this energy has yet been carried. The engineers were kind enough to ask us to come and spend two days with them and see all the works : they were most hospitable. The works were of the deepest interest, and, as I have said, the country was most beautiful. Mexico deserves a tour by itself, say, for two months, instead of being squeezed in at the end of two months' touring in the U.S. and working at Boston.

To Mrs. Robertson

March 16th, 1907.

The Indian Mexican in distinction to the Spanish is a new personality to me. Totally different from

the North American Indian, who is more or less a savage. The Mexico Indian, heir to an ancient pre-Spanish civilisation, is a far more civilised creature. The last President of the Mexican Republic was a pure-blood Indian. They are all Roman Catholics, all speak Spanish, and seem at least as civilised as our Hindus.

They travelled back to New Orleans, Jacksonville, Savannah, and Charleston, and he describes in the following letter the beautiful old Pringle House (called after a namesake of his mother's). The last-named city was altogether very interesting to Sir Colin.

To Mrs. Ballard

THE JEFFERSON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
April 1907.

The first morning I was there [Charleston] I took a little stroll before breakfast, and wandered into a burying-ground. The first tombstone I lighted upon bore the name of Susan Pringle. Then I found a number of similar stones to Robert, Elizabeth Pringle, etc. Thereupon I made enquiries, and found there was quite a large Pringle colony in Charleston—one of the best families in the place. They had been there since about 1720, and Pringle House, of which I send you a photo, was looked upon as one of the most distinguished of the comfortable old colonial houses. It is occupied by a nice old lady, a Miss Susan Pringle. She received us very kindly, showed us family pictures (one a Joshua Reynolds). She said a lady in Scotland, whose name she was not clear about (I think it must have been Dirom), had sent her a picture of Yair House. Did I know it?!! She talked of a Sir John Pringle, and that made me think she might be a Pringle of Sichel. . . .

We had one or two introductions to Charleston, and were loaded with hospitality and kindness. These unhappy Southern States were cruelly crushed by their terrible war. They were the invaded. The

YAIR
From a painting by Mrs. Brewster

war was all over their country. Before it took place, there was a large prosperous set of planters, growing rice, tobacco, sugar, etc., living in their own plantations in large comfortable houses, with plenty of horses and any number of slaves. They never had much sympathy with New England and the Northern States, and much more prized their connection with England, sending their sons to Oxford and Cambridge. They are more polished, refined people than the Northerners ; and one beautiful old lady said to me that South Carolina had no grievance whatever against England, and should never have rebelled. But in many cases they lost everything, and tenderly nurtured ladies had to take servants' places.

The chief product of that State is rice, which, you know, is a culture requiring wading in water under a blazing sun. The slaves were forced to do this work. The free negro is too easy-going a man to practice it, and the estates, losing at once their rice growth and their negro labour, are ruined. The feeling against the North is very bitter, as much, perhaps, as an Irish Nationalist feels for an Orangeman.

Washington and Philadelphia were visited on the way to New York ; and on May 17th, Liverpool was reached in the s.s. *Baltic.*

In October a search for a cottage in the Home Counties was begun, which resulted in the taking—and finally in the purchase—of Bridge House, Elstead, near Godalming.

To Mrs. Robertson

11, CHEYNE WALK.
October 4th, 1907.

Lucy and Andrew have been with us since [our return to town], and leave for Egypt on Sunday next. The babe is pronounced a particularly good specimen —anyhow he is a jolly little, fat, laughing boy. I say he ought to have a chance—his Christian name being that of an apostle, and his surname that of a prophet !

Dora, Meggie, and I have been very busy since we

came back from house-hunting. I long for the country at times, and we have been trying to find a house within an hour or two of here, to which we might flee from time to time and enjoy a country rest—but we have not found any place yet.

To Mrs. Robertson

BRIDGE HOUSE, ELSTEAD.
April 18th, 1908.

I write, you see, from our new country home, into which we entered last Monday—an old, tiled, irregular house, wooden-framed, rough cast, with low rooms—a big cottage, indeed, with one and a half acres of garden sloping down to the River Wey, a clear, pretty little stream about the size of the Devon, flowing under a stone bridge at the foot of the garden, and winding and twisting its way through a succession of pretty meadows. The house is just at the end of a picturesque little village, four miles from a railway-station, and some seven miles from Aldershot and thirteen from Camberley.

The country is very pretty—a succession of commons clad in heather and bracken, whin bushes and birch trees. Here and there a splendid oak. Dora has been working to get the place into order, and now I think it looks very nice.

Less than a fortnight later, when the daffodils in the Elstead borders were thrusting their heads through a covering of snow, a tragedy of the deepest significance for the happy and unconscious party gathered there, was taking place in the Sudan.

Colin Scott-Moncrieff the younger, a fine, tall, vigorous lad of twenty-four, was treacherously murdered at his post by dervish fanatics on April 29th. His father bore this sorrow in noble, uncomplaining acceptance, finding consolation in the thought that his boy had died doing his duty, "as a gallant gentleman and a Christian." Yet, somewhere in Sir Colin's being, a spring seemed to have broken, and many

friends felt that from that hour he passed into old age. In the following letter, written to his friend Mrs. Brewster, in America, he entered into details, and into the conclusion, for him, of the whole matter—that all must still, as always, be well.

11, Cheyne Walk.
May 26th, 1908.

My dear Anna,

I don't suppose you often look at English papers, or, if you do, that you have noticed a paragraph which has turned this house into one of mourning. We have lost our boy Colin. He has regularly written home cheerful letters telling of his life in the Sudan. He was the one white man in a district fifty by forty miles. He had to administer this district to the best of his abilities—to act as magistrate, to keep the police up to their duties, to determine their boundaries of property (over which question there were furious disputes), and to see that certain simple sanitary laws were obeyed. He rejoiced in his work, for it was interesting and responsible for so young a man. (He was twenty-four.) On April 27th he heard that a dervish or Muhammadan leader of the law was proclaiming that he was the prophet Isa (Jesus Christ) and had got a band of some forty men like-minded, men, probably, who had fought under the Mahdi, and were mad at seeing justice and humanity prevailing in the land. These men had banded together and proposed to resist the Government.

Col made very light of it all. He knew the dervish, and thought he was half crazed, but he got together some forty policemen and made for the man's village. When they were a few miles off, a message came to them that if Col and his chief native subordinate would come to the village alone and unarmed, the dervish would explain to them what their grievances were against the Government. Col was rash enough to accept this invitation. The two started for the village, were conducted into an enclosure full of armed men, and offered some tea. Col asked the dervish what his grievance was, and he replied he had no

grievance, but was come to do Allah's work—whereupon they rushed on to the two unarmed men and murdered them with their spears. The evidence showed that Col met his murderers with a smile on his face, and quite fearless—that he bowed his head, apparently uttering a prayer, and so passed away.

You will understand, dear Anna, what this is to us. We were proud of our boy, and believed he was to have a very honourable career.

He had an attraction for an ascetic life—never touched alcohol, used to bathe at mid-winter in our ice-cold Scotch streams, ate very sparingly, clothed lightly, and went long walks, indifferent to rain. He made nothing of his solitude, even with the thermometer, as often as not, above 100°.

Gordon was his favourite hero, and, like Gordon, he has fallen in the cause of justice and humanity, fighting against all the powers of darkness, the slave-trade and every kind of oppression. He would have wished no better death. And, to us, too, it is a consolation to think that he fell in his country's cause, and that he faced death unflinching.

Troops were immediately sent from Khartum some seventy miles off, and after a sharp fight, in which an English officer lost his life, the band of ruffians were nearly all killed or taken prisoners. The would-be prophet himself was tried and hanged. This is a long story, but I know we shall have your warm sympathy. I thank the Eternal I have never been tempted to doubt that He reigns, and that, therefore, all must be well.

To Mrs. Robertson

ELSTEAD.
June 20th, 1908.

DEAREST BESSIE,

I am ashamed to see that I have allowed nearly a month to pass since I received your last letter and I find it still unanswered. I hardly know how the days have passed. We had more than three hundred letters, such kind, touching letters, to be acknowledged.

COLIN C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
(Junior)

When Christmas came, he took his usual troop of children out pleasuring. The diary notes that thirty-two in all had lunch at 12.30, and then went in a big omnibus to the Duke of York's theatre to see *Peter Pan.* "Children all delighted. Some stayed the night, a happy band." This invariable Christmas custom of his was one of the many tokens of his love for small people. A sort of pathetic, longing look would often come into his eyes as he regarded them, and as he walked he would stop to speak to little ones in the road. To those nearer to him his kindness was wonderful. When a little niece had typhoid fever, he would, though a very busy man, make time to send her droll letters, webs of pure fancy, which he wove out of his brain, suddenly, and solely to amuse. Here is one of them :

To Miss Estelle King

11, CHEYNE WALK.
November 8th, 1906.

MY DEAR GRANDMAMA,

I hope you are quite well. Has it been very wet in Birmingham to-day ? It rained here all day, and I did not know where to go to get out of the rain. I found the driest place was in the bottom of the Thames, so I went down there and stuck up my umbrella and was quite comfy. And a good many fish came to call. They were quite civil, but when I asked them to get me some lunch, they could only bring me a dish of pickled eels' feet, and as they had no mustard, of course I could not eat it. So I came home, and Berry [the cook] said, "You look quite wet ! " though it was only a short distance, as you know, from the river to this house. It was raining so heavily. Good-night, dear grandmama. Be sure to shut your eyes when you go to sleep.

I am your affectionate
SOPHONISBA STUBBS.

And to entertain children, he would go on all-fours, emitting wonderful noises and impersonating astonishing animals. His unsurpassed antics at a Mariemont party, as a creature, half-dragon and half-snake, were long recalled with envy and admiration. Older children, remembering how he could enter into less childish pastimes, treasured up a memory of " Book Consequences," with his delightful review of an imaginary work, " as profound as Plato and as playful as Punch." And he could always be counted on to improvise some unexpected and ridiculous subject for a round drawing game.

Among the letters received after his death was one from a little neighbour, who thought that he might now be a husband to her mother who was dead, and a father to some small friend whom she had lost, showing how entirely she believed him to be at disposal for any relationship. Another correspondent, writing to Lady Scott-Moncrieff at the same time, says :

> There is so much sorrow, and so many young souls are going the long journey, it is beautiful to think that one, like your husband, who loved young people, will be with them all.

At a children's party, nearly a year after his death, a little boy, missing his former kind host, sought out his mother to whisper, " Pity the man isn't here ! "

In the spring of 1909, Sir Colin and his wife went to meet his daughter Meggie in Italy, on her return from Egypt, where she had spent the winter with Lucy. It was a great pleasure to him to wander about the picture-galleries of Florence and Rome, renewing his homage to the old masters, and finding many things " most beautiful and interesting."

In May he was pleased to be at the General Assembly

(of which his brother-in-law, Dr. James Robertson, was Moderator), and, wearing uniform, "dined in great pomp with the Lord High Commissioner at Holyrood."

Other entries from the diary, at this time, which may be noticed are the following:

October 8th.—My dear little grandson and his nurse went to Egypt. The little man most available and jolly.

Lunched with Captain Scott, and saw over his ship at the West India Docks.

June 15th, 1910.—Started for Munich and Ammergau. The Passion Play the most solemn and impressive and religious thing I ever saw.

26th.—A splendid day's excursion from St. Anton to the Ulm Hütte about the watershed of the Adige and the Inn. I was helped by a pony and the hands of the guides, for I feel I am not henceforth to be a climber.

In the autumn another visit to India was projected. Mr. Gordon (C.I.E.), already known in these pages, and at this time Chief Engineer, Irrigation Works, Punjab, had often urged Sir Colin to go and see for himself the results of the Irrigation Commission's recommendations.

To this main incentive was now added an invitation to join Mr. Gordon's inspection tour on the Western Jumna Canal, and thus once more lead the familiar marching life of fifty years before. With the approval of the Secretary of State, who gave certain travelling facilities and asked for a semi-official report, he drew up a general programme, and, with his wife and daughter Meggie, set forth in October. He writes:

I have no plans beyond hoping to see a number of important irrigation works recommended by my Commission—I know that some have been carried

out. I think I may possibly be of use and help in their progress.

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

DARJEELING.
December 21st, 1910.

It was very good getting last night your nice, cheerful letter of the 27th. It has found us seven thousand feet up these great mountains, face to face with Kinchinjunga, a monster twenty-eight thousand feet high and above forty miles off. It awakes at sunrise, and the sun makes the white snow blush. Then up comes a great mantle of clouds which conceals its form until the evening, when again the great snow wall becomes radiant. Do you remember Coleridge's Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni?—I keep thinking of it.

We left England two months ago, deposited the Amos family at Port Said, and reached Bombay on November 11th. Stayed there a week (seeing much of Mr. Hill, Chief Engineer), and took a long rail journey to Madras. Stayed there eight days with such kind, hospitable people (Sir John and Lady Atkinson), then fifty hours' rail to Nagpur, where we had equal hospitality (staying with Mr. Harriott[1]); then Jabalpur (at the Judge's house and with Major and Mrs. Strong), and then a trying, weary journey up here, where we arrived three days ago. To-morrow we go down to Calcutta, where we shall likely stay a week. I happen to have no friends there now, and so I suspect we three will eat our Christmas dinner by ourselves in a hotel. Then we turn up N.W. to Cawnpur, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, and the Punjab.

Far from being solitary, the days in Calcutta were very full, partly through pleasant invitations to Government House and through friends at the highly

[1] Nowhere in India has there been greater energy displayed in the construction of famine protective works than throughout these provinces . . . reflecting the greatest credit on Mr. Harriott and his staff, acting under the sympathetic guidance of Mr. Craddock, Chief Commissioner.—*Report by C. C. S.-M.*

interesting Universities' Settlements, and visits from Sir James Meston and other kind acquaintances.

To Mrs. Robertson

DARJEELING.
December 21st, 1910.

I am on a self-imposed mission, which means that I everywhere ask local authorities, "Suppose you had a fresh visitation of famine, would you be more ready than you were last time to fight it?" Of course the railways are invaluable for carrying food to where it is wanted; but only irrigation creates food, and it is to irrigation I devote my attention. Everywhere we receive the greatest kindness and hospitality.

I am doing all this work at our own expense, and so I consider I am entitled to make it a pleasant tour, and it is on this account that we came up here three days ago—to show Meggie the marvellous view of Kinchinjunga.

From Bengal he went to Gwalior, having "heard of the excellent work done there by H.H. the Maharajah under the able direction of Mr. Sidney Preston, C.I.E., late Inspector-General of Irrigation" (with whom he stayed), where he saw and heard much of what was in hand. Then to Jhansi, where their host Mr. Silberrad, the Collector ("himself an accomplished irrigation officer"), helped Sir Colin to make the very most of the time for inspections of work and schemes which he characterises as "greatly exceeding the anticipations of the Commission." And then came the beloved old haunts on the Western Jumna Canal. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, experienced in marching, had with affectionate care arranged for Sir Colin to have a light victoria (lent by a native gentleman) in which he could drive when others were riding. In this way, starting from Delhi, the regulation stages were made with unbroken delight;

and, while the chief worked during office hours in his tent, Sir Colin, in his, was shaping his own report. One day Mr. Gordon, who had been reviewing the records about an escape channel, came upon a note signed by Colin when in charge there in that very week fifty years before, which he brought to him, intimating that it was, even now, not useless. Mr. Gordon's inspection extended to the head works and foothills, whence, sadly turning back for the last time, Sir Colin went on to Peshawur, the Khyber Pass, and the Malakand, and, under the generous guidance of the Chief Engineer, Mr. Bennett, visited also the Chakhdara Fort, and the works of the Upper Swat Canal (then under construction), of which his report says, " it boldly pierces a neck of solid granite by a tunnel one and a half miles long and thereby gets command of the cultivated valley which could not otherwise be reached. I visited this work with deep interest. Amidst the wildest surroundings it uses the newest engineering contrivances for the employment of electric energy in cutting the granite."

Sir Colin's last days in India were spent in a garden pavilion overhanging the Bombay Sea, as guest of Lord and Lady Sydenham, and sharing a little in the late problems of that great Presidency.

They spent the summer holidays both of 1911 and 1912 at Strathpeffer, travelling by car. The northward tour included the usual halts at Newcastle and Barmoor Castle, the homes of their friends Dr. and Mrs. Merz and Dr. and Mrs. Hodgkin. The return journey of 1911 brought them by the way of Strath Affrick, Sterling, Moffat, Sweetheart Abbey, Broughton Grange, Derwentwater, and Coed Efa, back to the much-beloved Elstead, till the end of November. When in Scotland the next year, one long expedition to Skibo Castle was accomplished, to lunch with Mr.

and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. Sir Colin writes of these travels to Mrs. Robertson :

EDINBURGH.
August 16th, 1911.

Do you know that country beyond Arisaig, and opposite Skye and Rum? Dora and I do, for we had a house there fifteen years ago, and I always thought it the most beautiful part of Scotland that I knew of. Dora and I took long walks, sixteen miles one day and seventeen another, which was not so bad for an old fellow like me!

To the same

BEN WYVIS HOTEL, STRATHPEFFER.
August 17th, 1912.

Yesterday was fine, and we made a great excursion to Skibo and Dunrobin—more than a hundred miles there and back. W. King's people had known Andrew Carnegie for many years, and he invited us all to lunch at his great palace Skibo Castle. It is in good taste, the architect being a young Inverness man! Mr. Carnegie is a most genial little old man, with not the least swagger about him. The only other guests were Lord Morley, and Mr. and Mrs. McKenna, the Home Secretary. Bad company, you'll say! They gave us a very good lunch, and then we went off ten miles further to Golspie ; over which stands Dunrobin, the Duke of Sutherland's place—a most regal pile, standing right on the edge of the sea and piled up story upon story.

As he left Strathpeffer an attack of dizziness came on, and became quite serious at Balmacara, where he was detained for some time, a kind friend and connection, Mrs. Feeney, helping to nurse him.

But, after three weeks, he was able to go south to Edinburgh for a halt, and again by Edgbaston to Elstead.

Of the following letters written at this time, the first speaks for itself :

To Mrs. Robertson

EDGBASTON.
December 25th, 1911.

The collapse of the Bank of Egypt was a great shock, as it was entirely unexpected. I cannot say by how much we shall be losers. . . . The provoking thing is that, if the Bank could only get the debts owing to it paid, it should have quite enough to go on with. . . . My colleagues were all honourable gentlemen, and, as three of them were bankers, I thought we were pretty safe—but I was mistaken. What I am most sorry for is for our poor employés, suddenly cast adrift—men of from forty to fifty years old, who will find it hard to get a job. . . .

[After various items of news about relations :] The pride of our family seems to rest with our two G.s—G. B and G. K.

To Mrs. J. E. Sturge

ELSTEAD.
October 20th, 1912.

Our route from there (Hexham) was Richmond, (a fascinating place), York, Matlock Baths, Field House, Edgbaston, Oxford, Elstead. I think we had perfect weather all the way. I was more or less of an invalid all the time, and we had some doubts about doing all the journey in our car, but it was a complete success. . . . I have mentioned I am a bit of an invalid. It is really unheard-of conduct on my part. . . . I eat, drink, and sleep well. I suffer no pain, but I get very easily tired. It has gone on for a good long time, and I don't see much difference. But the doctors don't think seriously of the illness—and surely of all men I have no cause to grumble—I who have enjoyed seventy-six years of nearly unbroken health, and now am surrounded by love. Dora is a perfect nurse.

A small incident of this time shows, however, the alertness of his mind. The Elstead Visitors' Book notes that his sister-in-law Illa Albright (who was

leaving after a visit), disliking motors, had asked to have "a fly" to the station, and was capped with the prompt reply: "You mean an aeroplane, of course!"

To Mrs. J. E. Sturge

11, CHEYNE WALK.
December 15th, 1912.

We have not yet seen Watts's Life. His widow lives in a beautiful house at Compton, about six miles from Elstead. The gallery of his pictures, which I fancy he left to the public, stands close by, and the wonderful funeral chapel which is a perfect collection of (to me) obscure symbols. Many years ago I was taken to call on him in his house in Holland Park. The little old man, in his working blouse, was working in his back garden on the colossal equestrian statue of Liberty, which is now is South Africa. I remember thinking how closely he resembled a portrait of Titian I had seen in Venice. . . .

In the spring of 1913 the nieces who had been most with him in Egypt lost their mother, and he writes as as follows:

11, CHEYNE WALK.
April 3rd, 1913.

MY VERY DEAR NIECES,

I might well say my daughters, for in joy and sorrow, in love and in sympathy, you have been true daughters to me. My memory wanders back—in what page of my life have one or other of you not been prominent! Well do I remember the day I first landed in Calcutta—June 10th, 1858. Your father met me in his buggy and nearly ran over the baby-in-arms—the baby Margaret. How I admired my lovely new sister—how kind she was to me!

I recall sad days in the Rumbling Bridge Inn, October 1874, only brightened by the party of our dear young nieces around me. I recall my Violet's delight in playing with baby Katie in your Aunt Mary's house in Lonsdale Terrace.

I recall standing by your beautiful Charlotte's grave. It was a dreary winter day, and your brother Robin held me fast by the hand.

And there were happy days in Cairo, when one after another of you came to keep me company. My life would have been very different had it not been for you. God bless you all, dears! My heart is full of love and deep sympathy with you all in your great sorrow. I think your dear mother and I were nearly of the same age. She has reached the foot of the hill. I totter after and cannot be far behind.

In spite of some infirmity, he enjoyed summer motor tours in Cornwall in 1914 and in Wales in 1915. It was good to see and to share his pleasure in a visit to Henwick Grove, a quiet week at Llanyrtyd, a call at Dolobran near Welshpool (the home of the Lloyd family), in Llangollen and the Pass of Nant. He recalled swimming across the Menai Straits when seventeen years old, and liked to see again his points of departure and arrival.

Both autumns were spent at Elstead. In the beautiful lingering summer of 1914 he was still able to show the lovely trees and commons, Waverley and Farnham Castle, and other charms of Surrey, to the guests whom he loved to welcome.

In the following year the house was brightened by the presence of his four grandchildren, and though he could now walk but little and slowly, and the long rambles over the countryside had to be given up, he was happy in sharing with his visitors the dear home and its nearer surroundings. Reading in the evenings was a great resource, and he enjoyed returning to *John Inglesant*, Trollope, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, etc.

In the early months of the war he writes as follows :

To Miss S. Scott-Moncrieff

ELSTEAD.
September 22nd, 1914.

Dora, Maurice Amos, and I went over to Aldershot yesterday p.m. to see Bill and Alice. The place

11, CHEYNE WALK
From a sketch by M. C. A.

ELSTEAD
From a photograph by Mr. Derrick

looked an enormous beehive. There were said to be one hundred thousand men in camp there just then—and, as the recruits have not all got their uniforms, they look a very untidy lot. But they are good stuff all the same, I believe. They are commanded by a very fine fellow, Sir Archie Hunter, a good Scot, and Bill has got command of a Scottish brigade. He was looking very well in his khaki uniform and full of spirits. He expects to be in Aldershot till the end of the year—by that time he may be ready to take the field. He is about eight miles from here. But he will be too busy to come over often to see us.[1]

To his brother-in-law Mr. Wilson King in America he writes :

ELSTEAD.
October 14th, 1914.

Doubtless your first question would be, What of the war ? A question that would elicit replies according to the speaker. It is clear enough that the Germans are our superiors in the Art of War. We have able men in our War Office, but they seemed never to discover that the Germans had manufactured a monster gun—and had a great platform of concrete all ready to bear the weight of this gun. I don't know how many of these guns there were bombarding Antwerp. . . .

There was a great excitement the other day at Marseilles over the landing of our Indian troops, but what has become of them since no one seems to know !

George Ballard, who is now an Admiral, is fighting a hard battle with submarines and torpedoes.

Colin Ballard is in the thick of the fight—and my sister keeps up a wonderfully plucky face. But it is hard on her at eighty-one years of age ! There is much talk, and sometimes it goes as far as panic, over

[1] It was this nephew, Brigadier-General William Scott-Moncrieff, whose death in action—fighting most gallantly at the head of a brigade of Lowland Scots in Gallipoli—Sir Colin felt keenly. They had seen a great deal of each other in the first winter of the war, and had much in common.

the supposed espionage carried on by the Germans. . . . Also there are ugly stories of brutal behaviour practised by the Germans (especially by the Prussians). I have steadily refused to believe one-half of these sensational stories—but there are some sufficiently well attested which I can't absolutely refuse to believe. If the question comes up in any conversation, say, like a good fellow, that the Allies are CERTAIN to win in the long run.

But, we may have a long struggle for it.

When we are not growling over the war news, we are discussing what the W. K.s are going to do. Shall we see you here before Christmas? Of course I don't know all the points of the argument, but in your place I would stay where you are. The U.S.A. is really about the only place where one would be safe. If the Germans, by any piece of luck, really were to win, I think we should be inclined to ask you to find a log hut for us somewhere near you, where I might close my eyes. Of course we would never live under the German flag. One point in our favour is that the generals and other commanding officers have thoroughly the confidence of their men. Kitchener is very popular. Were I thirty years younger I should shoulder my musket and off!

To Mrs. J. E. Sturge

11, CHEYNE WALK.
November 23rd, 1914

Of course to us all the one terrible engrossing thought is of the war—the most terrible that ever has occurred on the earth! There seems scarcely a family that has not sacrificed a son. Altogether I think there are some fifteen of us, serving in some capacity or another. You kindly sent us a pamphlet by Mr. B. Russell. It seems thoughtful and reasonable, but I have not the same exalted belief in the divine wisdom of democracies that he has. What would a democracy have done with the Kaiser?

I hope you are all well, only sad. I did not attend Lord Roberts's funeral. I could not have procured a seat in St. Paul's, and I was not equal to standing

in the street for two hours or more. I have known Lord Roberts since he was a subaltern.

The last Christmas, 1915, was, according to the pleasant custom, spent in Edgbaston ; and although the familiar circle there was absorbed in the claims and anxieties of the war, yet all who could do so (about fifty) came one afternoon to the Lloyd family home on the anniversary of Colin's marriage in 1890 to Mary Deborah Albright. Her sister having married Mr. Wilson King (of U.S.A.) the same year, it was a double Silver Wedding and a time of loving entertainment, to which the cousins' children contributed in Scottish, Indian, and American costumes with reels and rhymes, bringing cakes and gifts—both bridegrooms being the friends of young and old.

When back at Cheyne Walk in January, the usual children's parties included one for making a collection for a Russian Refugee Hospital, in which Colin partially joined. And on two or three occasions friends dined at Cheyne Walk, though he seemed frail, and increasing deafness made talk difficult. He continued attendance at Committees, and always, if possible, went to Church on Sunday. One of his last letters, full of the peace in his heart, was written on February 18th to his niece Susie Scott-Moncrieff :

11, Cheyne Walk.
February 18th, 1916.

You will notice my handwriting has changed a good deal. I make stupid mistakes, even my spelling is going all wrong. I must depend on the pens of those that *I know* love me well.

There are just three of the old Dalkeith nest still alive, David, Joanna, and myself—David and Joanna ahead—though I hope he will give up his walks to the top of Arthur's seat—Joanna and I are contented with humbler performances. A mile's

walk is enough for me. When are you coming to see us? It would be very nice. We have four grandchildren to show.

God bless you, my dearest niece!

Your ever loving,
C. C. S.-M.

P.S.—I have not a grievance, not a grumble, nothing but dear love around me.

In March an attack of bewilderment came on after a drive, and this seemed to be, with fluctuations of fear and hope, the beginning of the end. Dora and the devoted maid Kitty cared for his needs as long as it was possible, and then nurses were called in, who, in their attentions, satisfied the loving watchers. At times came flashes of response to the dear ones and the nurses—as when he said to one of the latter, in clear, strong tones, "I could do that quite well for myself!" but he was mostly semi-conscious, till, after a fortnight's illness, with only a week in bed, life ebbed away, on the night of April 6th.

As he lay afterwards, youth seemed to have touched again the noble lines of his face with a smile as of day having dawned for him, now freed from the fetters of a failing body; and we felt that Death was indeed moulding "into calm completeness the statue of his life."

It was thought that he would have wished to be laid in the vacant grave at Wimbledon, beside his daughter Violet, and there, on April 11th, many friends and relations said farewell to the much-loved and very individual form, singing the noble words,

O God of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,

and the triumphant note of—

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band.

CHAPTER IX

If history is ever truly written, it may be thought, in the future, that England's greatest figures are to be sought and found among such men, rather than among her professional statesmen.—*Lord Guthrie on C. C. S.-M.*

It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen.—*Burke, "Thoughts on the Present Discontents."*

The corner-stones of Colin Scott-Moncrieff's life were Religion and Friendship. Seldom though he spoke about religion (and never controversially), no one knowing him could doubt that faith was the vital source of his daily life.

He had small regard for dogma, as expressed, for instance, in the Athanasian Creed; and would have hesitated to affirm his understanding of what are considered some of the cardinal doctrines of the Church. In early manhood he came under strong Evangelical influences, through which, however, thought and experience worked their way until he could write of himself, about 1874, "I suppose my turn of mind is essentially Broad Church." It was mainly the sympathy of the Broad Church with "honest doubt" that found an echo in his heart. Such tolerance was, he believed, to be found within

the Established Church, and for this reason, and also because the Church represented national life on its religious side, he definitely preferred to belong to it; and the form of worship which most appealed to him was the English Liturgy.

But he would have had the standard of belief prescribed for its members as simple and as wide as possible, so as to unite all those Christian people (and by "Christian" he understood everyone honestly striving to do God's will) who could accept some such general principles as are stated in the Apostles' Creed. His sympathies, however, went out also to those who would have found even that yoke to be burdensome. In the early days of the Salvation Army, when in some quarters it met with little but ridicule, he first came across one of its processions on the march through an Oxfordshire village, with band playing and colours flying, and remarked thoughtfully, "Ah, God fulfils Himself in many ways."

Only a very definite claim of another kind could interfere with his own worship, for Church was always his first thought on Sunday; and he found special strength and comfort in the Communion Service. For twenty years he was a regular member of St. Luke's congregation, Chelsea, appreciating and enjoying the sermons of the Rector, the Rev. Reginald Blunt, and of his successor, Archdeacon Bevan. Private prayer he never neglected, and as long as he was able to come downstairs, he conducted family prayers. He was a fine reader, particularly of the Bible: the 15th chapter of Corinthians, in the restrained conviction, underlying triumph, and perfect simplicity of its rendering by him at a Friends' Burial Service, will not be forgotten by those who heard it.

Without denying that "there have been and are noble spirits leading the higher life, and following

right because it is Right," he found the strength and inspiration of his own life in devotion to the Person of Christ, as revealed in the New Testament. "If He was not divine, He was the greatest of all miracles," Sir Colin wrote to his wife, characterising St. John xvii. as "about the most divine writing in the world," and adding, "Nothing in life could make up what the loss would be to me, if I could cease to believe it divine."

Some verses from *Notes and Queries*, copied in his own handwriting, evidently found a response in his heart.

The Spirit of the Age spoke on a certain day:
"Rise up, my child, and cast thy early faith away."
I rose to go; my freedom seemed complete;
In vain! Once more, O Lord, behold me at Thy feet.
Thou art the very life that beats within my heart:
I have no power to choose: from Thee I cannot part.
O Light of all the world that gladdened weary eyes!
Didst Thou to darkness sink, never again to rise?
O Voice more sweet than men had known on earth before!
Has Thy strange music died to silence evermore?
O Death through which we dreamed of gain in utter loss!
Was it indeed defeat, that passion of the Cross?
Then—Brother, Master, King! I take my part with Thee,
And where Thou art, O Lord, there let Thy servant be.

The awful unknown Power that in the darkness lies,
Thou saidst could be revealed through Thee to mortal eyes;
And what though earth and sea His glory do proclaim;
Though in the stars is writ that great and dreadful name—
Yea—hear me, Son of Man—with tears my eyes are dim;
I cannot read the word which draws me close to Him.
I say it after Thee with faltering voice and weak;
"Father of Jesus Christ"—this is the God I seek.
And can it be that Thou mistookst that name divine?
Then let me share Thy dream, my error be like Thine.
On Thee I lean my soul, bewildered, tempest-tost;
If Thou canst fail, for me then everything is lost.
For triumph, for defeat, I lean my soul on Thee:
Yes, where Thou art, O Lord, there let Thy servant be.[1]

[1] *Notes and Queries*, December 31st, 1881.

Much else that was obscure he was content to hold in trust. To a friend, in 1889, he writes :

In your letter you ponder over the mystery of our life : the grooves we are forced to run in, which do not always fit us.

> There's something in this world amiss,
> 'Twill be unravelled by and by.

I think, perhaps, as I get older, I get more reconciled to not knowing. The light ahead is hazy enough at times, but surely it is infinitely better than darkness; and this revealed religion, puzzling, seemingly contradictory, unsatisfying to so many, working on so few throughout the ages, yet seems to me to contain the only solution. It is when I feel the least unworthy it seems easiest to bow to my Captain Christ.

" My Captain Christ " sums up the pure-hearted devotion with which he tried to follow the best he knew. In this spirit—to speak of his contemporaries only—had worked the Christian soldiers and statesmen of the period of the Indian Mutiny, and the pioneer engineers (to whom he himself belonged) who had developed the great canal systems of Northern India. It is hardly possible to measure the gain to Egypt, that such a spirit should have inspired not a few of the reformers who were to shape the future of that land.

After Sir Colin's death, a resident in Cairo wrote :

He has left an exceptionally good name in the country : all the older men, like Rocca Serra, and old Artin, speak of him and the Old Lord as among the first Englishmen of the honourable and hard-working type who came here in the early days, and did even more for the country by the example of their character than by their ability.

After religion and home ties, friendship brought the greatest joy and satisfaction into his life. No man ever had more devoted and enthusiastic friends; but then no man ever better deserved them. For the art of friendship consists even more in keeping than in winning; and this secret was early known to him. The friends of his youth remained the friends of his age, until their ranks were gradually thinned by death—"Frank Outram and Percy Powlett, who were at Wimbledon—John Eckford and Ashton Brandreth, who were both with me at Addiscombe too—'Bobby' Festing's friendship I did not make till Chatham days. He has been one of my life's friends." Others among this group were Sir C. Elliott, General Brownlow, and Sir Charles Bernard. He survived them all; and his sense of loss is expressed in the following letter on Colonel Powlett's death:

To Mrs. Robertson

11, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.
July 18th, 1910.

I have returned this evening from the funeral of my very dear friend Colonel Powlett. We had been close friends for fifty-eight years, since we were at school together. You and James made his acquaintance, I think, and will not imagine that I am using exaggerated language when I say that I don't think I ever knew a better man, with a higher sense of duty—a sense of duty that he lived up to. As one of our mourners said to-day, he seemed to live altogether on a higher plane than most men. Yet he was so modest and humble. He thought nothing of his very cultivated intellect. The only one of my old school chums still left is Sir F. B. Outram, and I shall miss my old friend till my own turn comes.

As representing a younger generation, his nephew Sir G. K. Scott-Moncrieff writes of him from the

standpoint of one who was both a relative and brother-officer :

During the years when we were both on the active list and serving in India, our intercourse was naturally more close than it was afterwards, though he always was keenly interested in what was going on in the Royal Engineers, and in the careers of those of his relatives who were serving in it. We never actually served together. Very wisely he did not apply for me to serve under him when I first went to India, recognising as he did that it would be far better for me to take an independent line ; and for this I am very grateful.

He gave me, however, a very handsome present when I first started on my active career in India, and that was a well-bred Arab horse, a most valuable and acceptable gift to a young officer.

Curiously enough, the only occasion when we were both officially connected together was at the Delhi Durbar of 1903, when we were both summoned to attend at an investiture of the Orders of the Star of India and the Indian Empire. Several men who had served under him were at various times my official superiors, and from them I received a welcome of no ordinary warmth, due to their personal regard and their admiration for his character ; for, as Sir John Macdonald has said, he " gathered affectionate friendship from all with whom he came in contact."

Many years of his life must have been devoted to writing letters [1] and paying visits. He really enjoyed both, notwithstanding their inroads upon the time and energy of a busy man. Alike in quality and quantity his letters bear witness to his generous view of correspondence. In visiting, his activity

[1] This being so, the number of his correspondents may seem small. Some of the most regular of these, however, kept no letters ; others have had no access to theirs since the war ; and from his wife he was seldom separated during the twenty-five years of their married life.

was not less notable. "A long quiet Sunday—or other—afternoon," was an unusual occurrence for him in town. He generally set forth soon after lunch, often accompanied by his wife, to look up friends old and new, returning about five to enjoy the visitors of the later afternoon in his own home.

He gave readily of himself, and, what is more uncommon, he readily received all that others might be wanting to give him. It was his quick understanding, his love of fun, his illuminating stories, his gay humour, that made his society so delightful. "He could not give you ten minutes of his companionship," said a friend, "without making you feel that, for the time, he was wholly yours."

Those who knew him agree in dwelling also upon other qualities of his friendship. "Had I ever been in any kind of difficulty," writes the widow of one of his earliest companions, "I should have quite naturally turned to him as to a brother or friend."

His Swedish host, Mr. Beckman, writes of him thus :

> Perhaps the traits that have most charmed me in Sir Colin's personality have been his modesty and unworldliness in the midst of a brilliantly successful and honoured career ; his absolute straightforwardness ; . . . his elasticity of spirit, and his cordial kindliness. All these qualities blended together gave him an irresistible charm for all who came into contact with him.

It is not easy to convey the least idea of Sir Colin's personality to those who are too young to remember him. An attempt may be made, though words will fail to describe the warmth and vitality of his vigorous maturity. His upright, soldierly bearing—the head held up, the blue eyes, though short-

sighted, direct as well as kind in expression; goodness, strength, and sweetness in his face; his quick, alert step, his personal neatness, his quiet energy and a sense of cheerful, balanced well-being which made itself felt as he entered a room; above all, a final impression of entire simplicity: these are some of the characteristics which spring to the memory in recalling the effect of his presence. A neighbour writes:

Even in passing him along Cheyne Walk I always felt there went someone whose life was absolutely given to good. . . . The feeling was so strong in me that it was almost like something tangible: even on days when he walked quickly by and never saw one, it seemed like a sort of memory of goodness for all the day.

He really seemed to be without vanity of any kind. Not only did success, as an old schoolfellow, Sir John Macdonald, remarked, "never produce in him any personal exaltation," but it always led him to give the credit to others.

On one occasion [says Sir George Scott-Moncrieff] I was at a levée with him when King Edward (then Prince of Wales) was on the throne, with the old Duke of Cambridge and the present King, the Duke of York, beside him. The Prince shook hands cordially with Sir Colin, as did the Duke of Cambridge. As I followed I heard the Duke of York ask who this was. The Duke of Cambridge's reply was in a stentorian aside, "Moncrieff—Egypt, you know—splendid fellow." The subject of this praise was out of hearing, and when I told him, he was vastly amused.

In a few sentences of the Reminiscences, Sir Colin reviews his own disposition.

When I compare my career with those of my contemporaries . . . it is easier for me to record the qualities I had not, than those I had. . . . I never was good at any game, except, perhaps, in a very rough form of football. I could also swim well. I could not play well at cricket. I could not throw a ball. I fear I failed in physical courage, *e.g.* that time in November 1858, when we had a little fight. I am thankful that my courage was never put to the test. I was very fond of ladies' society, and very susceptible to their charms. This might have brought me astray, when a young man, had it not been for the very high tone of the friends I made. I should have been overwhelmed with shame had Brandreth or Powlett detected me in any sort of vice.

With characteristic modesty he reflects adversely upon his own physical courage. The great Turenne acknowledged that he used to go trembling into a charge. And if innumerable confessions to similar experiences are to count for anything on the part of our airmen (often—though the bravest of the brave —" scared stiff " on their first flights), one is led to the conclusion that few men can truthfully say of themselves, with Nelson and Gordon, that they have never known fear. On the very next page of the Reminiscences occurs an interesting commentary on Sir Colin's self-criticism :

On January 7th, 1876, we were trying a new launch on the Ganges Canal. A native fell overboard. The current was strong, but we thought that he could swim, and so we took the matter easily. Suddenly it struck me that he could not swim, so I jumped in after him. Unluckily I only reached him in time to see him go down. We never saw the poor fellow again. It was snow-water, icy cold.

Before Colin was three his mother had observed his " lively, quick temperament." In early manhood,

as he somewhere admits, he seems to have had the defect of this virtue—impatience. But by middle life it was in great control, in fact, hardly to be divined, though he writes of himself to a relation:

> Now, of all men, I am one that hates sitting on a fence—it is most uncomfortable to my cuticle—and, such is my natural impatience, I am very sure that in your circumstances I should have made my decision by last October and refused to reconsider.

And again, to the same:

> I consider your patience marvellous, and in your place . . . I should have bolted to South Africa [then at war] or taken to drink.

One of his daughters recalls how, in a moment of keen disappointment and vexation at the failure of a plan on which he had set his heart for many years—the purchase of a Scottish home in the neighbourhood of his beloved Yair—he spoke rather sharply to one of his family. "We thought the skies had fallen," she added; and, in thinking it over afterwards, she realised that their astonishment had been, not that he should have been vexed, but that they should never have seen him really vexed before.

He had a good deal of what an earlier generation used to call a sense of propriety. Probably some such feeling as that a subject race should not impose its regulations upon a governing race explains his unwillingness to observe the Muhammadan rite of putting off the shoes on entering a mosque. He would just consent to wear the offending slippers over his own shoes, but if, as in some mosques, more were required of him, he would turn about and depart forthwith.

He intensely disliked all preventable uncertainty about the future, and the word "plan" seems

naturally to associate itself with him. With maps and guides, he would work out a scheme of travel or a day's expedition. It was his own custom to fix the dates for all the stages of a long journey well before starting. Even in the first overwhelming days of his loss in Egypt, his mind turned at once to his friends for advice about the future home and education of his children in England.

High among his qualities stood chivalry. It went hand-in-hand with courtesy, and an old-fashioned deference to women. He was fond of recalling his father's constant exhortation: *Place aux dames*, boys! *place aux dames!*

Bad manners and bumptiousness he never could put up with.

It was not, however, any outstanding quality of character or gift of mind, but the union in Sir Colin of many in equal degree that made him what he was.

He was so good and so kind in all the little things [wrote a friend]. No one could be with him without learning lots of things about how to live. He was so strong, and so disciplined, and yet so thoughtful.

Another adds a touch that many will appreciate: "One of the men who have built up our England on their own UNSHAKEABLE characters."

Those who came in contact with him [writes Sir Lionel Jacob] must have been struck with his rugged stoicism, unflinching fortitude, and Christian peace. . . . The amount of good he did in private life, the amount of charity he bestowed, the kind actions committed at every turn, are hid, and he himself would not wish them known.[1]

Patriotism was to him, quite simply, a part of duty. Because his public life in Egypt was that of a pioneer

[1] Obituary notice in *Indian Engineering*, May 30th, 1916.

among pioneers, and because a good many estimates have therefore been formed of the results of their labours in the early days of the Occupation, his share in that wonderful achievement has already become history. Fellow workers, notably Lord Cromer, Lord Milner, Sir Auckland Colvin, and Sir William Willcocks, have all paid their tribute to the personal services rendered by the first chief of the Public Works Ministry to Egypt's need.

No apology is, therefore, needed for recalling here some of those judgments which already almost belong to the past generation. Lord Cromer writes [1]:

Apart from his very remarkable technical attainments, Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff was a man of the highest character. The most prejudiced Pasha respected qualities which were so dissimilar to any which he himself possessed. The most venomous journalist paused before he threw his political vitriol over a character so transparently honest. No Englishman employed in the Egyptian service during the early days of the Occupation did more to make the name of England respected than Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff.

And also (to Lady Scott-Moncrieff, July 14th, 1916):

I may say that . . . [a reference to a previous letter] gives only a very imperfect account of the esteem and regard in which I held your late husband. Apart from his professional knowledge, which was very great, his thoroughly straightforward character did much to keep up the tone of the English officials in Egypt, and I may add that he gained the universal respect of the Egyptians.

Sir William Willcocks, who, we are told, regards Sir Colin as " the best chief he ever had, whether in India or Egypt," at the conclusion of an admirable

[1] *Modern Egypt*, p. 91.

summary of Sir Colin's work, which appeared in the *Egyptian Gazette* at the time of his death, adds a point of interest to what is already known of his varied labours.

Egypt possessed no roads at the beginning of the British Occupation, and the Ministry of Finance could not afford a single pound for such work. But Sir Colin was not to be denied. By persuading the landowners to accept a cess on their holdings for the purpose, he endowed the country with the roads which we see to-day, and which enable motor-cars to run where thirty years ago pack animals moved with difficulty.

Sir William also contributes the following remarks on some characteristics of his old chief:

A good instance of Sir Colin's readiness to hold himself responsible for the shortcomings of his Ministry is to be found in the Irrigation Report of 1886. At the bottom of page 9 we read: "The dredging contracts have been altogether badly drawn up, a circumstance I regret all the more as I am directly responsible for them."

Though Sir Colin was not an original engineer, he was as sound in his professional knowledge as he was full of experience. In criticising reports, rejecting unreliable features, and grasping the really essential points of irrigation projects he was at his best. This soundness of view and grasp of his subject resulted in his being extraordinarily courageous (for nothing makes one so timid as ignorance). Instead of his subordinates having to urge him to undertake bold enterprises, he was always calling upon them to go further than they proposed, and the words one oftenest heard on his lips were, "We are pioneers, and a pioneer's motto is *De l'audace, de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*"

Indeed, his whole tenure of office witnessed a succession of bold enterprises, every one of which was carried to a successful conclusion.

There is a French saying to the effect that success in life more often depends on character than on talent. Professional opinion seems to agree that Sir Colin's great reputation was due rather to a remarkable combination of administrative gifts than to creative genius as an engineer. He possessed signal mental abilities—rapid insight into the problems of his subject; bold conceptions, a strong feeling for proportion, a faculty of direct and lucid exposition, and unusual powers of organisation. His judgment, based on sound professional knowledge and thorough experience, was practically unerring. Yet his gifts of character contributed even more to his success. He had a fine instinct for the possible, and unswerving courage in carrying it through, and common sense in an uncommon degree. Above all, a special aptitude for managing men, and for winning their keen and loyal co-operation.

The staff [says Sir Auckland Colvin [1]] was fortunate, too, in its chief, who was endowed with precisely the qualities which were wanting in some of his contemporaries in Egypt. The term "soft invincibility," applied by Thomas Carlyle to his wife, best describes the chief characteristic of Colonel Scott-Moncrieff. Amiable persistency, imperturbable temper, untiring energy, enthusiasm lit and sustained by the flame of duty, when, and in what land, have these qualities not prevailed, when combined with the needful knowledge? In Egypt they were bound to carry everything before them.

The decentralisation of his department, so contrary to French administrative ideas, and opposed, for self-evident reasons, to Turkish sympathies, could have succeeded only when the chief had the utmost confidence in the ability and uprightness of his principal

[1] *The Making of Modern Egypt*, p. 91.

officers. These, with the help of his lifelong friend, General Brownlow, Inspector-General of Indian Irrigation, he had chosen with great care, had planted in their circles with a large measure of independence—if the word planted can be used of anything so mobile as these inspectors—and backed through thick and thin. Only by such means could the campaign against abuse and privilege have been victoriously waged.

Lord Milner, writing of the manner in which the irrigation problem had been dealt with " by a small body of able and devoted men who have been gathered under the command of Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff," continues [1]:

> The longer I remained in Egypt, and the more I saw of the country, the more it became clear to me that the work of these men had been the basis of all the material improvement of the past ten years. We at the Finance Office have, so to speak, registered that improvement in our easier budgets and growing surpluses. But it is the engineers who have created it. . . . Their work is not only successful, but it is appreciated. Whatever may be the feeling of the Egyptians about the British Occupation, however great may be the prejudice existing in some quarters against the presence of British officials, there is no doubt that the chiefs of the Irrigation Service have overcome all the odium naturally attaching to them as foreigners and Christians, and enjoy an almost universal popularity throughout the length and breadth of the land. And not only popularity, but extraordinary and even touching confidence. This they themselves probably regard as the highest reward of their ceaseless and unselfish labours.

The Chief was naturally less closely in contact with the populace than were his Inspectors of Circles;

[1] *England in Egypt*, p. 310.

but when he was visiting Egypt in later years, his fellow-travellers were sometimes struck by the natives' surprised and pleased recognition of "Munker-if," showing that his memory was still held green among them.

The difficult international relations in which the Khedive's Government was placed enhanced the value of Sir Colin's conciliation and friendliness toward his Egyptian and English colleagues. For lack of these qualities, other able Englishmen, who might have succeeded elsewhere, had failed in Egypt. His tolerance of opposition appears in this characteristic little incident. A friend was describing the conduct of a certain Irishman whom Sir Colin condemned as disloyal to his country. "I should regard him as an enemy," he said. "One need not HATE one's enemy, you know," he ended, with a twinkle.

A few extracts have been chosen and are added here from a number of letters received after his death. The writers are chiefly men who have been associated with his work in one or another quarter.

From Sir John Jardine

APPLEGARTH, GODALMING.
April 10*th*, 1916.

Recollections crowd on me of our days in Burma, especially when we were very intimate, often touring together to distant parts of the province, or meeting at the great School Board—one of Sir Charles Bernard's fine projects, in which he was a valuable colleague. We followed his later and splendid career in Egypt and in the Scottish Office, the expeditions to Merv and to survey the whole irrigation policy in India, with deep respect and admiration. I am sure his ability and modesty, his great sweetness of temper and his unswerving desire to do good, impressed all that had the happiness to know him, and must have confirmed many men in the susceptible years of their lives to devote themselves to the same aims.

From Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie to Mrs. Amos

8, Well Road, Hampstead.
May 25th, 1916.

Your dear father did indeed "serve his generation" more than almost anyone; and not only in deeds but by his life and manner which was such a great influence. I shall always remember his kindness and help to me in Egypt.

From Sir William Garstin

17, Welbeck House, Wigmore Street, W.
April 9th, 1916.

It was with very great sorrow that I saw the announcement of Sir Colin's death in the papers. . . . I have always cherished the most affectionate remembrance of him. He was one of the kindest and best friends I ever had, and it is a real sorrow to me that he has gone. Few men did more for his country than he did, and few will be more generally mourned.

From Mr. E. P. Foster

19, Grimston Gardens, Folkestone.
April 11th, 1916.

I write you these few lines on the day that my greatly esteemed old Chief has been carried to his last resting-place.

His death has recalled all those interesting years I served under him, assisting, in a small way, the great work he did in Egypt. What an amount of good he did to others, not only the poor, down-trodden fellah, but his own immediate entourage! It will be my joy and satisfaction during my few remaining years (as it has been in the past) to remember the fact of having been for several years one of his confidential assistants.

From his brother-in-law the Rev. James Robertson, D.D.

Whittingehame Manse, Prestonkirk.
May 3rd, 1916.

I need hardly say how much I loved and admired your husband. I had for him the deep respect which

a student has for the man of action who leaves a definite mark on the world, and the affection due to one whose tone of mind was so high and reverent. He had the good fortune to be employed in enterprises which gave great opportunities of service to the weak, suffering, and oppressed, and very nobly and successfully he used them; first in India, then in Egypt, again in India. The more I reflect on his work in Egypt, the more it stands out to me, in the rare aspect of doing immense good in the cause of justice and the relief of oppression, without those implications and by-products of evil which so often vex the souls of reformers. The whole character of life in the villages in Egypt must have been raised by the abolition of the *corvée*.

And I admired it the more that he took up the idea, studied it, got it accepted and carried through in a time when there were so many temptations to consider the delicacy of the Egyptian situation and not attempt any new thing on a big scale. When I think how little courage and thoroughness our Government has shown in dealing with strong drink and other sources of evil, I admire that record in Egypt the more.

We shall miss him but still think of him with pride and affection.

From the late Sir Kenelm Digby

KING'S FORD, COLCHESTER.
April 11th, 1916.

He and I were nearly contemporaries, but we did not meet till late in life, when I was frequently brought into connection with him in public business, and we saw a good deal of each other at the Athenæum, and finally were colleagues in a very important enquiry about the Humber. I had the greatest confidence in the soundness of his judgment, and our personal relations were always of a most friendly character. I have been glad to see such great appreciation of his invaluable work in Egypt, in the many notices of him. He has left behind him what at these times seems to have greater value than ever before, a grand record of a life spent in the service of his country.

From Dr. Theodore Merz, Ph.D.

THE QUARRIES, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE
April 8th, 1916.

DEAR DORA,

It is with much grief and with great sympathy with you in your loss that we read in the *Times* of the death of Sir Colin, and I hasten to send you a line to say how much I feel for you in your sorrow. His strenuous and successful work and his patient suffering are equally remarkable. May God help you and the daughters in this severe trial. I admired Sir Colin greatly.

Affectionately your old friend,
J. THEO. MERZ.

From Lord Bryce

April 18th, 1916.

No one could know him without feeling greatly drawn to him by the simplicity and unaffected kindliness of his character, pure and guileless, with a mind always bent on high things.

We earnestly hope that the sense of the respect and affection he inspired, and of the deep regret which all who knew him feel for his loss, may in some degree soften your grief; and that you may have the strength given to support it.

Believe me to be,
Very sincerely yours,
BRYCE.

From Lord Guthrie

EDINBURGH.
Sunday, April 9th, 1916.

He was a friend of whose friendship anyone might be proud. His very appearance showed the mould in which he was cast. Even without thinking of his splendid and strenuous career in so many parts of the world, often against heavy odds, for the moral and material advancement of many races, one always felt that there was no subject he could not master

and no undertaking too big for him to tackle successfully. . . .

He did a great and beneficent day's work, and now he rests in honour and affection. "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God."

And then one turns to think of his loving-kindness, of a singularly gentle smile on a singularly strong face, and of his uniform goodness to us and interest in all our concerns. We shall ever cherish his memory.

From Lord Milner

17, GREAT COLLEGE STREET, S.W.
April 8th, 1916.

I am deeply grieved to read the sad news which appears in the *Times* this morning. Though it is many years now since I saw much of Sir Colin—much to my regret—yet the days of our old intimacy in Egypt are still very fresh in my mind, and I have always retained the greatest admiration for his public services and affection for him as a man, for he was ever a most kindly and sympathetic friend. He leaves a fine record of work and will be remembered as one of the best beloved of men. . . .

IMMEDIATE ANCESTRY AND DESCENDANTS OF SIR COLIN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

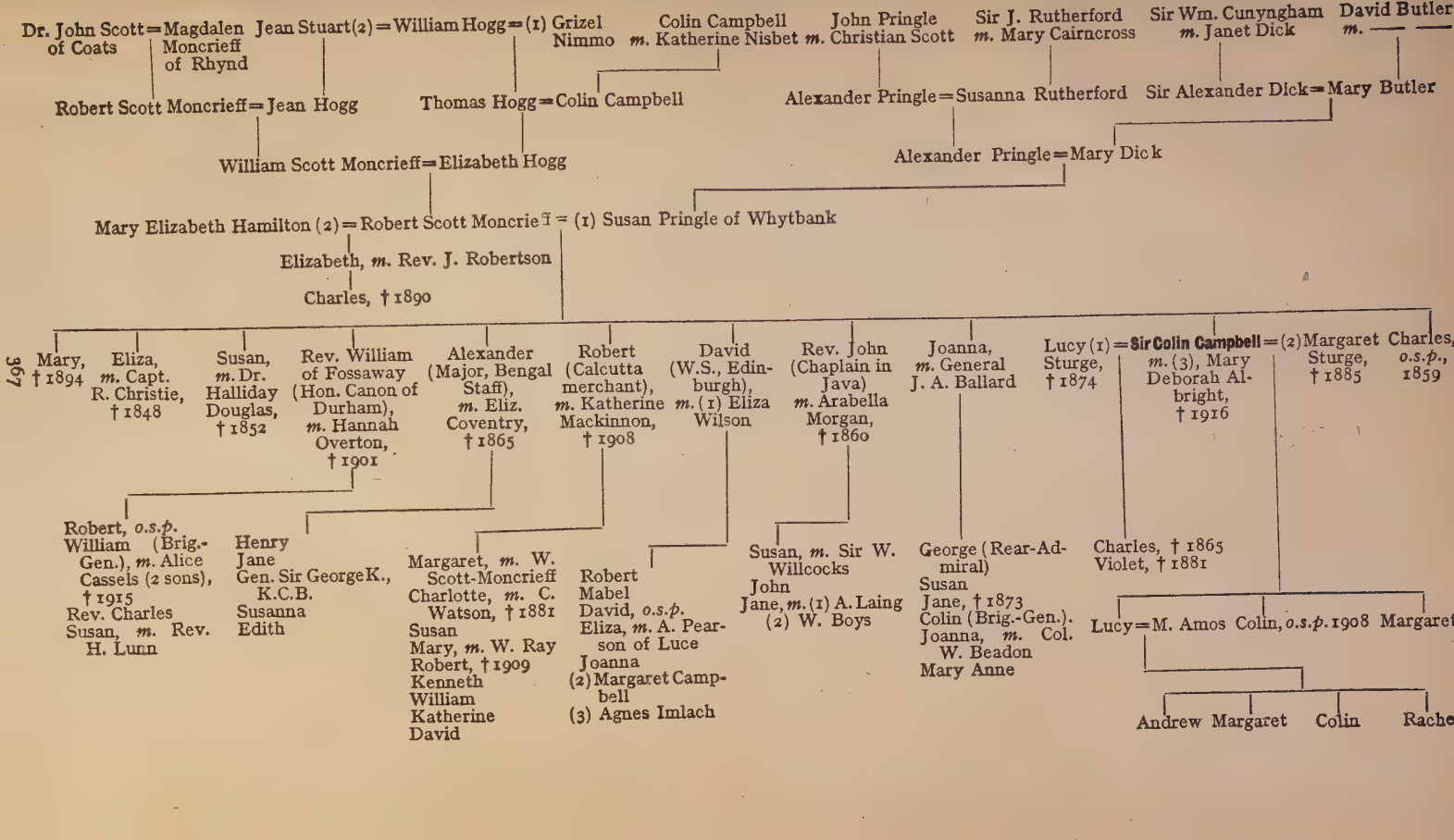
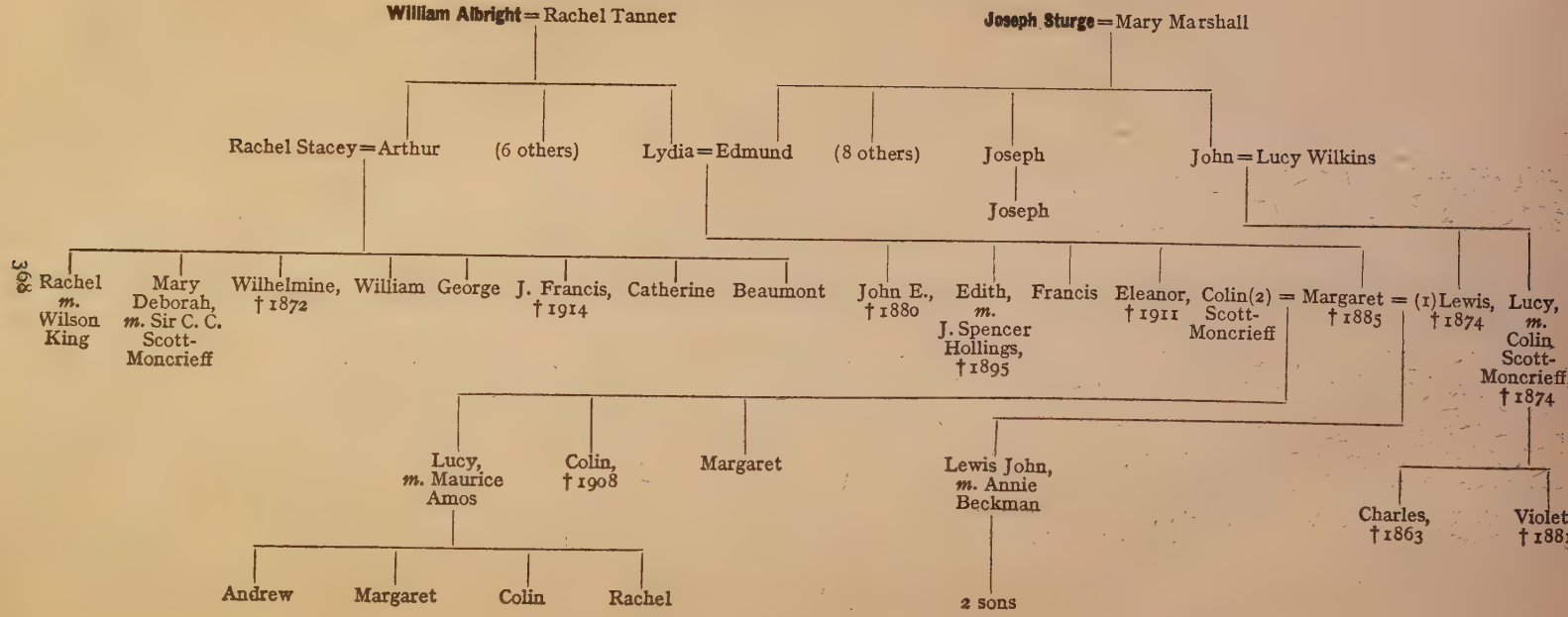

Dr. John Scott of Coats
Magdalen Moncrieff of Rhynd
Jean Stuart (2) = William Hogg = (1) Grizel Nimmo
Colin Campbell m. Katherine Nisbet
John Pringle m. Christian Scott
Sir J. Rutherford m. Mary Cairncross
Sir Wm. Cunyngham m. Janet Dick
David Butler m. — —
Robert Scott Moncrieff = Jean Hogg
Thomas Hogg = Colin Campbell
Alexander Pringle = Susanna Rutherford
Sir Alexander Dick = Mary Butler
William Scott Moncrieff = Elizabeth Hogg
Alexander Pringle = Mary Dick
Mary Elizabeth Hamilton (2) = Robert Scott Moncrieff = (1) Susan Pringle of Whytbank
Elizabeth, m. Rev. J. Robertson
Charles, † 1890
Mary, † 1894
Eliza, m. Capt. R. Christie, † 1848
Susan, m. Dr. Halliday Douglas, † 1852
Rev. William of Fossaway (Hon. Canon of Durham), m. Hannah Overton, † 1901
Alexander (Major, Bengal Staff), m. Eliz. Coventry, † 1865
Robert (Calcutta merchant), m. Katherine Mackinnon, † 1908
David (W.S., Edinburgh), m. (1) Eliza Wilson
Rev. John (Chaplain in Java) m. Arabella Morgan, † 1860
Joanna, m. General J. A. Ballard
Lucy (1) = Sir Colin Campbell = (2) Margaret Sturge, † 1874
m. (3), Mary Deborah Albright, † 1916
Sturge, † 1885
Charles, o.s.p., 1859
Robert, o.s.p.
William (Brig.-Gen.), m. Alice Cassels (2 sons), † 1915
Rev. Charles
Susan, m. Rev. H. Lunn
Henry
Jane
Gen. Sir George K., K.C.B.
Susanna
Edith
Margaret, m. W. Scott-Moncrieff
Charlotte, m. C. Watson, † 1881
Susan
Mary, m. W. Ray
Robert, † 1909
Kenneth
William
Katherine
David
Robert
Mabel
David, o.s.p.
Eliza, m. A. Pearson of Luce
Joanna
(2) Margaret Campbell
(3) Agnes Imlach
Susan, m. Sir W. Willcocks
John
Jane, m. (1) A. Laing
(2) W. Boys
George (Rear-Admiral)
Susan
Jane, † 1873
Colin (Brig.-Gen.).
Joanna, m. Col. W. Beadon
Mary Anne
Charles, † 1865
Violet, † 1881
Lucy = M. Amos
Colin, o.s.p. 1908
Margaret
Andrew
Margaret
Colin
Rache

TABLE OF THE STURGE AND ALBRIGHT FAMILIES



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